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TRAITS  
OF THE  
ABORIGINES  
OF  
AMERICA.

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A POEM.

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to religious charities.



## TRAITS OF THE ABORIGINES.

---

### CANTO FIRST.

O'ER the vast regions of that Western world,  
Whose lofty mountains hiding in the clouds  
Conceal'd their grandeur and their wealth so long  
From European eyes, the Indian rov'd,  
Free and unconquered. From those frigid plains  
Struck with the torpor of the Arctic pole,  
To where Magellan lifts his torch<sup>1</sup> to light  
The meeting of the waters ;—from the shore  
Whose smooth green line the broad Atlantic laves,  
To the rude borders of that rocky strait 10  
Where haughty Asia seems to stand and gaze  
On the New Continent, the Indian reign'd  
Majestic and alone. Fearless he rose,  
Firm as his mountains, like his rivers, wild,

Bold as those lakes, whose wondrous chain controuls  
 His northern coast. The forest and the wave  
 Gave him his food ; the slight-constructed hut  
 Furnish'd his shelter, and its doors spread wide  
 To every wandering stranger. There his cup,  
 His simple meal, his lowly couch of skins 20  
 Were hospitably shared. Rude were his toils,  
 And rash his daring, when he headlong rush'd  
 Down the steep precipice to seize his prey ;  
 Strong was his arm to bend the stubborn bow,  
 And keen his arrow. This the Bison knew,  
 The spotted Panther, the rough, shaggy Bear,  
 The Wolf dark-prowling, the eye-piercing Lynx,  
 The wild Deer bounding through the shadowy glade,  
 And the swift Eagle, soaring high to make  
 His nest among the stars. Cloth'd in their spoils 30  
 He dar'd the elements ; with eye sedate  
 Breasted the wintry winds ; o'er the white heads  
 Of angry torrents steered his rapid bark  
 Light as their foam, mounted with tireless speed  
 Those slippery cliffs, where everlasting snows  
 Weave their dense robes, or laid him down to sleep  
 Where the dread thunder of the cataract lull'd  
 His drowsy sense. The dangerous toils of war

He sought and lov'd. Traditions, and proud tales  
 Of other days, exploits of chieftains bold, 40  
 Dauntless and terrible, the warrior's song,  
 The victor's triumph,—all conspired to raise  
 The martial spirit, kindling in his breast  
 With life's first throb. Oft the rude, wandering tribes  
 Rush'd on to battle. Their aspiring chiefs  
 Lofty and iron-fram'd, with native hue  
 Strangely disguised in wild and glaring tints,  
 Frown'd like some Pictish king. The conflict rag'd  
 Fearless and fierce, 'mid shouts and disarray,  
 As the swift lightning urges its dire shafts 50  
 Through clouds and darkness, when the warring blasts  
 Awaken midnight. O'er the captive foe  
 Unsated vengeance storm'd. Flame and slow wounds  
 Rack'd the strong bonds of life ; but the firm soul  
 Smil'd in its fortitude to mock the rage  
 Of its tormentors ; when the crisping nerves  
 Were broken, still exulting o'er its pain  
 To rise unmurmuring to its father's shades,  
 Where in delightful bowers the brave and just  
 Rest and rejoice. 60

Thus stood stern Regulus,  
 When furious Carthage urg'd her torturing darts,

Transfix'd with dark, demoniac rage to find  
 Her quiver all exhausted, and that soul  
 Proudly unhurt.

Yet those untutor'd tribes,  
 Bound with their stern resolves and savage deeds  
 Some gentle virtues ; as beneath the gloom  
 Of overshadowing forests, sweetly springs  
 The unexpected flower. Oft to their homes  
 The captive youth they led, into his wounds  
 Pouring the oil of kindness, and with love 70  
 Alluring him to fill the vacant place  
 Of brother, or of son, untimely slain  
 In the dread battle.<sup>2</sup> Their uncultur'd hearts  
 Gave a strong soil for Friendship, that bold growth  
 Of generous affection, changeless, pure,  
 Self-sacrificing, counting losses light,  
 And yielding life with gladness. By its side  
 Like sister-plant, sprang ardent Gratitude,  
 Vivid, perennial, braving winter's frost  
 And summer's heat ; while nurs'd by the same dews 80  
 Unbounded Reverence for the form of Age,  
 Struck its deep root spontaneous, and display'd  
 Its fair, decumbent petals. The dim eye,  
 The furrow'd brow, the temples thinly clad,

The wasted page of man's infirm decline  
 Awake that deep respect, not always trac'd  
 'Mid those whom Science nurtures, whom the arts  
 Of smooth refinement polish, and a voice  
 Sublime instructs, "Honour the head that bears  
 The hoary crown of Age." 90

With pious awe

Their eye uplifted sought the hidden path  
 Of the Great Spirit. The loud midnight storm,  
 The rush of mighty waters, the deep roll  
 Of thunder, gave his voice; the golden sun,  
 The soft effulgence of the purple morn,  
 The gentle rain distilling, was his smile  
 Dispensing good to all. The Spirit of Ill,  
 Base foe to man, they dreaded; and the cry  
 Of his vile legions shrieking on the blast,  
 Shuddering they heard. In various forms arose 100  
 Their superstitious homage. Some<sup>4</sup> with blood  
 Of human sacrifices sought to appease  
 That anger, which in pestilence, or dearth,  
 Or famine stalk'd; and their astonish'd vales  
 Like Carthaginian altars, frequent drank  
 The horrible libation. Some,<sup>4</sup> with fruits,  
 Sweet flowers, and incense of their choicest herbs,

Sought to propitiate HIM, whose powerful hand  
 Unseen, sustain'd them. Some<sup>5</sup> with mystic rites,  
 The ark, the orison, the paschal feast, 110  
 Through glimmering tradition seem'd to bear,  
 As in some broken vase, the smother'd coals,  
 Scatter'd from Jewish altars.

Let the heart,  
 That deems such semblance but the baseless dream  
 Of blind credulity, survey the trace  
 Of similarity, bid Truth's clear light  
 Beam o'er the misty annal, note the facts,  
 Compare the language, weigh the evidence,  
 And answer for itself.

The chrystal tube  
 Of calm inquiry, to thy patient eye, 120  
 Meek Boudinot ! reveal'd an unknown star<sup>6</sup>  
 Upon this western cloud. Its trembling beam  
 Guided thy soul to Zion's sacred hill  
 And ancient temple ; as that wondrous ray  
 Streaming o'er eastern summits, led the feet  
 Of the astonish'd Magi, to the cell  
 Of their Messiah. Costly gifts they bore,  
 Frankincense, myrrh, and gold ; but thou didst yield  
 The better offering of a contrite prayer,

That God would gather from the utmost bound,      130  
 The children of his Friend, of the cold North  
 And glowing South, his fugitives require ;  
 From Cush and Elam, from the sea-green isles,  
 And from the western regions, bring again  
 His banish'd ; bid the fearful desert bloom  
 And sing before them, while their blinded hearts  
 Illumin'd, catch the knowledge and the love  
 Of Jesus Christ. Yet thou hast risen where pray'r  
 Is lost in praise ; as yields the thrilling harp  
 Its symphony, when the high organ swells      140  
 In solemn diapason. Thou hast left  
 Mourning on earth, 'mid those who feel the ills  
 Of Penury, who venerate the deeds  
 Of boundless Generosity, or love  
 The pure in heart.

—But whither art thou fled,  
 Adventurous strain ? Resume thy opening theme.  
 Paint the bold Indian ranging o'er his vales,  
 Unaw'd, and unsubdued.

Though his stern heart  
 Seem'd cold and fixed as adamant, its cell  
 Conceal'd the warm fount of parental love,      150  
 And felt its thrilling tide. The lofty chiefs,

Inur'd by frowning hardship to despise  
 The lineaments of joy, found o'er their souls  
 Strange softness stealing, as they mutely gaz'd  
 Upon the smile of infancy, or saw,  
 Waking from its sweet dream, the joyous babe  
 Reach forth its little hands. The warrior bold,  
 Who vanquish'd toil and famine, bore unmov'd  
 The battle-shock, or with calm, changeless brow  
 Endur'd the keenest tortures, writh'd in pangs 160  
 Over his children lost ; while bitter drops  
 Wrung forth by anguish stain'd his furrow'd cheeks.  
 In that dire struggle when relentless Grief  
 Confronts strong Nature, the heart cherish'd nerve  
 Broken and bleeding, rent the stubborn breast,  
 As upturn roots dislodge the iron oak  
 Which tempests could not bend. A prey to grief  
 Seem'd the sad mothers. The first-rising storm  
 Of sorrow, passionate and wild, burst forth,  
 And in that deadly calm which Reason dreads 170  
 Shuddering, their weak, exhausted hands they prest  
 On their wan<sup>7</sup> lips, and in the lowly dust  
 Laid them despairing.

—O'er the dreaded grave  
 Mist and thick darkness brooded ; trembling Hope



Vision'd futurity ; but Fancy wrought  
 Incessant, peopling it with airy shapes  
 Fantastic as her own.

Now the fair clime

Was bright with verdure, lofty forests wav'd  
 In the pure breeze, gay deer with branching horns  
 Allur'd the hunter, through clear, sparkling streams  
 Glided the scaly tribes, and thronging seals 180  
 Innumerable, sporting 'mid the emerald isles  
 Fled not the barbed lance. The Arctic sky  
 Kindling at evening with resplendent hues  
 Crimson and gold, in changeful wreaths combin'd,  
 To the poor Greenlander reveal'd the dance  
 Of happy spirits,<sup>8</sup> who in fields of bliss  
 Weave their light measures. But anon, pale Fear  
 With trembling pencil trac'd a gulph of woe  
 Throng'd with unearthly shapes, whose dizzy bridge 190  
 Tottering, and guarded by a monster fierce,  
 How few could pass ! The first sad days of grief,  
 Were dark and dreadful. The tear-blinded eye  
 Pursues the wanderer, as he seems to urge  
 His toilsome journey. His adventurous foot,  
 Uncertain, slides upon that slippery bridge  
 Which like a tremulous and shrivell'd thread

Shoots the abyss of flame. Falling he rolls  
 Upon the fiery flood, struggling to gain  
 The far, dim coast, where angry dragons wait 200  
 With jaws distain'd and scaly strength to attack  
 The weary traveller, ere he reach the abode  
 Of happy spirits. Hence the mourners place  
 By their lamented friend, his trusty bow,  
 Arrows and food, and closely wrapt in skins  
 They leave him standing in his narrow cell  
 Prepar'd for combat.

Thus the warlike Earl  
 Stern Seward,<sup>9</sup> in his armour brac'd, erect,  
 Met grisly Death, his last competitor,  
 But his first conqueror. Some, half reclin'd 210  
 Sit in their mouldering graves, prepar'd to hold  
 Converse with Death's dark angels, when they come  
 Sweeping on sable pinions through the gloom,  
 Strong and terrific. Others, tow'rd<sup>10</sup> the east  
 With faces turn'd, repose; that when the morn  
 Expected, breaks their slumber, its first ray  
 May guide them to that country where their sires  
 Dwelt in past ages.

——O'er the lonely tomb  
 Affection linger'd watchful. Weed nor thorn<sup>11</sup>

Might choke the young turf springing, nor the hand 220  
 Of wantonness deface it. The keen eye  
 Of Valour, glancing o'er this sacred trust,  
 Turn'd like the sword which barr'd the step of guilt  
 From silent Eden. Thus the Scythian tribes,<sup>1 2</sup>  
 Wandering without a city, call'd to guard  
 Nor dome, nor temple, took their dauntless stand  
 Upon their fathers' sepulchres, and taught  
 The boastful Persian, that the kindling flame  
 Caught from their ashes, like the lightning's wrath  
 Could blast his legions. Thus the natives dwelt, 230  
 Fearless, nor asking aught save what their realm  
 Amply supplied. They had not learnt to change  
 Heaven's gifts to poisons, nor the aliment  
 That cheers the body, to th' imprisoning bond  
 Of th' ethereal mind. No baleful arts  
 Of chymistry transform'd the staff of life  
 To Riot's weapon, and the tottering props  
 Of Death's dark throne. They knew not then to mark  
 With sparkling eye the transmigration foul  
 Of Earth's blest harvest melted in the bowl 240  
 Inebriate. Nor had the fatal charm  
 Of Luxury seduced them to subject  
 Spirit to sense, binding the lofty soul

A vassal at the revel and the feast,  
 Like purple Dives. Temperance was theirs;  
 Theirs the elastic, the unruffled flow  
 Of spirits and of blood, the nerve firm-brac'd,  
 The vigorous mind, th' undreaded day of toil,  
 And the pure dream. Say, can the eye that mark'd  
 Their simple majesty, and their bold hearts 250  
 Free and unfettered, as the wind that swept  
 Their cloud-capt mountains, bear to turn and trace  
 The dark reverse?

First, to their northern coast  
 Wander'd the Scandinavians, urging on  
 O'er the cold billows their storm-driven boats,  
 And pleas'd to rest, and rear their clay-built cells  
 Where seem'd a trace of verdure. Ericke<sup>13</sup> steer'd  
 From that lone isle which Nature's poisoning hand  
 Cast 'tween the continents. There Winter frames  
 The boldest architecture, rears strong tow'rs 260  
 Of rugged frost-work, and deep-labouring throws  
 A glassy pavement o'er rude tossing floods.  
 Long near this coast he lingered, half-illum'd  
 By the red gleaming of those fitful flames  
 Which wrathful Hecla through her veil of snows  
 Darts on the ebon night. Oft he recall'd

Pensive, his simple home, ere the New World  
 Enwrap't in polar robes, with frigid eye  
 Receiv'd him, and in rude winds hoarsely hail'd  
 Her earliest guest. Thus the stern king of storms, 270  
 Swart Eolus, bade his imprison'd blasts  
 Breathe dissonant welcome to the restless queen,  
 Consort of Jove, whose unaccustom'd step  
 Invaded his retreat. The pilgrim band  
 Amaz'd beheld those mountain ramparts float  
 Around their coast, where hoary Time had toil'd  
 Ev'n from his infancy, to point sublime  
 Their pyramids, and strike their awful base  
 Deep 'neath the main. Say, Darwin !<sup>14</sup> Fancy's son !  
 What armour shall he choose who dares complete 280  
 Thine embassy to the dire kings who frown  
 Upon those thrones of frost ?—What force compel  
 Their abdication of their favour'd realm  
 And rightful royalty ?—What pilot's eye  
 Unglaz'd by Death, direct their devious course  
 (Tremendous navigation !) to allay  
 The fervour of the tropics ? Proudly gleam  
 Their sparkling masses, shaming the brief dome  
 Which Russia's empress-queen<sup>15</sup> bade the chill boor  
 Quench life's frail lamp to rear. Now they assume 290

The front of old cathedral gray with years ;  
 Anon their castellated turrets glow  
 In high baronial pomp ; then the tall mast  
 Of lofty frigate, peering o'er the cloud  
 Attracts the eye ; or some fair island spreads  
 Towns, tow'rs, and mountains, cradled in a flood  
 Of rainbow lustre, changeful as the web  
 From fairy loom, and wild as fabled tales  
 Of Araby.

Amid these icy fields

Mark'd they the Ocean monarch, in his sports      300  
 Terrific, lashing the wide-foaming surge,  
 Untaught to dread the harpoon, or to yield  
 In tides of blood upon the billowy plain  
 His regency to man. From eastern climes  
 Where Maelstrom's vortex threatens the trembling isles  
 Of Lofoden and Moskoe, where the hand  
 Of Nature in her wildness stamps the seal  
 Of terror on her deeds, from Norway's realm  
 Whose pine-clad forests hail the tardy ray  
 Of the spent sun, who journeying o'er the heights      310  
 Of sky-wrapt Dofrefield, exhausted sinks  
 Upon his western couch,—from thence the band  
 Of peaceful exiles caught in cheering beams

Salvation's radiance. To their humble cells  
 Came holy men, by pious Olaf's<sup>16</sup> zeal  
 Wing'd on their mission. Bowing from his throne  
 To the baptismal font, his soul imbib'd  
 Pity for distant heathen, and he stretch'd  
 The sceptre of his love to the far realm  
 Of Greenland's loneliness. Then churches rose, 320  
 And from the lips of priests and bishops fell  
 Sublime instruction, like the dews of heaven  
 Upon the sons of Ericke. These by Time  
 Mix'd and incorporate with the native race  
 Content remain'd, and wrought no change of wrong  
 Or tyranny. These too, the Esquimaux  
 Wrapping his dwindled frame in the stol'n robe  
 Of bear or rein-deer, and in uncouth sounds  
 Conning his legends 'mid his long, drear night  
 Counts as his sires. 330

And did thy footsteps press  
 These western shores, thou, whom the laureate Muse  
 Of ardent Southey, from her rapid car  
 Array'd in cloud-wrought garniture, with stars  
 Of epic lustre, Madoc!<sup>17</sup> wandering son  
 Of that unconquer'd clime, whose rifted rocks  
 Travers'd by browsing goats, still from deep cells

Pour tuneful forth the treasur'd minstrelsy<sup>13</sup>  
Of Tariessen's harp?

Age roll'd o'er age

Ere the slight prow of bold Columbus broke  
Its unknown way, and plough'd the wrathful deep. 340  
The poor Lucayan, as he stood and gaz'd  
On those tall ships, and those mysterious men  
With brows so pale, and words of loftiest tone  
Fancied them Gods, nor dream'd their secret aim  
Was theft and cruelty, to snatch the gold  
That sparkled in their streams, and bid their blood  
Stain those pure waters. Yet the victor spake  
Of their mild manners, their deportment kind,  
Generous and just, even to the hordes that wrought  
Their misery and death. Once as he rov'd 350  
With ardent eye surveying this New World,  
From his green summer bow'r, an aged man  
Came forth to meet him. As a patriarch, grave,  
Yet vigorous he seem'd; thin, silver locks  
Wav'd o'er his temples, and his form display'd  
That calm and graceful dignity which Time  
Tempers, but not destroys. With courteous air  
Ripe fruits he offer'd, from the juicy stem  
New-cull'd and fragrant, while with gentle words  
Bow'ing, he spake— 360



"See ye these verdant vales,  
 And spicy forests, where we careless live  
 In simple plenty ? From far distant lands  
 A differing and superiour race you come,  
 With mighty weapons, and a warklike force  
 To us resistless. We have not the heart  
 To harm the stranger, or to see your blood  
 Staining our arrows. Yet if men you are,  
 Like us, subject to death ; if ye believe  
 As we have heard, that after this short life  
 Another comes, unending, where all deeds 370  
 Receive their due reward, we need not fear  
 To trust your mercy, for you cannot seek  
 To wound the innocent."

Perchance the appeal  
 Which seem'd so feeble to that conquering chief,  
 Was ponder'd deeper when his soul had lost  
 The pride of pow'r. Perchance<sup>19</sup> in his lone cell  
 At Valladolid, that mild voice might rise  
 In Memory's echoes, striking on his ear  
 With painful cadence, as he sought the tomb,  
 Urg'd on and blasted by the withering frown 380  
 Of an ungrateful country.

When the steps

Of the invaders first imprest the shores  
 Of the New World, say, did no dark eclipse  
 Pervade thy skies, fair Mexico? No sound  
 Portentous, warn thee that the spoilers came  
 To riot on thy glory? Mark'd<sup>20</sup> thy seers  
 'Mid the dim vista of futurity  
 Aught like the step of Cortez, like his glance  
 Withering thy charms, as the false Spirit's eye  
 On sinless Eden? Pour'd the scroll of Fate 390  
 No fearful blackness o'er the final hour  
 Of hapless Montezuma? Bright the Sun  
 Still shone, Peru! upon thy diamond cliffs,  
 Cheer'd the soft flow'ret, blushing, while its roots  
 Sprang from the sparkling ore, gilded the dome  
 Of Capac's lofty temple, gave one smile  
 To his delighted children, though its beam  
 Was but the sad farewell of peace, and hope,  
 And liberty. Deep were thy prison sighs  
 Ahatualpa!<sup>21</sup> Vain thy high descent 400  
 From mighty Incas; vain thy simple truth  
 And free confiding kindness to these sons  
 Of desolation. Not thy proffer'd gold,  
 Profuse as grasping Mammon's boundless wish,

Could sooth the tyrant's guilty thirst of blood,  
 Or bind his perfidy. But thou must bend  
 In all thy mildness to the blasting doom  
 Of base Pizarro. Ev'n Religion lends  
 A mockery to the deed. Methinks I see  
 That kneeling monarch at the peaceful fount 410  
 Of holy baptism, bearing on his lip  
 The name of Christ, while those profaning bands  
 Who bless his cross, yet trample on his blood  
 Prepare th' unjust, the ignominious pang  
 Of black'ning torture. But the hour is near,  
 Unprincipled Pizarro, when thy breast  
 Shall feel the assassin's poniard, and thy soul  
 Fleet where the oppress, and the oppressor meet,  
 Stript of the baseless pow'r, and tyrant pomp  
 Of this vain world. 420

Soon in the track mark'd out  
 By haughty Spain, the Lusitanian<sup>22</sup> bands  
 Came flocking; from scant bounds and despot sway,  
 Eager for space and freedom, their rude hands  
 Grasp'd the wide zone from where th' Equator marks  
 The mouth of Amazon, to the broad sea  
 Of the La Plata. Sweetly were thy vales  
 Smiling, Oh fair Brazil! on their new lords,

Unconscious that their harvests many a year  
 Must rise and fatten in the richest blood  
 Of their own sons. Far northward, where the chill 430  
 Of winter linger'd, steer'd the crews of France,  
 And with a giddy and vivacious joy  
 Snatch'd for themselves a cold Acadia,<sup>23</sup> white  
 With frost, and drifted snow. Onward they prest,  
 Toward where its source the proud St. Lawrence owns,  
 As Nilus<sup>24</sup> 'mid th' Abyssinian wastes  
 Reveals through fringed reeds, and willows dank  
 His azure eyes. With trembling awe they mark'd  
 Bold Niagara hurling down the steep  
 Eternal thunders, while the battle shock 440  
 Of rocks and waters in his gulf profound  
 Forever by the rushing column swoln,  
 Uprears a misty canopy to involve  
 The fearful conflict. Eagerly they trac'd  
 That land which bounding the broad lakes, erects  
 A lofty aspect, where the dying sigh  
 Of Wolfe, on victory's bloody couch arose,  
 Where bold Montgomery sank 'mid patriot tears,  
 And Arnold urged the combat, ere his foot  
 Prest dark Perdition's portal. 450

## Sad of cheer

Seem Gallia's sons, as if their thoughts recall  
 A brighter clime. Ev'n thus in later times  
 Gleam thy wan features o'er the billowy surge,  
 Poor German<sup>25</sup> Exile! by the heavy weight  
 Of a dense population forc'd away  
 From the smooth verdure of thy vales, to float  
 Like feather o'er the wave. I see thee launch  
 Amid the throng! The deeply laden bark  
 Moves like a slave-ship o'er the tossing main.  
 Thou spiest distant mountains, and art told 460  
 There is Columbia. Thy sad eye relumes  
 Its wonted brightness, trusting there to find  
 A Paradise. Thy trembling footsteps press  
 The shore of strangers, and a foreign voice  
 Bids gold against thy freedom. Thou art sold  
 To pay thy famish'd voyage! 'Mid the toil  
 Of thy hard term of service, think'st thou nought  
 Of cherish'd Germany? Say, does no dream  
 Of fugitive delight glide o'er the spot  
 That gave thee birth? Men of strange brows are here,  
 Of other manners, and of unknown speech. 471  
 And the sad eyes of thy untutor'd babes  
 Gaze wildly on them. Hadst thou ne'er a hut

Shelter'd by some cool spreading tree ?—a stream  
 To slake thy thirst ?—a morsel to refresh  
 Thy wasted strength ? that thou should'st roam to lay  
 Thy humble head beneath a stranger's turf,  
 Poor Emigrant ? Hast thou no bond of love,  
 Proud Germany ! to bind thy sons to thee ?  
 No charities of home, that they should fly 480  
 Thy glance parental ?

Still thy breast conceals  
 The feudal<sup>26</sup> spirit, prompting thee to count  
 Thy sons, thy vassals. But thou, sterner France,  
 Didst with thy persecuting scourge drive forth  
 Thy worthiest offspring, they who "held the truth  
 In righteousness of life." Backward they turn  
 Their eyes on that delightful land, so lov'd  
 Of bounteous Nature, yet with deeds of blood  
 So darkly stain'd. As the receding coast  
 Fades on the wave, the scenes of other days 490  
 Brighten their lineaments. Majestic shades  
 Of buried heroes rise, array'd in pow'r,  
 As if they still the field of mortal strife  
 Rul'd in their might. The form<sup>27</sup> of Condé gleams  
 As when at Jarnac, rising o'er his wounds  
 In scornful valour, or with deep reproach

Silent, yet poignant in his dying eye  
 Transfixing the assassin's soul who pierc'd  
 A heart which kings had reverenc'd.

With low sigh

Where strong emotions mingle, they recall                    500  
 The great Coligny, who alike in camp  
 And council proudly on his front display'd  
 The name of Hugonot. But as the sire,  
 To whom th' approaching grave betokens rest,  
 Thinks of his sons, his eye that Hero<sup>28</sup> turn'd  
 Toward the New World, solicitous to find  
 A refuge for his followers. See, he falls!  
 The tumult rages! The fierce Guises steep  
 Their swords in blood, and the insatiate soul  
 Of Catharine riots in the dire repast.                    510  
 Oh night of horror! night of nameless guilt!  
 To be remember'd while the world shall stand,  
 With stern abhorrence.

See, the pious few

Escape to this far coast. Firmly they bear  
 Their lot of sorrow, while they meekly bend  
 Over the page inspir'd. Hail, holy book!  
 Best gift of Heaven, instructing Man to bear  
 Life's discipline, with eye devoutly fix'd

On Mercy's purpose, through the wildering maze  
 Of fate, or storm of woe, discovering oft 520  
 That golden chain fast linking all below  
 To Wisdom's throne. Divinely didst thou shed  
 In earliest ages on prophetic souls,  
 Through types and symbols, a prelusive beam  
 Of HIS approach whose sorrow was our peace.  
 Hail, harp of Prophecy ! to mortal touch  
 Attun'd by the Great Spirit ! Him who mov'd  
 Upon the murmuring waters, when the light  
 Sprang out of Chaos, and who breath'd the soul  
 Of inspiration into holy breasts 530  
 Of seers and patriarchs, when their raptur'd strains  
 Hymn'd the Messiah.

Hail, mysterious harp !

That 'mid the trees of Paradise wert hung,  
 Wreath'd with unsullied roses. Thou wert wak'd  
 From Eden's dewy slumbers by the touch  
 Of the Eternal, while thy trembling chords  
 Awfully prest, spake of the future God  
 Incarnate, who should bruise the crested head  
 Of the foul serpent.

At the lapse of Man

Thy garlands wither'd, and a mournful wreath 540



Of cypress buds entwin'd thee, shuddering deep,  
 As thy sad voice pour'd forth the fatal doom  
 Of him who was but dust.

Anon thy tones

Breath'd in soft cadence on the wond'ring ear  
 Of righteous Abraham. Pensively he mark'd  
 The vales of Haran, fond to linger near  
 His father's sepulchres, revolving deep  
 The fiat to forsake his cherish'd home  
 Kindred and country. Then didst thou confirm  
 His high obedience by thy heavenly strain, 550  
 Cheering his soul with promises of HIM  
 In whom his race unborn, and all the earth  
 With her uncounted families should joy  
 And find a blessing. Thou didst faintly gleam  
 Upon the eye of Jacob, as he lay  
 In his death-trance. With cold yet pow'rful hand  
 He prest thee, and thine utterance was a sound  
 That fir'd with extacy his glowing eye.  
 Thou didst announce Messiah in his power  
 Coming to Zion, as the sceptre fell 560  
 From humbled Judah. Balaam's doubtful hand  
 Rov'd o'er thy secret chords, though his heart shrunk  
 At the exulting praises of the Star

'That should arise for Israel, and the might  
 Of that high sceptre, which in distant days  
 Should crush his foes. The Psalmist's tuneful touch  
 Rul'd thee, Oh sacred Harp, with skill so sweet  
 So masterly, that angels deem'd they heard  
 Earth echo their own lyres, and bent to learn  
 Of mysteries, which they had long desir'd 570  
 In vain to comprehend. Isaiah wak'd  
 To melody thy diapason strong,  
 Till thy rous'd strings pour'd forth in strains divine  
 The glories of Emmanuel. Deep they moan'd  
 In broken cadence of his earthly woes,  
 His word despis'd, his visage marr'd, his form  
 Laid in the tomb, and then in raptur'd tones  
 Of thrilling music, chanted of his throne  
 O'er all the earth, when heav'n-born peace should  
     reign,  
 And the fierce lion turning from his rage 580  
 Caress the lamb. The weeping prophet's tears  
 Dew'd thee, Oh Harp ! as from thy chords he drew  
 Music of heaven, still soften'd by his sighs  
 For Zion's ruin, for the wounds that rent  
 The "daughter of his people."

——He, who saw

On Chebar's banks high visions, caught thy gleam  
Of sudden beauty through the parted clouds  
And hasting, press'd thee. Daniel swept thy strings,  
And Haggai made thee vocal, 'mid the tide  
Of ecstasy, that rushing bore away 590  
The mists of time, and made the future stand  
Unveil'd and glowing. Malachi came last  
In the long range majestic of Heaven's seers.  
Kneeling, the sacred harp of God he took,  
And prest it to his lips. His hand essay'd  
To rouse it, and its treasur'd voice awoke  
Thrilling and tremulous. But Oh! a Power  
Invisible controul'd it, and its strings  
Quiv'ring, were broken.

——Nature seem'd to mourn

The awful wreck. Night came, and darkness fell, 600  
Long darkness. On the head of hoary Time  
It settled, and desponding mortals wept  
While tardy ages slowly rose to birth  
And roll'd away. At length the twilight dawn'd  
O'er the dim mountains, and that day-star shone  
Whose short ray, fading on the rosy cloud,  
Announc'd the Sun of Righteousness. A voice

Cry'd in the wilderness, and roughly clad,  
 Exhorting to repentance, with stern brow  
 Stood the forerunner of our Lord, to mark 610  
 His way before him. Like a beam he glow'd,  
 Severing the midnight of the legal rites  
 From the glad gospel's morn. But the frail lamp  
 Was quench'd in blood, and o'er the dazzled skies  
 Rose earth's salvation. Seraph lyres awoke  
 Responsive, breathing forth "good will and peace"  
 In strains of rapture, and the shepherd train  
 Watching their flocks, beheld that glorious star,  
 Whose orb mysterious cast a healing ray  
 O'er all the nations. 620

## CANTO SECOND.

BEHOLD they come!—O'er the wide-tossing sea  
 Their ships adventurous throng. Their tall masts cleave  
 The dim horizon, and what seem'd but specks  
 On Ocean's bosom, spread wide, snowy sails  
 Curtaining the rocky shore. In crowds descend  
 The eager inmates, joyous to escape  
 Their floating prison and unvarying view  
 Of the eternal wave. Almost it seem'd  
 As if old Europe, weary of her load,  
 Pour'd on a younger world her thousand sons      10  
 In ceaseless deluge. Thus, when he whose eye  
 "Eclips'd by drop serene," more clearly saw  
 Things hid from mortal vision, sang sublime  
 Of war in Heaven, the "seated hillocks" rose,  
 And uptorn mounts their myriad streams disgorg'd  
 Whelming the recreant angels.

Thither came

To Nature's boldest scenery, men who saw  
 No beauty in her charms, in the dark arch

Of mountain forest springing to the skies  
 E'er since Creation, on the mighty cliff 20  
 Crown'd with rich light, or wrapt in sable clouds  
 No grandeur trac'd; for still their eyes were bent  
 In the dark caverns of the Earth to grope  
 For drossy ore.<sup>1</sup> These, in the chrystal stream  
 Fring'd with the silvery willow, in the foam  
 Of the wild thundering cataract, bearing on  
 A mighty tribute to the swelling sea,  
 Beheld no majesty, nor deign'd a glance  
 Save on the glittering sediment. To Heaven,  
 If it were possible, that to the seat 30  
 Of God such souls might soar, no thought of bliss  
 Could reach them there, except to gaze intense  
 Upon the golden pavement. Thither hied  
 Ambition, deck'd with nodding plumes, and proud  
 In martial port. What saw he to allure  
 His haughty glance, amid a simple race  
 Content like poor Caractacus to hold  
 Nought but a humble hovel? Yet he snatch'd  
 His trophies from the savage, with a hand  
 More savage still, nor did his stern soul shrink 40  
 To find his laurels tarnish'd with the blood  
 Of Innocence. Here too the patriot came

Indignant at th' oppressor, proud to dwell  
 With liberty, though on the storm-rock'd cliff,  
 Where the stern Eagle broods. The Poet<sup>2</sup> lur'd  
 His muse to emigrate, and fondly told  
 Of sylvan haunts, and fairy domes ; but frost  
 Chain'd her light pinion, and the sun-beam cast  
 That cold regard, which like some icy chill  
 Still withers genius. Here, with footsteps slow 50  
 Came calm philosophers, shunning the throng  
 Who waste existence in an empty chase  
 Of frail ephemera, to merge the soul  
 In solitude, as in her element  
 Of purest health, and pause o'er Nature's chain  
 Where link by link, with mystic art she binds  
 Terrestrial to divine.

The Christian knelt  
 Upon this rocky strand, intent to build  
 His tabernacle where despotic pow'r  
 Might rear no image, and compel his soul 60  
 To offer homage—where the spirit's eye  
 Might seek its sire, uncheck'd by the dire bolt  
 Of persecution's thunder, and with awe  
 Amid the silence of his works, revere  
 The great Creator. Thus with varying aim

Flock'd the firm Swede, bold Danube's patient sons,  
 The toiling Belgian, Albions patriot race,  
 And thine, Oh Caledon! blest land of song,  
 While fair Hibernia pour'd in throngs profuse  
 Her ardent offspring. Guided by the breath 70  
 Of southern gales, the bands of England steer'd  
 Where the proud waters of the mighty James,  
 And swift Potomac, mark'd the broad domain  
 Of great Powhatan. He more years had told  
 Than hoary Nestor. Thrice<sup>3</sup> had he beheld  
 His fading race scatter'd like autumn leaves,  
 While he, unshorn and unsubdu'd, remain'd  
 King of the forest. To his region came,  
 Aiding the adventurous, one whose daring soul  
 Breath'd the high spirit of heroic deeds, 80  
 The brave, accomplish'd Smith.<sup>4</sup> His dauntless mind  
 And vigorous frame, scorning fatigue and toil,  
 Had gathered laurels from the lofty heights  
 Of martial Europe, from the battle fields  
 Of sultry Asia, where pure christian blood  
 Mingling with the dark tide from Turkish veins,  
 Had stain'd the red-cross banners.



## —Buoyant Hope

Still smiling in his eye, while other brows  
 Were blanch'd with terror, or with wan despair  
 The giddy heights of Fame he had achiev'd, 90  
 The goal of strange adventure, and the maze  
 Of deep Romance, ere Manhood's tinge<sup>s</sup> had bronz'd  
 His blooming cheek. The syren charms of wealth  
 Cluster'd around his cradle, and the lawns  
 Of Willoughby, replete with genial gales  
 Nurtur'd his roving boyhood. There he shar'd  
 Sport, such as hardihood and danger love,  
 Though it mocks at them. From historic lore  
 A restless, kindling impulse caught the flame  
 That fir'd heroic souls; and as he bent, 100  
 A silent student o'er his daily task,  
 Unfetter'd fancy bore him far beyond  
 His island home, to rove in distant climes,  
 And act in other ages, with the men  
 Of high renown. And when his joyous youth  
 Mark'd with a traveller's eye, the varied scenes  
 Of Europe's grandeur, not the beauteous Seine  
 Winding through flow'ry vales, or crown'd with domes  
 Of gay Parisian luxury, nor yet  
 Those arts by which the patient Hollander 110

Props his scant birthright 'gainst usurping seas,  
 Nor Nature's majesty, when on the Alps  
 She rests her cloudy coronet, could charm  
 His sanguine heart, like the red chart of war  
 Graven on hero's monument, or drawn  
 In fearful lines upon the furrow'd earth  
 Where battles once were fought.

The rocky bounds

Of Caledonia next his step explor'd,  
 Seeking its monarch's court : for there he thought  
 Amid that brave and high-soul'd race to meet 120  
 Some kindred spirits. But the pedant king,  
 Offspring of beauteous Mary, soon to wield  
 The Stuart sceptre o'er high Albion's throne,  
 Allur'd by promises the youthful band  
 To throng around him, yet no food supplied  
 To cheer ambition. Smith's impetuous sword  
 Spurn'd at the thistly harvest, as he sought  
 Once more his native halls. But not the joys  
 Of softening home might lure that Spartan soul  
 Girding its armour on. From the fair domes 130  
 Where lingering Courtesy too oft detain'd  
 His coldly render'd time, the youth recluse  
 Turn'd to the forest, and 'mid deepest shades

Chose out a silent spot. Riven from their trunks  
 Firm boughs of cedar with the knotty oak  
 He interwove, in architecture rude,  
 Forming a green pavilion. There he gave  
 His soul its favourite lore, the rudiments  
 Of warlike science ; or on fiery steed  
 With glittering lance, evinc'd in graceful feat 140  
 Of manly daring, or of martial skill  
 His ponder'd theory. Thus the fam'd prince  
 Of eloquence, sublime Demosthenes,  
 Pent in his subterranean cell, pursued  
 The art he lov'd, or mid the Ocean's roar  
 Utter'd its precepts. Still this close recess  
 Was sacred from the interrupting foot  
 Of Idleness, from enervating sports  
 And light amusements of the giddy throng ;  
 Hither no soft Indulgence gliding came 150  
 In Epicurean robe, nor Beauty's brow  
 Bent its keen glance of sarcasm to annoy  
 The military anchorite. But sounds  
 Of distant war, of battle grimly fought  
 Beneath the cloud of Turkish banners, came,  
 Loading the deep-ton'd gale. As the proud steed,  
 Long held in durance, hears the trumpet blast

And struggling, rends the earth, thus the bold youth  
 Undisciplin'd, unsanction'd, unrestrain'd  
 By sage experience, rushes on his course. 160  
 This eager zeal he strove to sanctify  
 With high devotion's name, and, as he took  
 His rapid journey, often ask'd his heart  
 With angry emphasis, if it were meet  
 That ancient city where the Saviour pour'd  
 His dying blood, should bow its hallow'd head  
 To sacrilegious thraldom? Thus is Man  
 Prone with Religion's front to dignify  
 His doubtful deeds, baptising in Heaven's name  
 His earthly promptings.

Where Marseilles retreats 170  
 To rocky barrier,<sup>6</sup> from sea-beaten shore,  
 'Mid thronging masts, the traveller's glance espies  
 A parting sail, and up the vessel's side  
 Ascends with little question. Here he found  
 A throng of devotees, in pilgrim's weeds,  
 Bound to Loretto, there to consummate  
 Penance or vow.

Loudly they spake in praise  
 Of that fair shrine by wondering angels borne,  
 On outstretch'd pinions, from the Holy Land

To glad Dalmatia, and from thence transferr'd,      180  
 Pitying the toil of weary pilgrim saints,  
 To happy Italy. Oft they describ'd  
 The cell with lingering rainbow<sup>7</sup> ever bright,  
 Which hath no need of sun, or silver moon,  
 Or glimmering lamp, and that blest Lady's form,  
 The glorious Virgin, whose meek brow hath pow'r  
 To cancel sin : and ever as they spake  
 Their eye with mortified, yet curious glance  
 Fell on the silent warrior.—Soon recedes  
 The crowded mart, and fades the Gallic coast      190  
 In the faint emerald of the tideless sea,  
 While the refreshing and propitious gales  
 Swell the dilated canvas. But the day,  
 That sunk in smiles, rose not ; so dense a cloud  
 Involv'd her in its canopy. Low blasts  
 Moan'd hollow from the bosom of the deep,  
 And fluttering 'mid the heavy, humid sails,  
 The sea-birds shriek'd. Around the feverish moon  
 Hung a wan circle, livid as the spot  
 Where aspic poison creeps. Then as the wing      200  
 Of the black tempest wav'd 'mid mutinous winds  
 And mighty thunders, while the reeling bark  
 Alternate mounted on the slippery wave,

Or roll'd in dark abysses, ye might see  
 Those frighted pilgrims, with dishevell'd locks  
 Telling their beads, and calling every saint  
 Of note throughout the calendar to help  
 Their great extremity.

The soldier thought

Of that Disciple, valiant in his faith,  
 Who on the mission of his Master's will 210  
 Went bound to Rome, and on that very sea  
 Encounter'd shipwreck. He remember'd too  
 The arm that sav'd him, and upon that prop  
 Rested his waiting eye, while the dread storm  
 Woke its third day of gloom. But the stern band  
 Bent a dark scowling glance on him who clasp'd  
 No rosary, nor in such awful hour  
 Ave Maria utter'd ; and it seem'd  
 To their perverted minds, that for his sin  
 Such evil had pursued their innocence. 220  
 Pale Superstition's traitor eye reveal'd  
 Her darken'd purpose, ere its venom sprang  
 To the blanch'd lip, to purchase with his death  
 Imagin'd safety. In rash narrow minds  
 The blinding motive from the blasting deed  
 Hath no division. As the mariners

Of Tarshish hurl'd the recreant prophet forth,  
 So these good pilgrims in their righteous zeal  
 To save themselves, cast out the stranger youth  
 Into the raging element. Proud waves 230  
 Broke over him, but with impetuous strength  
 He brav'd their fury. Long the foaming surge  
 With head uprais'd, and firm, undaunted breast  
 He baffled in his might. Long unappall'd  
 His spirit view'd the purpose of his life  
 Still unaccomplish'd, and believ'd that God  
 Would snatch him from the deep, though all its waves  
 And water-spouts pass'd over him.

But day

Sunk on her couch, and Evening quench'd the light,  
 The feeble light, that from the billow's crest 240  
 Had gleam'd upon the wanderer. Driven on  
 Like broken leaf before the blast, he seemed  
 A thing for storms to sport with, or the child  
 Of the dark surge, to which he wildly clung  
 As to a mother's breast. Alone he felt,  
 As if in wide Creation, nought but him  
 Surviv'd. Cold languor o'er the springs of life  
 Crept slowly, 'gainst his unresisting form  
 Rush'd the wild wave, and his despairing ear

Heard the hoarse voice of waters and of winds, 250  
 As of a death-dirge. Midnight darkness prest  
 The wrathful deep, and drooping he resigns  
 His body to the tomb where myriads sleep,  
 Waiting that trump which warns the startled sea  
 To yield her dead. Ah ! when the arm of Man  
 Resigns its power, the Omnipotence of God  
 Is nearest in deliverance. A rude shock  
 Convuls'd the victim's frame, as if it broke  
 The Spirit's casket on those marble rocks  
 Where slippery sea-weed binds the pearly cells 260  
 In depths unfathomable. His rent ear  
 Stunn'd by the thundering tide resigns its pain  
 To welcome silence, and his stiffen'd arms  
 Convulsive clasp the sharp and rugged rocks,  
 While his dim eye and fainting bosom hail  
 The house of Death ; for thus the sufferer deem'd  
 That lonely isle, on whose deserted bound  
 God had prepar'd his refuge.

When he thought  
 Earth with her bars had clos'd around his pit  
 Forever ; from that dungeon of despair 270  
 Jehovah had redeem'd him, to behold  
 The light among the living. There he lay,



Long in Exhaustion's trance, while the spent strom  
 Swept by on drooping pinion. Then look'd forth  
 From her deep sable arch, the timid Moon,  
 And saw the slumberer on that rocky beach  
 With bloodless cheek, and panting breast that heav'd  
 Heavily, in low sobs : so strong did Life  
 Contend, and yet so bitterly had Death  
 Urg'd his expected victory. Young Morn 280  
 From her bright eye such genial warmth diffus'd  
 That up the sleeper sprang, his humid locks  
 Still dripping, and his countenance illum'd  
 With that inert expression, which displays  
 Its sceptic glances, when the muscles live  
 Before the intellect ; while the lost mind  
 Coming from exile, like the strong man arm'd  
 Findeth her mansion empty. Thus, perchance,  
 Beam'd the wan features of the man entomb'd,  
 In that first moment, when returning life, 290  
 Caught from the touch of dead Elisha's bones,  
 Pervaded him : and well thy pencil's pow'r,  
 Allston ! hath kindled that mysterious gleam  
 When in brief struggle the terrestrial strove  
 With the celestial, and dull matter mov'd  
 Ere the Creator's breathing spirit gave  
 Pure Thought its resurrection.

Soon with eye

No longer vacant, though still unassur'd,  
 He, who had deem'd his mortal conflict o'er,  
 Strove with bewilder'd toil to wake the trace 300  
 Of shipwreck'd Memory. Almost it seem'd  
 That the strange fable caught from Pagan lore<sup>6</sup>  
 And interwoven with the creed of Rome  
 Were true, and to some isolated nook  
 Of Purgatory, he had been condemn'd,  
 To expiate the errors which had stain'd  
 His former being. Well this spot might seem  
 The broken isthmus of a middle state  
 Remote from joys of either world ; for nought  
 Like cheering verdure, or reviving shade 310  
 Of pensile bough was there. No cavern deep,  
 Like that of Patmos, where the lov'd of God  
 Saw holy visions, spread a cool recess  
 From the sun's fervour ; and no transient gourd  
 Like that which shelter'd Jonah's head, and lull'd  
 His dark repining, rear'd its fragile stem  
 To blossom for a night. But the lone isle,  
 One naked rock, lash'd by th' eternal surge  
 Appall'd the eye. Not with such poignant woe  
 The solitary glance of Selkirk fell 320

On lone Fernandez ; there were bowers of shade,  
 Green earth, fair plants, nutritious roots and fruits  
 To cheer existence, there the bounding goats  
 Furnish'd his household flock, the gentle kids  
 Lay at his feet, and fondly seem'd to claim  
 Companionship.

——But here was nought to break  
 The rayless gloom of sceptred solitude,  
 Nor foot of animal, nor chirp of bird,  
 Nor e'en a shrub, on which might hang one nest,  
 For the poor hermit's heart to watch and love. 330  
 Words intermix'd with sighs at length burst forth,  
 And strange their utterance seem'd, where human tone  
 Had never woke before, the slumbering cell  
 Of unborn Echo ——

“ Ah ! is this sad spot  
 My place of doom ? No more must I behold  
 The countenance of man ? Ne'er hear his voice  
 Answering to mine ? Methinks the serpent's hiss  
 Were music to this ever-dashing wave.  
 The sight of the most loath'd of Nature's works,  
 Vile worm, or slimy snail, or swollen toad, 340  
 Were joy. Shall withering famine terminate  
 My dateless being on this nameless shore ?

Then what avails how drear the solitude  
 That hangs its blackening curtain o'er a grave  
 Which none may visit? A dissever'd link  
 From vast Creation's chain, no pitying voice  
 Of kindred or of friend shall e'er inquire  
 Whose bones lie bleaching on this blasted bourne  
 Of desolation. Hence! away ye hopes,  
 Pictur'd in childhood, treasur'd in gay youth, 350  
 Vain, airy bubbles! See, the lofty plans  
 Of proud Ambition, luring me to join  
 My name with heroes, see the glorious scroll  
 Unroll'd by Fancy, shrivel to the seal  
 Of blank Oblivion."

With such groans, perchance,  
 Though stung to deeper agony, complain'd  
 The fugitive of Elba, from whose head  
 The crown had fall'n. His prison isle he pac'd  
 With frantic step, and o'er the sounding beach  
 Roving like maniac, tax'd with madd'ning curse 360  
 And ceaseless question, the unresting wave.  
 Yet was he not alone, for round him throng'd  
 Thin spectral shapes from Lodi's bloody field,  
 From Jena, Jaffa, Borodino's bound,  
 Dread Austerlitz, Marengo, Moscow's wreck,

From countless scenes they rose, and flitting sought  
 To gaze on their destroyer. Conscience shrunk  
 At solitude so populous, and Pride,  
 Which quell'd Remorse, wept at Ambition's goad,  
 Vexing, like him of Macedon, to find 370  
 Bounds to its conquest.

Would ye ask what throng'd  
 The mental temple, when in frowns he rov'd  
 Listning indignant to the Atlantic roar  
 On lone St. Helena? Did Memory's torch  
 Light up his past career, o'er blasted earth,  
 And wasted being, subjugated realms  
 And "seas of flame;"—or Pity bear the wail  
 Of childless parent, and of sireless babe?  
 Did pale Remorse, lifting her serpent scourge,  
 Come with the manes of the mighty dead 380  
 Who fell by treachery? Did despair announce  
 The fearful miseries of the falsely great?  
 Or sad Contrition wake the pungent tear  
 That cleanses guilt?—

Peace! for his doom is seal'd.  
 Man may not scan the conflict of the soul  
 When the chill lip drinks the last bitter drop  
 Of life's exhausted cup. Man may not pass

Verdict upon the heart, which the High Judge  
 Alone explores. Nor should he rashly hurl  
 His condemnations forth, since he, himself 390  
 With all his fancied, all his just deserts,  
 Is but an erring, trembling candidate  
 For his Creator's mercy.

Turn we now

To that lone exile on yon islet dark,  
 Who in the breathless struggle where fair Hope  
 Too weak for contest, copes with pallid Fear,  
 Descries a sail. Advancing where the rock  
 Strikes its sharp bastion farthest in the main,  
 His hand he waves in agony, and wastes 400  
 The remnant of his voice. Ah, see! a boat  
 Approaches him. Already he perceives  
 The quick dash of the oar, and the light foam  
 Rippling around its prow. Holy that sight,  
 As the ark's casement to the trembling Dove  
 Whose weary pinion o'er the shoreless waste  
 Droop'd as in death. Not once the exile thought  
 If friend or foe approach him, the proud Turk,  
 Or wily Arab, or brute Algerine,  
 All the stern ills that man inflicts on man,  
 Slavery, or galley-chain, or ceaseless toil 410

Seem'd in that hour of wild emotion, light  
 To everduring loneliness. The voice  
 Of Man once more accosts him, a kind arm  
 Supports his feeble steps to reach the boat  
 And scale the vessel's side, while fainting, pale,  
 And speechless, he admits the tide of joy  
 To whelm his soul. Stretch'd on the ready couch,  
 Reviv'd with welcome cordials and the tone  
 Of sympathy, the sufferer's heart expands  
 In boundless gratitude, to that blest Pow'r, 420  
 Who snatch'd him from his dungeon ; while the bands  
 Of courteous France, who listened to his tale,  
 Exulting, that their gallant ship had sav'd  
 A fellow-creature, merg'd in that pure joy  
 The light aversion which their native coast  
 And sea-girt Albion cherish. Long they cruis'd  
 O'er the untroubled waters, mark'd the coast  
 Of sultry Afric, caught the fragrant gales  
 That fan Sicilian vineyards, cross'd the tide  
 Of the rough Adriatic, steer'd with care 430  
 Amid Ionian quicksands, and beheld  
 The Ægean wave with sprinkled lustre bright  
 Of emerald islets, where the classic Muse  
 Delights to linger. There old Tenedos

Frown'd upon ruin'd Ilion ; Lemnos hush'd  
 Her Cyclopean forge ; while Lesbian heights  
 Still seem'd to echo to Alcæus's harp,  
 And Sappho's fond complaint. There Samos spread  
 Her beauteous harbours o'er the violent wave,  
 While in perspective soft, her green fields gleam'd 440  
 In semi-annual harvest,<sup>10</sup> rich with tints  
 Of purple light ; the clustering Cyclades  
 Girt in their rocky zone the Delphic isle  
 No more oracular, where glowing clouds  
 Of golden lustre, ting'd with crimson dies,  
 Canopy pure Parnassus.

——Rosy Rhodes,<sup>11</sup>

No longer by its proud Colossus mark'd  
 Stretch'd its triangular scale, as if to catch  
 Those golden show'rs<sup>12</sup> which testified the love  
 Of ardent Phœbus ; while the Cretan vales 450  
 Cloth'd with their fruitage fair the awful base  
 Of that stern mountain, boastful of the birth  
 Of Jove the Thunderer.

Towards the setting Sun  
 Their course they bend, when, ploughing o'er the deep  
 Her transverse path with heavy laden keel,  
 A ship they spy, whose waving colours spoke



Of haughty Venice. Hasting they prepare  
 For naval combat. Decks are clear'd, light sails  
 Furl'd, lest their playful wantonness impede  
 Decisive action, while those engines dire 460  
 Which flash destruction o'er the echoing wave,  
 Unlash'd are levell'd, and from their deep vents  
 The tompions drawn. Inspir'd with warlike joy  
 The soul of Smith rush'd to his eagle eye,  
 Darting unwonted lightnings. Every spot  
 He seem'd to traverse ; now, in grave debate  
 Consulting with the Master, how to pour  
 With best effect their battery on the foe ;  
 Now, gliding o'er the deck with watchful glance  
 Of keen inspection ; now, into the souls 470  
 Of wondering Frenchmen pouring that proud zeal  
 Which nerves a British tar. Thus the bold king,  
 Harry of Monmouth, cheer'd his doubting troops  
 For Agincourt's dread field ; with his gay smile  
 Inspiring courage, brightening the wan brow  
 Of Apprehension, while his valorous heart  
 Impatient chode the interrupting night  
 Which " like a foul and ugly witch did limp  
 So lazily away." Short space was here  
 In this wild contest on the briny plain 480

For courtesy or signal of attack :  
 The volleying broadsides deal Destruction's blast,  
 Life fled in purple streams, but still the wrath  
 Of Man subsided not. The shivering masts,  
 And sides transpierc'd, witness in fearful wounds  
 The strife of human passions, when they war  
 And yield not.

From the Gallic ship, a band  
 Forth sally, bright their boarding axes shine  
 Through sable wreaths of smoke, while they essay  
 With vigorous action to ascend the deck 490  
 Of the Venetian. Clamorous blows resound  
 And shouts outrageous, till the invaders, hurl'd  
 Back from their slippery footing, darkly plunge  
 Beneath the redd'ning element. Yet see !  
 Another band, unaw'd by Danger's front,  
 Dare the same fate, with desperate ardour fir'd,  
 And o'er the bowsprit rushing to the deck,  
 Wade through their comrade's blood.

How can I paint  
 The features of that scene ? My pencil shrinks  
 From dies so deep ! Oh ! 'twas a fearful sight 500  
 To souls who love not carnage, to behold  
 God's image in the human form so marr'd,

And his blest work defac'd. The deed was done,  
 The hoarse, terrific din of battle o'er,  
 But many a gallant man, whose warm lip pour'd  
 Impetuous words to urge the contest on,  
 Saw not the victory, nor heard the shout  
 When Venice struck to France. O'er the smooth wave  
 Her trackless course the victor ship pursued;  
 Not quite unscath'd; but, as the knight, return'd 510  
 From tournament, heeds not his batter'd helm,  
 And sever'd cuirass, nor the puny wounds  
 That goad his side, since ever in his mind  
 The vivid image of his unhors'd foe  
 Banishes pain and loss. The exulting crew  
 Boastful in garrulous joy, incessant trac'd  
 Their chart of conquest, emulous to meet  
 A second enemy. But the lone youth,  
 Whose changeful fortunes we pursue, oft sigh'd  
 For sweet release from durance on the wave, 520  
 And like a landsman pin'd, whene'er he thought  
 Of the pure verdure, and salubrious breeze,  
 And busy haunts, where answering voices blend  
 In cheering echo. Him at length they sent,  
 In feeble boat to that delightful shore  
 Which spread a refuge for the Hero's toil,

Who from Troy's flame, wild ocean's adverse surge  
 And Juno's harsh inexorable hate  
 Scap'd through long wanderings.

Glad th' enfranchis'd youth

Mark'd the rough line of that peninsular coast,      530  
 Enraptur'd revell'd in the firm support  
 Of Earth, his mother, and once more beheld  
 Her brilliant garments, and alluring fruits,  
 With joy unutterable.    Soon his course  
 In eager speed toward Rome's imperial seat  
 He pointed; for in boyhood's brightest hour  
 Thither, on Fancy's pinion, had he flown  
 To search and question Cesar's sepulchre :  
 And thither now, half doubting, as if dreams  
 Involv'd him in their tissue, he arriv'd.      540  
 With reverence gaz'd he on the Queen of earth,  
 Who in the mouldering of her gorgeous robes,  
 And ancient diadem, still rose in pomp  
 Of dread magnificence.    His rapt eye saw  
 In warrior vision, when with sceptred pride,  
 Seated upon her seven-hill'd throne, she cast  
 The rays of her dominion on the wings  
 Of the unresting Sun, and bade them reach  
 All realms that saw his light.    With pausing step

Alone he wander'd, 'mid those mighty wrecks 550  
 Which Man had consecrated, but old Time  
 Respected not, and bade the unsightly weed  
 And slimy snail deface. Anon he mark'd  
 Strong massy fabricks, on whose fronts sublime  
 Dwelt hoar Antiquity, ruling the wrath  
 And spoil of ages. There unnumber'd fanes  
 Tower'd in the gracefulness of modern skill,  
 Where cluster'd columns rear'd their cornice fair,  
 And fretted architrave, th' Ionic chaste,  
 Time-honour'd Doric, or Corinthian rich, 560  
 Or simple Tuscan. The admiring youth  
 Mark'd with a gaze intense of wondering awe  
 Vespasian's Coliseum, where, the Goth<sup>1 3</sup>  
 Who led his barbarous legions to the spoil  
 Of the despis'd magnificence of Rome,  
 Stood in amazement——

That Ellipsis vast  
 Reveal'd the hand of Titus, who resum'd  
 The work his dying sire left unfulfill'd.  
 From those arcades, those pillars that embrace  
 Within their pond'rous and wide-stretching grasp 570  
 That spacious amphitheatre, erst rose,  
 As from the Egyptian house of bondage, sighs

Of captive Israel, labouring and oppress'd ;  
 Though no deliverer, call'd by Heaven, came forth  
 From his rush cradle on the turbid stream  
 To break their yoke. Still might the eye recall  
 Through mist of gath'ring ages, through the wreck  
 Of Devastation's wantonness,<sup>14</sup> that spot  
 Where the pavilion, with its purple pomp,<sup>15</sup>  
 And proud, imperial blazonry, enshrin'd 580  
 The dignity of Rome ; still might it mark  
 The Cunei,<sup>16</sup> dividing with strict care  
 Patrician from Plebeian, even in sports  
 Whose baseness levell'd all to the same rank  
 Of degradation, weighing jealously  
 Each vain distinction ; there might still be trac'd  
 The radiatory passages, where throng'd  
 Crown'd Emperors, and savage beasts, and men  
 Abject as they ; and there stood gaping wide  
 Those Vomitories,<sup>17</sup> whence the noisy croud 590  
 Issu'd abrupt. Swept by winds of Heaven  
 Was that vast structure, open to the wrath  
 Of raging elements ; no more was rear'd  
 The spreading Velum's<sup>18</sup> gorgeous canopy  
 To shelter from the solar beam, or storm  
 Those pitiless throngs, deep gazing on the scenes

Of inhumanity. There, with vigorous arm  
 And rigid muscles, nerv'd to utmost strength  
 By uncomplaining Agony, wild wrath,  
 Undaunted courage, or intense despair, 600  
 Fought the stern Gladiators :<sup>19</sup> stung to rage,  
 The lordly Lion, the mad Elephant,  
 The foaming Tyger, the Hyena fierce,  
 Baffled the hunter's skill, or madly rush'd  
 Upon his spear, champing with bloody jaws  
 The murderous weapon. And alas ! how oft  
 Drank that Arena's dust the peaceful tide  
 Flowing from christian veins, when strong in faith  
 Those holy victims, pouring forth pure pray'rs  
 For persecuting foes, were given a prey 610  
 To monster's teeth.

There thou didst yield thy breath,  
 Ignatius, mitred prelate of that church,  
 Which first<sup>20</sup> upon its sacred banner bore  
 The name of Christ. Full on thy rapt ear pour'd  
 The melody of heaven,<sup>21</sup> where the blest choir  
 With harp and voice, in high alternate swell  
 Hymn'd the Eternal, till thy tranced soul  
 Wrapt in extatic vision, scorn'd the bounds  
 Of Earth's low confine. But a martyr's doom

Awaited thy decline ; and thou didst meet 620  
 Its pangs, rejoicing that thy soul should haste  
 To its reward, while high devotion's pray'r  
 Ascended for the parricides who rent  
 Thy feeble span. Methinks the Lions pause  
 In their career. Did thine uplifted eye  
 Intently fix'd on Heaven imbibe new beams  
 Of awful lustre, till brute Instinct shrank  
 To mar that kneeling form, and clot with blood  
 Those silver locks ?

Yet there was Beauty's eye,  
 Gazing unmov'd upon the ghastly wound, 630  
 And gasping bosom ; hearts, which should have been  
 At every scene of woe, as liquid balm  
 Distill'd in Pity's heavenly dew, grew hard,  
 Grew obdurate as the flame-temper'd steel,  
 Till female softness turn'd her exile foot  
 From pagan Rome——

Sick'ning at thoughts like these  
 The youth with fond enthusiasm rush'd to seek  
 Trajan's fair victor column, where it rear'd  
 Its tow'ring shaft, pure as the snows that crown  
 The Alpine heights. Its pedestal display'd 640  
 Four birds of Jove, depending from whose beaks



In rich luxuriance flow'd the laurel wreath,  
 And ah ! so well those polish'd leaflets twin'd  
 Their slender fibres, with so light a grace  
 Ruffled the Eaglets' plumage, that the art  
 Of bold Apollodorus seem'd to have taught  
 The cold and steadfast marble how to vie  
 With nature's life and beauty. There the youth  
 Knelt in low reverence, while in ardent tone  
 Burst forth his homage from unconscious lips— 650  
 " Awful and glorious Man ! at whose dread name  
 Trembled far distant realms, while haughty Rome  
 Wove it with stars into her diadem,  
 Gem of her pride, and bond of loyalty.  
 Subjected Dacia felt thy vengeful sword,  
 Assyria was thy suppliant, the arm'd throngs  
 Of wide Armenia, the infuriate hordes  
 From Mesopotamian mountains, and the tribes  
 Barbarous and rude, from where the Euxine roars  
 To the vex'd Caspian, bent with vassal awe 660  
 Th' imploring glance on thee. Thy curb controul'd<sup>22</sup>  
 The tossing Danube, and with force sublime  
 Treading the trackless deep, thy lofty prow  
 First to old Ocean's angry billows taught  
 Rome's will to reign."

Ling'ring o'er Trajan's fame  
 In contemplation deep, the abstracted youth  
 Hung with a soldier's rapture ; then with eye  
 Dazzled and dimm'd by countless monuments  
 That mark the lost illustrious, he explor'd  
 The arch of Titus,<sup>2 3</sup> rich with victories 670  
 O'er humbled Judah. There with sinuous trace  
 O'er the fair sculpture, rapid Jordan rov'd,  
 While on its banks the weeping captives throng'd,  
 With heads declin'd. And there were sacred spoils  
 Scatter'd in careless triumph, the high trump  
 Whose silver sound warn'd to the Jubilee,  
 The golden Candlestick, whose wreathed branch  
 Fed with pure oil, shed o'er the sanctuary  
 Unsullied light, the table consecrate  
 To the shew-bread, which none but holy hands 680  
 Might touch unsinning, the mysterious ark,  
 The fearful tables of the Eternal Law,  
 The sacrificial altar, ah ! what pangs  
 Wrung thee, deserted Zion, when these spoils  
 Were won by Rome. Thy broken, ruin'd towers,  
 Thy reeking stones, thy city furrow'd deep  
 By Desolation's ploughshare, the dire cross,  
 Stern sword, gaunt Famine, sated with thy sons,

And that majestic, dedicated dome,  
 The temple of Jehovah, given to feed 690  
 The Gentile flame, and thy weak remnant made  
 A hissing, an astonishment, a taunt  
 To every nation ; how these countless woes,  
 Immeasurable as th' unfathom'd sea,  
 Announce thy guilt, and verify the truth  
 Of HIM who cannot err ; and will they not,  
 Oh ! thou afflicted, tempest-tost, despis'd  
 And reft of comfort, will they not at length  
 Ope thy blind eye to Him, whom thou didst pierce  
 And crucify, that thou might'st mourn and live ? 700

Who with a traveller's eye can search the bounds  
 Of Rome, nor pause to muse upon the tomb  
 Of Adrian, asking the insensate winds,  
 How they can winnow as unhallow'd dust  
 Its consecrated glory ? Who can shun  
 To gaze upon the lofty column rear'd  
 To pious Antoninus, by the hand  
 Of good Aurelius, sharer of his fame  
 Virtue and dignity, who early wise<sup>2 4</sup>  
 Learnt with a philosophic sway to quell 710  
 The passions' mutiny. Ev'n hoary Time  
 Reveres that fabric, and commands the years

That in their revolution blindly wield  
 Destruction's besom, and exulting stamp  
 Oblivion's seal, to spare that marble spire  
 Its simple beauty, nor to rend the pile  
 Which bears the second Numa's spotless fame.  
 Half sunk in Earth, the wanderer trac'd his arch  
 Who on fair Albion's isle resign'd his breath,  
 Septimius Severus.

720

—Dark with throngs  
 Of flying Parthians, was its scroll sublime;  
 But gathering ages, dense with mouldering dust,  
 Obscur'd the Hero's emblem, with keen touch  
 Corroding what the impotence of Man  
 Pronounc'd immortal. With a statelier front,  
 Just where the dark base of the Cælian Mount  
 Confronts the Palatine, tower'd the white arch  
 Of the blest christian Emperor, Constantine,<sup>25</sup>  
 Who bade the sword of persecution cease  
 To vex the bleeding church. There paus'd the youth,  
 Reviewing the recorded tints that glow'd  
 On memory's tablet; for his soul was proud  
 To hold communion with the awful shades  
 Of Emperors, and warriors, and stern Chiefs  
 Who rul'd the rage of battle. With less joy

731

Gaz'd he upon the fountains, sumptuous squares,  
 Rich palaces, majestic obelisks ;  
 Beheld the vaunted Vatican display  
 Its pomp of painting, and time-honour'd scrolls  
 Innumerable ; and even with slighter touch 740  
 Of strong emotion, mark'd that Basilick  
 Rising in deep and dread magnificence,  
 Beneath whose lofty dome pale Awe turns cold,  
 Offering a while, her trembling consciousness  
 Upon Devotion's altar.

Yet not long  
 Might spirit so active be content to dwell  
 Amid the tombs and mouldering monuments  
 Of buried glory. The hoarse blast of War  
 Kindling its ardour to the thrill of Joy,  
 Warn'd it away. 750

To throng'd Vienna's bound  
 The soldier went, for there were martial sounds,  
 Mustering of mighty men, shrill trumpets' blast,  
 Hoarse clang of armour, neigh of prancing steed,  
 Where brave Count Meldrich gallantly review'd  
 His gather'd legions. Strongly reforc'd  
 By Transylvania's Duke, their blended aim  
 Against the Turk was destin'd, he who holds

In cruel thralldom, those delightful plains  
Where ancient Greece her band illustrious rear'd  
Of heroes and of sages.

766

There thy sword  
Still glitters, Ypsilante !—May it deal  
To the oppressor, justice, like the brand  
Of mighty Scanderberg !<sup>26</sup> he who beheld  
The sad Albanian weeping in his hut,  
Saw from his famish'd babes the morsel torn  
By stern rapacity, and nerv'd his arm  
For righteous vengeance. Prince ! Be Him thy guide  
Who crown'd with victory Judah's prayerful King,  
When the swarth Ethiops, and fierce Lubins came  
Like lions, in their insolence to wreck  
The shepherd's fold. Oh ! is there not a time  
In His eternal counsels, who doth break  
The Tyrant's yoke, when the sword-planted faith  
Of Mecca's dark impostor from its root  
Shall perish ? when the desolating rod  
Of the vile Painim, shall no longer bruise  
Earth's fairest climes ? Behold it darkly press  
The realm belov'd of Science, where her eye,  
First waking from its cradle slumbers, scann'd  
A globe benighted ; see it crush the race

707

780

Whom Xerxes might not conquer, where the arts  
 Like quenchless stars, their constellation wreath'd  
 Round laurell'd Liberty : and lo ! it threatens  
 The Holy Land, like that portentous star  
 In the red skies o'er Zion's 'leagur'd height,  
 When Rome's dire Eagles hasted to their meat.  
 It subjugates that land, once bright illum'd  
 By blest Salvation's day-star, by the eye  
 Of priests and prophets, by the glowing wings  
 Of angel visitants, by the dread robe 790  
 Of the Eternal : hallow'd by the steps  
 Of Him of Nazareth, as forth he went  
 Seeking the lost, where palm-crown'd Olivet  
 Responded in low murmurs to his sigh  
 Of midnight pray'r, where sad Gethsemane  
 Receiv'd affrighted on her humid soil  
 The dews of agony, and Calvary  
 Bowing beneath the awful wrath of Heaven,  
 Shook to her inmost centre, at the voice  
 " Father ! forgive !" 800

But now the kindling war  
 Assum'd a front of horror. Siege on siege  
 Baffled the Turk's endurance, and confirm'd  
 The Christian courage. Fortified in vain,

Alba-Regalis,<sup>27</sup> and Olumpagh fell,  
 Shaming the Moslem. Mid the warrior band,  
 Who by undaunted bravery, or skill  
 In varying stratagem, serv'd to sustain  
 The rising fortunes of the Christian arms  
 Smith stood conspicuous, while around his brow  
 The hard won laurels cluster'd.

810

—Once, a siege  
 Protracted long, inflated with base pride  
 The renegado garrison. Then forth  
 From those invested walls, there proudly came  
 A haughty champion, as in older time  
 Philistia sent her giant to defy  
 The host of Israel. With insulting taunt  
 Rang his loud challenge ; and amid the swords  
 That from their scabbards started to avenge  
 The holy cross aspers'd, the boon was given  
 To the exulting youth, whose fate we trace.  
 The contest came, and proudly on his lance  
 Bears he his country's honour. From the height  
 Of giddy rampart, thousand sunny eyes  
 Of ardent beauty, thousand helmed brows  
 Bend anxious o'er th' arena.

820



Rang'd around

Upon the brow of an opposing hill  
 In moony crescent stretch'd the bands of Christ,  
 While many a silent, interceding pray'r  
 Invokes the God of battles. The bold youth,  
 Whose burnish'd armour glitter'd in the ray 830  
 Of the resplendent Sun, while sable plumes  
 Like a dark cloud wav'd o'er his polish'd helm,  
 A second Hector seem'd. Strongly he reins  
 His fiery courser, and with spear in rest  
 Awaits his foe. He comes, and furious wrath,  
 Mingled with scorn, inspires him, as he hurls  
 His dark defiance.

The loud trumpet blast  
 Breathes the appointed signal. They advance,  
 They meet as lightning, and the unhors'd Turk  
 Rolls in his hearts-blood. From the ramparts rose 840  
 A howl of horror when that champion fell,  
 As the hoarse watch-dog, in his vigil drear,  
 Bays the cold moon. But hast'ning to the field  
 Another foe appears. Towering and strong,  
 Like mighty Ajax; his red eye-ball dealt  
 Bitter derision, as Goliah scowl'd  
 Upon the stripling David. Strictly curb'd

His mighty war-horse, with indignant rage,  
 Foams at restraint, ejects the wreathed smoke  
 From his spread nostril, and with armed hoof 850  
 Spurns the rent ground. They meet in fatal shock,  
 Their steeds recoil ! God nerves the Christian's arm,  
 And on the earth the mail'd Colossus lay  
 Gnashing his teeth in death. The victor rode  
 Unhurt the dread arena : but, behold !  
 A third appears. Less furious than the last,  
 Yet more tremendous than the first, he rears  
 His front of hatred, while his measur'd step  
 Wary he rules, watchful, but yet serene  
 As cautious Fabius. Almost it might seem 860  
 As if those fallen foes, dissatisfied  
 To die but once, had risen, and blent in him  
 Their varying lineaments, pleas'd to create  
 A worse antagonist. On either side  
 Hung tremulous expectancy, o'er those  
 Who watch'd the combat.—

Thus stood ancient Rome,  
 And haughty Alba, with such gaze intense,  
 Breathless, and leaning on th' ensanguin'd spear,  
 When rose the last Horatius, in the blood  
 Of his two weltering brothers, to confront 870  
 The twin Curiatii.—

Gallantly they met

At word of herald, but with careful eye  
 Adjusting the career, and with firm hand  
 Guiding the spear-shock. Lo ! the Turkish steed  
 Plunges without his rider, and a groan  
 Bursts from the city's height, responded long  
 In fitful shrillness, like the female wail  
 Over some favourite knight, whom minstrels style  
 The flower of chivalry. The deed was done.  
 The prize of conquest gain'd. No other foe 880  
 Again would dare that fatal tournament,  
 Nor e'en the insatiate soul of Mahomet  
 Could longer parley. Loud the shrill-ton'd trumpet  
 In pomp of chivalry announc'd the youth  
 Thrice victor ; tears and acclamations greet  
 His glad return, while honours and rewards<sup>2 8</sup>  
 Whelm him in rich profusion. Ah ! but Man,  
 Brief Man, when in the spring-tide of his Fame,  
 Oft sees the ebbing flood forsake those sands  
 Where Joy had spread her sail ; oft hears the blast 890  
 Awake against his glory, and disperse  
 The light ephemeron. From heaps of slain,  
 In dark, disastrous hour the youth is drawn,<sup>2 9</sup>  
 Half lifeless, pierc'd with wounds, while foeman's care

Solicits his revival, and preserves  
Existence, rest of Liberty.

At length

Restor'd, he tastes of Slavery's bitter dregs,  
And with revolting heart beholds the domes  
Of high Constantinople, thither sent  
A Bashaw's present to his lady love, 900  
The fair Charitza. He with patient care,  
Wrought in her beauteous garden, propp'd the trees  
Laden with fruit, twin'd the luxuriant vines  
Round fairy arches, cheer'd the imprison'd birds,  
Or bore fresh water to the thirsty flowers.  
Him, at his toil, the maiden oft observ'd  
From her high lattice, where the fragrant gale  
Murmur'd through painted vases ; oft admir'd  
His noble mien, and manly, graceful form,  
With partial eye. And often would she muse 910  
And wonder, if in his dear native land,  
A mother he had left, a sister fond,  
To weep for him, or if a stronger tie  
Binding the heart-strings, forc'd some maid to pine  
At his long absence. Then her plaintive lute  
With thrilling softness she would touch, and wake  
Some simple strain of captive youth, who won.

His Lady's heart, and how the lovers fled  
 A father's frown, to some green isle of rest  
 Gay with perennial roses. Then her glance 920  
 Would rest upon the youth, whose features beam'd  
 With lustre, which the cloud of slavery  
 Strove vainly to eclipse, and she would sigh  
 She knew not wherefore ; then indignant, wish  
 That he were not a Christian, and retire,  
 Perchance, to dream of him.

But other bonds  
 Than those of dalliance, were ordain'd to bind  
 His lofty soul. Driv'n from the beauteous shades<sup>36</sup>  
 Where soft Charitza render'd durance light,  
 He bends a vassal to the lordly sway 930  
 Of her stern brother. Here he learnt the toils  
 That wait the slave ; contemptuous, bitter Scorn,  
 Unceasing Labour, and the gloomy waste  
 Of rifled Hope. Oppression's galling chain  
 Wrought no despair, but urged th' indignant soul  
 To vengeful madness. When the tyrant's wrath  
 Heap'd insolence with outrage, his bold hand  
 Aveng'd it in his blood,<sup>31</sup> as Moses' zeal  
 Slew mocking Egypt's supercilious son,  
 And hid him in the sand. The flying youth, 940

An apprehensive fugitive, the prey  
 Of meagre Famine, rov'd Circassian wilds,  
 Nor dar'd ev'n with a trembling voice to hail  
 His blood-bought Liberty, till in the walls  
 Of Russia's frontier, he receiv'd the hand  
 Of pitying Friendship. Then, as if on wings  
 With which the liberated bird ascends  
 The trackless fields of ether, he survey'd  
 Europe's exhaustless stores,<sup>32</sup> and o'er the sea  
 When once like Jonah he had been cast forth 950  
 To the wild fury of the elements,  
 Gliding with prosperous gales, explor'd the coast  
 Of fruitful Barbary. There 'mid fragrant groves  
 Where glides the zephyr's wing, with sweets surcharg'd,  
 The wily Arab, the dark-minded Moor,  
 Unpitying Turk, and persecuted Jew,  
 Roam in wild hordes, unconscious of the charms  
 That Nature spreads around; as the dull swine  
 Heeds not the trodden pearl. Westward he prest,  
 Over Mulluvian waters, whose fair banks 960  
 Fring'd with the rose-bay on its graceful stem<sup>33</sup>  
 Glitter'd in varying beauty. There he saw  
 Shelter'd by hoary Atlas, 'mid cool groves  
 Of lofty palm, Morocco's scatter'd mosques

With snowy minarets, her princes' homes,  
 Painted pavilions like the gold-streak'd even,  
 Shaming the low and wretched huts where herd  
 The abject people. There, devoid of state  
 Crown or regalia, sits the Emperor  
 Upon his barbe, and 'neath the simple shade 970  
 Of his umbrella, holds his Meshoar,<sup>3 4</sup>  
 Dooming his crimeless vassals with the tone  
 Of lawless despotism.

But the youth sigh'd  
 For climes of liberty, and turning sought  
 That which the foot of Slavery may not press  
 Ere her sad spirit hears a heavenly voice  
 Exclaim, "Be free!" and her loos'd manacles  
 Vanish, as fell imprison'd Peter's chain  
 Before the Angel. The capricious sea  
 Again he woos, to view that native land. 980  
 The winds were peaceful, but the wrath of man  
 Troubled the waters. Fearful engines breathe  
 Forth from their dark, cylindric chambers, blasts  
 Of thundering terror o'er the ignited wave.  
 Twice had the Sun his flaming coursers quench'd,  
 And lav'd his gold locks ere he sought his rest,  
 Yet still the deep foundations of the main

Echoed those battle thunders.<sup>35</sup> Haply scap'd  
 He sees white Albion's cliffs their welcome beam  
 Upon his eye, and revels in the bowers 990  
 Of his soft infancy. The rapturous joy,  
 That hail'd his glad arrival, past, he breaks  
 The transient dream of rest, and bold embarks  
 A hardy pioneer to this New World,<sup>36</sup>  
 Hewing out danger's path. With watchful eye  
 Ev'n as a father shields the son he loves,  
 He nurs'd the infant colony, which hung  
 In deathful hesitancy, and with care  
 Shelter'd that vine, which in the wilderness  
 The cold storm threaten'd. 1000

—But the rugged brow  
 Of Chieftains frown'd upon him, for his wiles  
 Perplex'd their own. Baffled at length, and foil'd  
 In stratagem, he tastes the captive's lot,  
 And borne in triumph sees the royal tent  
 Of Worowocomoco. There enthron'd  
 Sat great Powhatan.<sup>37</sup> Flowing robes array'd  
 His form, and a bright coronet of plumes  
 Wav'd o'er his brow. Upon his features sat  
 A native majesty, uncheck'd by age  
 Which knew of no infirmity, and seem'd 1010



Well to befit the high imperial lord  
 Of thirty subject kings. Around him rang'd  
 His chiefs in solemn council, while their eyes  
 Bent darkly on the earth, seem'd to portend  
 An ominous doom. But still the prisoner read  
 Nought like stern hatred on those thoughtful brows  
 That ponder'd o'er his fate.

——On the green turf  
 They spread a table, generously heap'd  
 With all their choicest viands ; the fair haunch  
 Of savory venison, victims from the flood, 1020  
 And from the air, and fresh from hasting hands  
 The juicy corn-cake. No such kind repast  
 In gentle friendship heralded thy death,  
 Poor Ugolino.<sup>38</sup> Thou didst frantic grope  
 Amid thy famish'd sons, till thou couldst hear  
 No more those moving skeletons implore  
 For water and for bread ; and when those lips  
 Hunger had seal'd forever, thou didst live  
 Writhing in burning pangs, day after day  
 Of untold misery, till Mercy broke 1030  
 The long protracted, agonizing thread  
 That held thee from the grave.

—With courteous care

These sons of Nature gave the parting rite  
 Of hospitality, and gaily strove  
 The prisoner to sustain the festive hour  
 With cheerful voice. But as the phantom guest  
 Marr'd Mackbeth's banquet, so the morsel fail'd  
 To gratify the sense, and bitter dregs  
 From the sweet draught clave to the victim's lip,  
 For on his soul the ghastly visage glar'd 1040  
 Of beck'ning Death. The fatal feast was o'er :  
 And to his doom the pinion'd captive led.  
 Yet no exulting shout, no taunting hiss  
 Broke on the deep solemnity ; it seem'd  
 A deed of stern, reluctant policy,  
 Averting evil, not avenging hate.  
 Heroic Andrè ! Thou, perchance didst fall  
 Amid such sadness ; for the bursting sigh  
 Of sympathy, from strangers and from foes,  
 Bore tribute to thy virtues, and deplor'd 1050  
 Thine ignominious fate.

But now are rear'd  
 Four massy clubs, high o'er the victims head,  
 While the grim warriors, with averted face  
 Await the signal. One brief interval

Of anguish'd thought convuls'd the sufferer's mind :  
 That all his honours, all his high designs,  
 All his ambition's concentrated hopes  
 Must end by savage hands. Pride stamp'd her seal  
 Of cold reluctance, on a brow unblanch'd  
 By fear of Death. To fall in laurell'd fields 1060  
 Mid shouts of victory, as heroes die,  
 Seem'd enviable glory. 'Mid the throng  
 That gaz'd in silence on the prostrate foe,  
 As if half doubtful whether death had power  
 O'er him like others, one young, timid maid<sup>39</sup>  
 Sat near the throne. Soft tears of Pity wound  
 Their copious course, and her imploring hands  
 Unconsciously she rais'd tow'rd him who seem'd  
 Her sire, but from those trembling lips no sound  
 Gain'd utterance. At length the trance of Fear 1070  
 Vanish'd, and from those dove-like eyes shone forth  
 A dazzling spirit. That meek child, who seem'd  
 To shrink as the Mimosa, now evinc'd  
 More than a warrior's daring. Like the winds,  
 Rushing in wildness tow'rd th' imprison'd foe,  
 His head she clasp'd.

“ Now let the death-stroke fall !”  
 Boldly she cried, “ for ere it reach that head

'This shall be crush'd." The warriors' uprais'd arm.  
 For execution bar'd in vigorous strength  
 Unconsciously declin'd, and deep respect 1080  
 Ev'n for a child, wander'd with soft'ning trace  
 O'er their hard features. That unwonted sight  
 The monarch could not brook; his soul was mov'd  
 To mark his daughter's bearing, and he bade  
 To loose the prisoner's bonds, and loud exclaim'd,  
 "Rise! and be free."

Thus thou the royal maid  
 Of swarthy Egypt, through thy pitying heart  
 Didst save a humbled nation. Thou didst hear,  
 An infant wailing in his slimy ark,  
 'Mid the green rushes on the river's brink, 1090  
 And hadst compassion. Ah! how slightly deem'd  
 Thy haughty father, that his palace proud  
 Nurtur'd the Hebrews' hope : as little thought  
 The Indian Monarch, that his child's weak arm  
 Fostered that colony, whose rising light  
 Should quench his own forever. Thus a flower,  
 Nurs'd in the forest, shed its healing balm  
 Upon our wounded sires. Shrinking they felt  
 The serpent's venom, and this noble plant  
 Solac'd and sav'd them. By the grateful hand 1100

Of fond Refinement gather'd, on the breast  
 Of Piety it hung, and meekly drank  
 The breath of fairer climes : but early shed  
 Its withering bloom in peace. What though this flower  
 A giddy world might scorn, because its leaves  
 The sun had darken'd, what if her proud glance  
 Saw in its form nor grace nor comeliness ;  
 Might not its incense rise as pure to Him  
 Who weigheth spirits ?

The unbidden tear

Rushing, Oh ! Indian Princess, o'er thy grave      1110  
 Effac'd my theme a moment, turn'd my eye  
 From those tall ships that land their ceaseless freight  
 On the new coast. I see our ancestors,  
 A thoughtful band, escaping from the frown  
 Of a hard parent. Resolute they seem,  
 Though sad of heart ; while their exploring eye  
 Wanders o'er Plymouth's beach, and thickets dark,  
 All tenantless. A feeble light they struck  
 On a cold shore, and oft its livid spire  
 Trembling, and narrowing, like a lance's point      1120  
 Seem'd to expire ; but still a viewless breath  
 Would fan and feed it, though loud torrents fell  
 And the wild desert howl'd.

Do I behold

The men of peace approach, with smile serene,  
 Reaching the hand of amity, to greet  
 The Indians as their brethren? Meek they stand,  
 And weaponless, save with the shield of truth  
 And equity. How from their leader's eye  
 Beams the calm lustre of an upright soul,  
 Brighten'd by pure benevolence, as shines 1130  
 The Queen of Heaven upon the lunar bow.  
 Firm as th' Athenian sage, to whom the scenes  
 Of life or death, the dazzling pomp of wealth,  
 Or hemlock draught were equal, is the port  
 Of the Colonial Sire, the Friend of Man,  
 While with the diamond seal of Truth he stamps  
 His oathless treaty.<sup>40</sup> Well might he who sigh'd  
 A fugitive<sup>41</sup> from his paternal home,  
 Feel for the outcast ; as sad Israel learnt  
 In sultry Egypt's tyrant clime, to know 1140  
 The stranger's heart. With kind, assuring words,  
 And answering deeds, he binds the deathless chain  
 Of friendship ; and though o'er his silent grave,  
 Time long hath wander'd, still at the blest name  
 Of the beloved Miquon,<sup>42</sup> starts the tear  
 Of Indian gratitude.

Firm in his path

Trod his disciples, faithful as the race  
 Of Rechab,<sup>43</sup> to their pious sire's command,  
 To shun the inflaming draught. What though their faith  
 Sternness might persecute, or Scorn deride, 1150  
 Flow'd it not from HIS accents who forbade  
 The vengeful deed? did it not harmonize  
 With His pure life, who gave his patient cheek  
 To the harsh smiters, and before his foes  
 Stood as the guileless Lamb? Comported not  
 Its precepts with the spirit of that Friend  
 Of wretched man, whose advent melody,  
 Whose intercession, and whose dying gift,  
 Alike were peace? And when his glorious reign  
 O'er Earth commences, when the shock of war, 1160  
 The din of discord vanish, who shall lead  
 With purer joy, in reconciling bands  
 The Lion and the Lamb, than those who dwelt  
 An unresisting, unoffending race,  
 Calm, 'mid a boist'rous world? Are not the souls  
 Who flee from evil, violence, and strife,  
 Obtaining preparation for that clime  
 Where evil entereth not, nor woe nor pain,  
 For all is rest?

Long had the natives drawn,  
 From the full store-house of the Christian's sins, 1170  
 Weapons against his faith. Long had they heard  
 A language from his lips, which by his life  
 Was contradicted. Long, too long inquir'd,  
 Of a perfidious race, ye, who command  
 Us, Indians, to observe the righteous rule  
 Which ye transgress, by breaking that just law,  
 Dishonour ye not God? But here they mourn'd  
 Nor fraud, nor wrong; the purchas'd land they gave,  
 Unstain'd with blood, and on its borders dwelt,  
 As with their brethren. Soon that province rose 1180  
 To wealth and power, while on the verdant banks  
 Of rolling Delaware, in beauteous state,  
 Love's city smiled.

Quick o'er the ample bound,  
 From those broad lakes, dark with eternal rain,  
 To the bright bow'rs where sleepless summer sports  
 With rosy Florida; and pressing west  
 O'er the vain barrier, and retreating tide  
 Of Mississippi, spread our ancestors,  
 Taking a goodly portion, with their sword,  
 And with their bow. But whether the rich soil 1190  
 Peaceful was gain'd, or snatch'd in hostile wrath,



The natives suffer'd. Slow diseases came,  
 And swept them like the insect tribes away,  
 Before the ev'ning blast. Intemperance  
 Destroy'd her tens of thousands; Famine stern  
 Leagued with the pestilence, and in their path  
 The mortal scorn, and hatred of white men  
 Stalk'd, gleaning what was left.

—Ah! could'st thou rise  
 From thy dark bed of waters, wretched Chief!  
 Unhappy Orellana!<sup>44</sup> what a scene 1200  
 Could'st thou unfold! From thy wide, fearless range  
 O'er woods and mountains, by the mighty tide  
 Of vast La Plata, from the subject vows  
 Of thine adoring tribe, from charities  
 Of kindred and of country, from the bonds  
 That to the heart's deep centre link the names  
 Of husband and of father, wert thou torn  
 By Spanish cruelty. The tall ship moves  
 From the dear strand, and the red-straining eyes  
 Of thy enslav'd companions, glare to thine 1210  
 Unutterable things. Incessant wrongs<sup>45</sup>  
 Harrow thy lofty spirit, the red scourge  
 Brandish'd by menial insolence, drinks oft  
 Thy blood, but haughtily compest, thy lip,

Deigns no complaint. Humbled beneath the brute,  
 Thy high soul bends not, rising o'er its pangs,  
 Invincible ; though oft a burning tear  
 Would start, to mark the accumulated wrongs  
 That crush'd thy faithful followers. 'Twas night !  
 And Silence leagued with rayless Darkness rul'd 1220  
 The slumbering wave. What rends the startled ear  
 With wounding clamour, rousing from their cells  
 La Plata's sons, as if the angel's trump  
 Had warn'd the grave's cold tenants ? 'Tis the cry  
 Of Orellana's vengeance. Ah ! what strews  
 The decks with slain, and bids the purple tide  
 To flow, as from a wine-press ? 'Tis the arm  
 Of Orellana. See him tow'ring stand,  
 With thong distain'd,<sup>46</sup> as erst on Lehi's sands,  
 Vindictive Sampson o'er Philistia's sons 1230  
 Slaughter'd in heaps, the dying and the dead,  
 His simple weapon rear'd. The coward crew  
 Fly in wild terror, for the soul of guilt  
 Is dastardly. The gallant Chieftain call'd  
 His victor-band around him. None were lost :  
 The ten stood faithful, while beneath enclos'd<sup>47</sup>  
 Hundreds of pale oppressor's shudd'ring cower'd,  
 In midnight darkness. But the tide of Fate,

Returns with whelming surge. To thee is giv'n,  
 A glorious conquest, Chieftain ! but the torch 1240  
 Of triumph lights thy miserable tomb.

They come from durance, but they dare not meet  
 The conqueror's glance. Not to the deck they rush,  
 Where reek their lifeless comrades, but conceal'd  
 In ambush dark, from clefts and crevices,  
 Aim at the foe. The fatal lead is sent

In ceaseless show'rs, and every moment wings  
 Destruction's shaft. Brave Orellana scorns  
 The dastard vengeance, and with glance that speaks  
 The dark contempt of a majestic soul, 1250

Wrapping itself in death, he plunges deep  
 In Ocean's breast. His followers by his side,  
 Dare the same fate, counting the pitiless wave  
 More merciful than Man.

—Oh ! ye who feel  
 Strong tides of sympathy convulse the soul,  
 When crush'd Messenia against Sparta rose,  
 To rend oppression's yoke, have ye no tear  
 For Orellana ? Have ye not a sigh  
 For that sad race, of whose despairing lot  
 His was an emblem ?

1260

Yet amid the gloom,  
 Long strove their ancient Genius, struggling still  
 For life, and liberty, though awful Fate  
 Drew on the darkest hour. Like some tall form  
 Tow'ring in strength, against the storm he rear'd  
 His front reproachfully. The tempest came,  
 Strange thunders bellow'd, flashing meteors blaz'd  
 And hollow voices on the troubled blast  
 Warn'd him away. To the cold cliffs he hied,  
 That overhung the waters; but the surge  
 Tossing and raving, rear'd its haughty crest 1270  
 Red with his children's blood. Groaning he sought  
 His island home, where as in Paradise,  
 The vales were wont to blossom, and the birds  
 Warble at his approach. There Ruin swept  
 With murderous besom, Tyranny the scourge  
 Plied ceaseless, and his high, indignant heart  
 Swell'd, as he rush'd to combat. But the dart  
 Hissing, from subtle Treachery's hand, transfix'd  
 His throbbing breast. The serpent's hideous coil  
 Twin'd round his bow'rs of bliss. Fainting, he twin'd  
 To his last refuge, to the stormy throne 1281  
 Of cloud-encircled Andes, whose proud glance  
 O'erlooks the misty globe. But peace nor rest

Awaited him ; from yawning chasms burst forth  
 Volcanic flames, and with their livid spires  
 Wreath'd round his tortur'd frame.

Beneath his feet

The marble summits cleft, and with the strife  
 Of warring elements, and rending rocks  
 Mingled his death-groans. Pitying Nature wept,  
 As the vex'd spirit of bold Freedom left 1290  
 His favour'd home ; and his forsaken sons  
 Fled to the forest, with wild beast to hold  
 Degraded fellowship. Goaded ev'n there  
 To desperation, on their foes they turn'd  
 Like the crush'd adder, spurn'd and impotent,  
 But spared for longer torments. Yet some beams  
 Of brightness linger'd round them ; some faint trace  
 Of virtue, and of noble spirit lurk'd  
 Amid the ruins. Thus thy fallen king,  
 Assyria ! feeding with vile herds, retain'd 1300  
 Some portion of his dignity, that aw'd  
 His brute companions. In their lowly path  
 Renouncing Manhood's port, he grop'd, with locks  
 Bare to the dews of heaven, while side by side  
 An equal lot they shar'd ; but if too near  
 With heads declin'd, they prest, to gaze intent

Upon his downcast eye, a flashing glance  
Alarm'd the dastard throng, as if from earth  
In robes of flame, had risen some frowning shade  
Of buried majesty.

## CANTO THIRD.

Say ! who again will listen to the call  
 Of the returning Muse ? who rove with her,  
 Not in the pomp of Homer, to the fields  
 Of victor Greece, the conflagrated domes  
 Of ruin'd Iliou ; not by tuneful reed  
 Of mighty Maro summon'd to the march  
 Of his majestic hero, nor allur'd  
 O'er the wide wave in wandering course to roam  
 With sage Ulysses, nor with joy upborne  
 On Fancy's silvery plume, what time she steers      10  
 'Tween Truth's fair region, and the varying clouds  
 Of wild Romance, tinting with rainbow hue  
 Roderick, or haughty Marmion, or the throng  
 Of Caledonia's monarchs, but with voice  
 Untun'd by art, climbing with rustic step  
 Undisciplin'd, the lone and misty cliff  
 Where mourns the forest Chieftain o'er his race  
 Banish'd and lost, of whom not one remains  
 To pour their tears for him.<sup>1</sup>

Ah ! who will turn

From Fashion's pageants, from the bright parterre 20  
 Of polish'd Taste, where Poesy her gems  
 Scatters as dew-drops, from the heights sublime  
 Of intellectual grandeur, who will deign  
 With meek Humanity his guide, to trace  
 Paths where the torch of glory never cast  
 Its blazonry upon the ample shield  
 Of proud historic fame ! Yet souls there are  
 Who love their Saviour's precept to " impart,  
 Hoping for nought again ;" Oh, let these still  
 Explore the wild, oft snatching as they rove 30  
 From cold Oblivion's caves, memorials frail  
 Of an unhappy race.

When despot sway

Opprest our country, and with wounded heart,  
 But soul invincible, the untried sword  
 In her own right she rais'd, quick from the wild  
 The natives flocking, join'd her doubtful cause  
 And struggled with her ; pouring forth their blood  
 To nourish that young tree of Liberty  
 Whose fruits they might not taste.

Once as they rov'd

In our defence, the hospitable shore 10



Of war-stain'd Delaware, a band they spied  
 In England's livery. Their swift arrow fled,  
 In fatal aim. One British youth alone,  
 Among the dead, surrounded by his foes  
 With lifted tomahawks essay'd to sell  
 His life as Britain, and as Sparta taught  
 Their sons to hold its price.

Deep silence reign'd

For one dread moment, while those dark, red brows  
 Bent on the youth, his dauntless port survey'd  
 With kindling admiration. Thus perchance, 50  
 Grim Death hath paus'd, when his menacing shaft  
 Hung o'er some beauteous victim. But with step  
 Firm, and reproachful eye, a hoary Chief  
 Bent his strong bow, and aim'd his weapon's point  
 At that lone breast. "God of my youth, forgive!"  
 In silence pray'd the victim; "at this hour  
 Of my extremity, pardon and save  
 The agonizing soul. Those whom I love  
 Dearer than life, but must no more behold,  
 Oh! comfort and protect. Saviour! to thee, 60  
 My spirit hastes."——

Why did that hoary man

Drop the keen shaft, that on its well-strung bow

Stood trembling, wing'd for flight ? Why rushing grasp  
 With eager vehemence the captive's hand  
 Whose rapt soul, gazing o'er the verge of life,  
 Had half believ'd its awful voy'ge was past  
 To dread Eternity. Thus stood the youth  
 So pale, so death-like on Moriah's mount,  
 When from the altar, from the gleaming steel,  
 From the rais'd death-blow snatch'd, he heard the voice  
 Save ! Save thy son !

71

——Reluctantly and slow

The haughty band their vanquish'd prey resign'd ;  
 But rankling enmity had learnt to curb  
 Its bitterness, if he, whose temples bore  
 Time's silver crown, commanded ; he to whom  
 A race not savage, who complacent boast  
 Superior forms of courtesy refin'd  
 Scarce yield respect. The silent Chieftain led  
 To his rude cabin, rous'd the slumb'ring flame  
 To cheerful brightness, spread his couch of skins 80  
 To rest the weary one, his simple food  
 Gave to his hand, observing with kind glance  
 If fearfully he tasted, oft with smiles  
 Assuring him, and bending o'er to hold  
 With anxious tenderness his throbbing head

Ev'en as a Father would. Thus, day by day,  
 And while slow nights with wintry pace held on,  
 He strove to make his ransom'd guest forget  
 The prisoner, in the friend. Proudly he led  
 To the rude chase, exulting as he mark'd 90  
 The glowing ardour of that noble soul,  
 Reckless of danger. When slow Evening drew  
 Her starry curtains o'er their humble home,  
 The patient Chieftain taught the barbarous sounds,  
 And uncouth utterance of his native tongue.  
 But when some interval of silent pause  
 Would intervene, when the youth's soul had flown  
 Back to his country, to his pictur'd halls,  
 Retracing scenes of recollected bliss,  
 Seeking communion with those glowing forms 100  
 Which rul'd his heart, the Sire's dark piercing eye  
 Read on the varying volume of his brow  
 The spirit's changes, till unwonted tears  
 Stole o'er his furrow'd cheek. These he dismiss'd,  
 As traitor visitants, prone to reveal  
 The weakness of the soul, which proudly bade  
 Her guards to veil her temple, and conceal  
 The glowing incense she was forc'd to burn  
 To sensibility. Thus, in his cave,

Stern Burby labour'd to condense the tears 110  
 Of sorrow-struck Ambition, till he wrought  
 The forge of madness.

——Well hast thou pourtray'd  
 His lineaments, O Scott! Say, may we place  
 Thy name<sup>2</sup> upon that canvas, which high Fame  
 Blazons, but yet inscribes not? Wisdom's eye  
 Hangs o'er the vivid painture, and forgets  
 To frown on Fancy's work, so strong the hues  
 Of Knowledge, and the lights of Truth are blent  
 With the design.

But now advancing Spring,  
 Threw her fresh beauties o'er the waking Earth. 120  
 The primrose pale, the placid snow-drop rose  
 In loveliness ; but stormy still, and dark  
 Were human passions, and the heart of Man,  
 Unchang'd by Nature's gentleness, enshrin'd  
 The image of dread Strife. The warlike Chief  
 Sigh'd for the new campaign, from Winter's rust  
 Reliev'd his armour, and with joyous tone  
 Summon'd his young companion to the toil  
 Of weary march. Through forests deep and dark  
 O'er many a hill, o'er many a river, swell'n 130  
 With melting snows, they past. At length a cliff

Gave sudden to their view, the distant plain  
 Where England spread her troops. Fair were their tents,  
 As lingering hillocks of untrodden snow  
 On Spring's soft verdure. Gay, the fresh'ning breeze  
 Play'd 'mid their folds, and bore to that young ear  
 In mingled symphony of martial sounds,  
 'The music of its country. Every joy,  
 And sport of boyhood, every raptur'd hope  
 Of early youth, came thronging with the sound, 140  
 Came back unchasten'd to his inmost soul,  
 Raising that quick, convulsive throb, which mocks  
 All utterance. Still he mark'd not that dark eye  
 Intently tracing every nameless change  
 Which Feeling's pencil, dipt in strongest ties  
 Press'd on his polish'd brow. At length a voice  
 Broke the deep trance. "See'st thou thy countrymen  
 See'st thou our enemies? Proudly they wait  
 To give us battle. Think! Who sav'd thy life?  
 Who took thee to his home? Who taught thy hand  
 Helpless and soft, the firm canoe to build, 151  
 And guide it o'er the flood? Who shew'd thee first  
 To snare the dext'rous Beaver, hiding close  
 In his recess? to aim the arrow's point,  
 As sure as death? Thy lips knew not to frame

Aught, save the speech of white men ; now they pour  
 In free and manly tone, the sounds sublime  
 Of our bold language. Say ! who shed this light  
 O'er thy dark mind ? But I forbear to urge  
 The memory of thy debt. I only ask 160  
 Wilt thou repay with hatred ? Wilt thou join  
 The ranks that waste our country ? Wilt thou pierce  
 This aged breast ?”

——Sudden, indignant tears,  
 Burst ere the answer—“ Sacred as my life,  
 Shall thine be held. The foe who seeks thy heart,  
 Seeks mine.”

The Chieftain rais'd his clasping hands  
 To shade his visage, as they onward rov'd ;  
 Hopeless concealment ! for his mighty soul,  
 Wrought up and struggling, spoke through all disguise.  
 At length his voice in soften'd tones inquir'd, 170  
 “ Hast thou a father ?”——

“ Yes. My sire surviv'd,  
 When from the blest land that gave me birth,  
 I parted.”

“ Ah ! how wretched is his heart,  
 Deeming thee lost ! Know'st thou that I was once  
 A father ? that my graceful son attain'd

Thy years and stature ? Like a lion bold,  
 He rush'd to war ; where darkest danger frown'd  
 His eye was flashing. But I saw him fall,  
 Struck down in battle. At my feet he lay,  
 Cover'd with wounds. He groan'd not, as he died !  
 My only one ! Strong, brave, and beautiful. 181

Yes ! like a man he fell ; and I, his sire,  
 Have like a man aveng'd him. Blood has flow'd  
 T' atone for his in torrents ; and my soul  
 That sunk with him, in his red, tort'ring wounds  
 Arose to vengeance." Deep convulsive sobs  
 Now check'd his utterance ; his keen, restless eye,  
 Was wild, but tearless, and his spirit strove  
 To rule its agony, as the worn rock  
 Battles the stormy wave. Silent they rov'd, 190  
 And calmness slowly o'er the mourner's breast  
 Settled, like dews upon the heaving earth,  
 Rent by an inward conflict. Now the dawn  
 On her grey plumes long-balanc'd, fled away,  
 And sudden lustre glow'd.

"Dost thou behold  
 Yon golden orb, and is thy young heart glad  
 To see it gild the morn ?"

“That beauteous sky,  
 Rich with prevailing day, Oh! who can view  
 Without delight?” “I,” said the hoary man,  
 “Have no delight. See’st thou the heavenward head  
 Of yon magnolia, with its ample boughs 201  
 And its pure blossoms? Say, dost thou inhale  
 Its breathing fragrance?”

“Yes. Nor can I view  
 That glory of the forest, but my heart  
 Is full of pleasure.”

“I behold it too ;  
 I gaze upon its charms ; but pleasure comes  
 To this sad heart no more. Go then ! Return !  
 Go to thy father ! that his heart may joy  
 When the sun rises, and the trees put forth  
 The buds of Spring.” 210

While with insatiate zeal  
 The Red Man roam’d the forest, or from floods  
 Allur’d the finny spoil, the toil-worn hand  
 Of his more weak companion, wrought to win  
 In scanty harvest from the tardy earth,  
 The swelling legume, and that tub’rous root  
 Which in their clay-built cells, the hardy sons  
 Of emerald Erin bless. Like modest worth



Oft shrouded in a plain and homely garb,  
 'Neath its rough leaf, and lurid flow'r, it hides  
 Pale Penury's blessing. This the New World gave  
 When in the cradle of her innocence 221

To haughty Europe, who with curious eye,  
 As peers the miser at some new-found hoard,  
 Survey'd the infant stranger, and her gift  
 Grasp'd as the bane of Famine.<sup>3</sup> By its side  
 The fruitful maize,<sup>4</sup> in verdant vistas rear'd  
 Its spire majestic, to the playful breeze  
 Spreading its loosely-waving panicles, while low  
 The purple anthers bending o'er to kiss  
 The silken, tassel'd styles, delight the eye 230

Of watchful Ceres. Autumn's earliest call  
 Demands its treasures, and the caskets pour  
 Forth from their silver cones, in streams profuse,  
 The vegetable gold. Its lingering wealth  
 Spreads in rich tribute at the icy throne  
 Of that swart form, the licens'd King of storms,  
 For whose support, soft Spring in tears awakes  
 The infant germ, bright Summer toiling wastes  
 Her fervid beauty, and grave Autumn roams  
 As a tax-gatherer, o'er the vast domain, 240  
 Heaping his revenue.

While warlike zeal

Nerv'd the bold sons of Nature, as they rush'd  
 In that red path, where Earth's proud heroes roll  
 The car o'er trampled life, with silent step  
 The softer sex, still unregarded, cull'd  
 From wild, or fountain side, such plants as aid  
 The healer's art. And might they hope to shun  
 The cup of scorn, because they meekly went  
 On Mercy's mission? Does a sapient world,  
 Ev'n at her noon-tide beam, accord her meed 250  
 To the mild race, whose heav'n-taught Science heals  
 The rankling wound, extracts from stern disease  
 Its sting, and props frail Man to cope with Death?  
 No! to the licens'd murd'rer, to the wrath  
 Of Cesar's wild ambition, to the scourge  
 Of bleeding Cambria, ruthless Tamerlane,  
 The Swedish mad-man, and the tyrant son  
 Of Corsica. When the stern warrior fell,  
 Writhing in agony, the patient hand  
 Of those despis'd restorers, knew to check 260  
 The purple tide, and bind the throbbing chasm  
 With happy skill. If Fever's fervid rage  
 Glow'd in the boiling veins, with care they sought  
 The firm Diospyros,<sup>5</sup> whose ligneous shield

Repels th' untemper'd weapon ; freely urg'd  
 The cool aperient from the fragrant bark  
 Of Sassafras ;<sup>6</sup> or fresh with balmy dews  
 Cropp'd the fair bloom with which young Spring adorns  
 The flow'ring Cornus.<sup>7</sup> Anxiously they sought  
 The Liriodendron,<sup>8</sup> with its varied bloom, 270  
 Orange, and green, and gold ; invok'd the pow'r  
 Of sanguine Cornus,<sup>9</sup> with its snowy cup,  
 And sapphire drupe ; or woo'd thy potent spell,  
 Magnolia Grandiflora ;<sup>10</sup> to supply  
 The place of fam'd Cinchona, whose rough brow  
 Now ruddy, and anon with paleness mark'd,  
 Drinks in its native bed, the genial gales  
 Of mountainous Peru. Debility,  
 Melting the links of Thought, and blotting out  
 Life's purposes, beheld the nerves resume 280  
 Their wonted energy, when the pure blood  
 Of Liquidambar<sup>11</sup> trickling, or the pores  
 Of the balsamic Populus,<sup>12</sup> diffus'd  
 Their cheering tonic.

That unpitying pain

Which plucks the nerves, close-sealing with a frown  
 Ev'n Beauty's lip, which the bold Ayrshire bard  
 Wish'd in his patriot vengeance to entail

On Caledonia's foes,<sup>13</sup> yielded its rage  
 To the rough genius of that lofty tree,  
 Whose yellow armour bears in countless studs 290  
 The horrid thorn.<sup>14</sup> Swoln Dropsy, who essays  
 To inundate life's citadel, beheld,  
 As haughty Ocean marks his bound of sand,  
 A verdant barrier of fresh-gather'd leaves,  
 Cull'd from an acrid plant<sup>15</sup> and slow retir'd,  
 Like the vex'd spring-flood from the wasted earth.  
 Pleased with their toil, the healers sought the cell,  
 Where Rhododendron,<sup>16</sup> like some drooping maid,  
 Timid and beauteous, hides her golden locks ;  
 Or lur'd her statelier sister's aid, to bribe 300  
 Relentless Chronic Rheumatism<sup>17</sup> to loose  
 The rigid sinew. Then the fetter'd wretch  
 Strait leap'd and walk'd, as he who ask'd an alms  
 Of the two chief disciples, while he sat  
 A lonely cripple at that temple gate,  
 Styl'd "Beautiful."

How vivid is the eye  
 Of bright Lobelia, in her scarlet robe,<sup>18</sup>  
 Yet 'neath that rich and velvet tissue lurks  
 A potent poison. But the holy art  
 Of Esculapius, can transmute the bane 310

Of Nature, to her cordial ; from the breath  
 Of livid poppies, woo the balm of pain,  
 The opiate of grief ; in Earth's dark breast  
 Convert the foes of life to friends, and bind  
 Reluctant Hydra's to Hygeia's car.

Thus, with bold hand, compelling the proud force  
 Of deadly Hellebore,<sup>19</sup> the sons of Greece  
 Propp'd Reason on her throne ; and thus that Voice,  
 Which in its majesty from Chaos call'd  
 Order and beauty, still in sable clouds 320  
 Pavilion's Mercy, bids the broad-wing'd storm  
 Disperse dire Pestilence, and those events  
 Which Man deems evil, work his endless good.  
 Intent to sooth the restlessness of pain,  
 Still roam'd the weaker sex. In humid beds,  
 Or 'neath dense canopies of shade, they sought  
 Where the May-apple<sup>20</sup> loads the pendant bough  
 With emerald clusters ; where th' Asclepias<sup>21</sup> bows  
 Her bright, decumbent petals ; where entwin'd  
 With parasitic clasp, embow'ring blooms 330  
 The fair Convolvulus,<sup>22</sup> gleaming with tints  
 Of purple lustre ; or the Cassia<sup>23</sup> shoots  
 Its aromatic stem, and slender leaf,  
 With silver lin'd. Oft raising from the earth

Her verdant curtain, joyous they descry'd  
 That sinuous root, which blind Credulity  
 Hail'd as a shield against the serpent's fang,  
 But Truth enrolls amid her precious spells  
 For wan Disease;<sup>24</sup> or to its rocky home  
 Lur'd by a purple ensign, like the tinge 340  
 Of the pure amethyst, detected oft  
 The hidden Fever-root;<sup>25</sup> or dext'rous pierc'd  
 The Ginseng's cavern,<sup>26</sup> where like hermit grave,  
 Abjuring Man, yet bearing to his cell  
 Some lingering earthly vanity, it rears  
 Its simple umbel, lucid as the down  
 Of the young cygnet, and anon displays  
 In brilliant clusters, rich with vermil dies,  
 Its heart-shap'd berries. Lull'd by murm'ring sounds  
 Of whispering brook, or softly gliding stream, 350  
 The Iris,<sup>27</sup> 'lumining her damp alcove  
 With bright, prismatic lustre, to their will  
 Resign'd her rainbow lamp; and that tall plant<sup>28</sup>  
 Whose flow'r and budding leaf together spring  
 Yielded its pliant vest, offering at once  
 In tribute, both its spirit and its robe;  
 Ev'n as the rein-deer consecrates to man  
 The uses of his life, and then bequeaths

His very sinews. Changeless as the front  
 Of Virtue, to the world's adversity, 360  
 The firm Cassine,<sup>29</sup> endures the wrecking storm,  
 And changeful season, by Tradition styl'd  
 The boon of Heaven, and round Hygeia's fane  
 Wreaths a bright garland, when her priestesses  
 Clad in their meek and unpretending skill  
 Its aid demand. They boasted to allay  
 The venom of the crested snake, who moves  
 Slow through the thicket, with a dazzling eye  
 Fix'd on his prey, or in a sudden coil  
 Involves the victim, or beneath the flow'rs 370  
 Winds treacherous, to infix with barbed tongue  
 The traveller's foot.

—But ah ! what art might heal  
 Their country's wound ? Did wild, or rugged heath  
 Or forest, where dim Twilight ever reigns,  
 Vale rock-emboss'd, or root-inwove morass,  
 Or streamlet's marge, or mountain cliff conceal  
 No holy plant, whose essence might sustain  
 The daughter of their people ? She was pierc'd  
 With deadly poison from the serpent's fang, 380  
 But for her sickness, " Gilead had no balm,  
 Had no physician."

Slow with deep'ning gloom,  
 Age roll'd o'er age, and every bitter year  
 Smote with its wintry frost some plant of hope,  
 Which the poor Indian cherish'd. Still he nurs'd  
 Unchill'd, uncheck'd, amid the tempest's ire  
 His native eloquence. Like the wild flame  
 Of some red meteor, o'er the howling storm  
 It flash'd, gilding the dark skirts of the cloud  
 Which curtain'd midnight. Awfully it shone  
 Into the soul of Logan, as he wept 390  
 That of his race, cold Treachery had spar'd  
 Not one to mourn for him ; its lambent spire  
 Play'd round the temples, and the hoary locks  
 Of old Shenandoah,<sup>30</sup> as alone he stood  
 Like the bare hemlock of a hundred years,  
 Wither'd, but not destroy'd ; its darting ray  
 Flash'd from the eye of Corn-Plant, as he spread  
 The black'ning transcript of his nation's wrongs  
 Before great Washington.

——"Thou,<sup>31</sup> at whose name  
 Our kindling warriors for the battle arm, 400  
 Our women tremble, and our frightened babes  
 Cling to their mothers, yet whose generous heart  
 Still kind and pitiful, has mov'd our tribes



To call thee father, to thine ear once more  
Our Chiefs appeal.

“ They come not in base fear,  
Who dread nor toil, nor danger ; but they seek  
Peace for their people. Corn-Plant hath desir’d  
To guard the tree of peace, and as he pour’d  
Fresh dew upon its roots, his arm hath striv’n  
With his own nation. For in wrath, they ask 410  
Continually, ‘ Tell us ! where is that land  
On which our children, and our children’s babes  
Shall rest in peace ? Said ye not, that a line  
Drawn from Ontario, to the purchas’d bound  
Of Pennsylvania, should forever mark  
Its eastern limit ? And whoever past  
West of the Beaver Creek, would set his foot  
Upon our land ? Why then, do white men come  
And take it from us ? Why do our bold Chiefs  
Look on, with folded arms, then turn away ? 420  
They, who had sworn to keep it for our sons,  
Secure forever !’

“ ——What shall Corn-Plant urge  
To this unhappy race ? His little store  
He has imparted to those wretched men  
Whom yours have plunder’d, and unpitying left

Without a garment. All his wealth is gone,  
 Yet they remain unsatisfied. His heart  
 Shudders to think, that when enraged they rise  
 To vengeance, their unsparing hand will whelm  
 Both Innocence and Guilt. The flow'ry Spring, 430  
 And fav'ring Summer, while his brethren till'd  
 The bounteous Earth, he spent in fruitless toil,  
 Labouring for peace. The Autumn now is past,  
 But Corn-Plant hath no harvest. Sad he sees  
 His famish'd wife, and hears the thrilling voice  
 Of his young children, asking him for bread,  
 When he has none to give. His soul is wrung  
 With agony for them. Deep sighs he breathes  
 To the Great Spirit,<sup>32</sup> when the Sun declines,  
 And ere his first ray lights the trembling Morn, 440  
 He renders praise that he has been preserv'd  
 Through Night's long watches, from the restless rage  
 Of his own people. For they frowning mark  
 The White Man's friend ; and 'mid a blinded race,  
 Frantic with injuries, he knows no pow'r  
 Can guard him, but his God.

—“ Yet there are wrongs  
 Heap'd on his nation, which his struggling soul  
 But ill can bear. Our noblest blood is shed

By menial hands. Our Chiefs and warriors fall,  
 Fall unprovok'd, and in their crimson beds 450  
 Sleep unaveng'd. The haughty murderer stalks  
 From his dark deed, unpunish'd passes on,  
 And finds protection. From the earth, a voice  
 Demands our vengeance. That you have a law,  
 Dooming the man, who sheds his brother's blood,  
 We know. But are we, Senecas, alone  
 Cast out from justice? May the restless swords  
 Of all malignant rovers drink our blood,  
 And yet be blameless? Shall the murderer find  
 A refuge in your arms, when our own law 460  
 Sanctions the swift avenger to pursue,  
 And recompense the deed? Father! to us,  
 These are great things. That you are *strong*, we *know*;  
 That you are *wise*, we *hear*; but we must wait  
 Till you have answered this, before we say  
 That you are *just*."

When rising cities shone  
 In wealth and splendour, the poor natives rov'd  
 Around their bounds, amaz'd. Fall'n Pride, repress  
 The words of admiration; but strange awe,  
 Slavish degeneracy, and the dark frown 470  
 Of banish'd men, sat heavier on their brow.

Once, to the mart which favouring Commerce rear'd  
 On fair Manhattan, their sad Chiefs repair'd  
 To seek an audience. From a tow'ring height  
 They mark'd the goodly prospect.<sup>33</sup> Lofty spires,  
 Vast domes, delightful villas, clust'ring roofs,  
 Streets, where the countless throng incessant pour'd,  
 As pleasure, pomp, or business mov'd their tides  
 In murmuring fluctuation ; distant dales,  
 Slumbering in verdure ; the majestic flood, 480  
 Crown'd with tall masts, and white with snowy sails,  
 Thoughtful they view'd. Unmov'd, the men of wealth,  
 Who mark'd their own possessions, lightly ask'd,  
 " Why are ye sad ? " as once Chaldea's bands  
 Inquir'd of wasted Judah, where their mirth  
 And songs had vanish'd, when their unstrung harps  
 Hung on the willows, and their exil'd feet  
 Roam'd in captivity.

——To them replied

The elder Chief : " We bear upon our minds  
 Past times, and other days. This beauteous land 490  
 Was once our fathers'. Here, in peace they dwelt ;  
 For the Great Spirit gave it as a gift  
 To them, and to their sons. But to this shore  
 Once came a vast canoe, which white men steer'd  
 Feebly, against the blast.

Driv'n by rude storms,  
 They sought permission on our coast to land,  
 And how could we refuse? Their sick, they brought,  
 And in our soft shades, fann'd by gentle gales,  
 Laid them, and they reviv'd. But wintry winds  
 Soon swept the waste, and humbly they besought 500  
 Leave to erect a wigwam, while the frost  
 And snows were raging. Could our hearts refuse  
 The stranger shelter? to our Chiefs they said  
 With solemn words, that when the soft'ning spring  
 Dissolv'd the wrath of winter, they would seek  
 Their distant homes, and leave us to ourselves;  
 And we were satisfied. With pitying eye  
 Their wasted frames we saw, by Famine smit;  
 We gave them corn, and fed them. When fair spring  
 Shone sweetly on the budding earth, we claim'd 510  
 Their promise to depart. But they had rear'd  
 Strange iron ramparts, which at their command  
 Breath'd flame and death. Pointing to these, they said  
 "We will not!" and indignantly they glanc'd  
 Defiance on us. Other bands arriv'd  
 Strength'ning their purpose. Mad, enticing draughts  
 Deceitfully they gave us, till the cup  
 Reft us of reason. Then they forc'd us back

From field to field, from forest, and from flood,  
 Where our subsistence lay. And you, their sons, 520  
 Still drive us onward. You enjoy the land  
 Of luxury ; while we, wasted and scorn'd,  
 Herd in the wilderness. But ye will cease  
 Ere long to press us, for our fading race  
 Will cease to be. Think ye, that we can view  
 These beauteous shores, and yon proud swelling flood,  
 And not remember that they once were ours ?  
 And thus rememb'ring, need ye wond'ring ask  
 Why sorrow clothes our brow ?"

Full many a strain

Of native eloquence,<sup>34</sup> simple and wild, 530  
 Has ris'n in our dark forests, which the winds  
 Unheeded, swept away. Yet, had it broke  
 From bold Demosthenes, when Athens fear'd  
 The distant step of Philip, had it burst  
 From the impetuous Hannibal, when Rome  
 Muster'd-at Zama—it had been enroll'd  
 In History's choicest annal, the pure eye  
 Of Taste had trickled o'er it, and the lip  
 Of the young student, had been proud to pour  
 Its treasur'd pathos. But thy slighted words, 540  
 Untutor'd Red Man !—Ah ! how few will trace

Their chronicle obscure, and fewer still  
 Accord the meed of just applause, unmix'd  
 With scorn upon thy nation. Lofty, firm  
 And high soul'd honour, mocking at the pain  
 Which wastes the body, once thy sires could boast,  
 Such as in Rome, amid her better days,  
 Had been exalted. That indignant warmth  
 Which nerv'd Lucretia's arm, which urg'd the sword  
 Of the unshrinking Arria, fir'd the breast 550  
 Of Oolaita.<sup>35</sup> Where dark Pepin's lake  
 Spread its bold bosom to the ruffian winds,  
 Her father's cabin rose. Grave, ancient men,  
 Would oft with envious eye regard the Chief  
 Who boasted such a daughter; for the charms  
 Which in their simple thought were beauty, lurk'd  
 And revell'd round her youth.

—From her calm eye  
 Beam'd a dark majesty, that well beseem'd  
 A Chieftain's daughter, though her willing hand  
 Slighted no labour, which their customs rude 560  
 Impos'd on woman. In her garden's bound,  
 Among the plants, and clust'ring herbs, she wrought,  
 With skilful industry; her raven locks  
 Wreath'd round her temples, the ripe corn she bruise'd

For the returning hunters ; o'er the wave  
 Guided the light canoe ; and when she rose  
 To shun the angle of some pointed rock,  
 With dext'rous oar, her graceful form display'd  
 Erect proportion, dignified, and firm,  
 Rounded with female softness. One dark eye 570  
 Still watch'd her course, and if a billow spoke  
 The waking tempest's wrath, with lightning speed  
 Impatient darted to the maiden's aid,  
 Young Arionto. He, with vigorous arm  
 Could quell the angry waters, up the steep  
 Whose trackless summit mock'd the mountain goat,  
 Press with unbending breast. In war, his soul  
 Shone like the veteran's through his kindling eye,  
 Undaunted and exulting : in the chace  
 His tireless foot rivall'd the bounding deer 580  
 Whose fall reveal'd his arrow-flight. Fair birds  
 Of downy breast, and rainbow plume he brought,  
 As trophies to his love, and his high heart  
 Had leap'd to hear that maiden's gentle voice  
 Say timorously, that his hand alone  
 Should bring her ven'son, and his cabin be  
 The shelter of her life.



But frowns severe

Mantled her Father's brow, and her heart shrunk  
 To read their purport. Ever to his home,  
 With friendly hand, and fav'ring tone he led 590  
 The grave Omaldi, held in high renown  
 For valour and for wisdom. Time had strewn  
 A tinge of silver lightly o'er his brow,  
 And temper'd Manhood's daring, with the cast  
 Of sage, serene Experience. He had said  
 "Give me thy daughter, and between our tribes  
 There shall be peace."

The maiden saw her fate,  
 For from the sacred mandate of a sire  
 Was no appeal. Young Arionto dwelt  
 With sadness; where black shades expell'd the day  
 He made his cavern, as the stricken deer 601  
 Shuns his companions. Oolaita's eye  
 Confess'd no tear-drop, though its lustre fled.  
 Throughout the weary day, no bitter sigh  
 Burst from her bosom, and thro' length'ning nights  
 Sleepless she prest her pillow, yet complain'd not.  
 There was an awful silence on the soul  
 Of that devoted maiden, which an eye  
 Studious of Nature's more mysterious springs

Might fearfully interpret. Now the day 610  
 Of sacrifice approach'd ; the bridal feast  
 Cheer'd with its simple meriment, the cell  
 That gave her birth. But from that joyous scene  
 The maiden stole, and secretly attain'd  
 A tow'ring precipice, whose beetling front  
 O'erhung the lake.

It was an awful height  
 For dizzy Fear to contemplate. There stood  
 The unmov'd maiden ; her thin, bridal robe  
 And raven tresses floating on the wind,  
 While her fix'd glance explor'd th' unfathom'd tide 620  
 Dark'ning around its base. "I come !" she cry'd,  
 "The bride of those dark waters ; true in death  
 To Arionto."—From the frightful cliff  
 She vanish'd ! its abrupt, irregular mass  
 Dazzled one moment with a flitting robe,  
 A heavy plunge was heard, yet nought was seen,  
 Save one red ripple, where the shaded lake  
 Flow'd on, in ebon stillness. High-soul'd Maid !  
 There didst thou perish. From Leucates' rock,  
 Sappho might rush, a coward to the pangs 630  
 Of disappointed love, and be enshrin'd  
 In Fame's proud temple, but thou, martyr firm,

So nobly constant to thy virgin vow,  
 In the abyss of Pepin's lonely lake,  
 May'st plunge, and be forgotten.

Driven back

From wild to wild, the natives yield, and sink  
 In cold oblivion. We, who ought to weep  
 O'er their deep woes, and send a cordial balm  
 To heal the wounds, made by our fathers' swords,  
 Lift up the hand against them, stain our page 640  
 Not with their wrongs, but with their dark reproach  
 Industriouslly sought. We teach our babes  
 Not to lisp prayers for them, but join their names  
 With baseness, treachery, and the shuddering  
 Of dread disgust. We take away their food,  
 Their hunting forests, and their broad lakes throng'd  
 With scaly tribes. Their meagre forms we see  
 Withering with famine, and to their parch'd lips  
 Hold that enchanted cup, whose fearful dregs  
 Like those of Circe, change the form erect, 650  
 To grov'lling beastliness. How can he stand,  
 Unnurture'd Savage ! 'gainst that potent spell,  
 Which baffles prudence, steals from pride its plume,  
 Enthralls the wise, and lays the mighty low,  
 Ev'n of our race. Th' untutor'd Indian drinks,

Drinks, and is stupified, while we deride  
 And point him out; like the stern, Spartan lords,  
 Who gave their vassals the enticing draught,  
 Then call'd their children to despise, and say  
 "Behold! the slaves are drunken." We prepare 660  
 A dry and thirsty soil by harrowing wrongs,  
 And the poor Red Man sets it with strange slips,  
 And roots of bitterness. Much we condemn  
 His mode of warfare. Thoughtless censors oft  
 Sneering exclaim, "How cowardly to hide  
 In the dark thicket, or from sheltering trees  
 Aim at the foe." Why are the palisade,  
 Rampart, and bastion rear'd for the defence  
 Of modern valour? Does it raise a blush  
 On the bold cheek of Discipline, to say 670  
 Its principle is to annoy the foe  
 And keep itself unhurt? Why is it base  
 To choose a spreading tree, more than to stand  
 Behind a parapet? The Soldier vers'd  
 In all the "pomp and circumstance of war,"  
 Seeks the close fortress, and we praise his skill:  
 The native, from the thicket lifts his bow,  
 And we decry the savage. Thirst of blood,  
 The dark offence, we tolerate; but cry

Wo to the wandering slave, if by his hand 680  
 Th' offence shall come. Why? Ask the heart within;  
 And let us judge impartially, as those  
 Who in the twinkling of an eye, may meet  
 Judgment themselves.

But still we say, how vile  
 The skulking Indian, in his ambush laid!  
 How are such stratagems despis'd by those  
 Who feel the thirst of glory, and are mov'd  
 By nobleness of soul, to the dread field  
 Of mortal combat.

Turn the storied page,  
 Retrace the scenes when Italy shrunk back, 690  
 Amaz'd to see the proud Alps pour a train  
 Of warriors from the clouds. Whose martial skill  
 Spread his strong force in secret ambuscade,  
 And ere the foe was ready, starting up,  
 Surpris'd his legions? Who the green earth stain'd  
 With sudden slaughter? and with corses chok'd  
 Thrasymene's reddening lake?

Oh! this we say  
 Was Hannibal, the generous, and the brave;  
 Give him the meed of valour, age o'er age  
 May roll, but not impair his deathless fame. 700

Survey the seige of Veii, through the mist  
 Of gathering years. Ev'n now her temples seem  
 To glitter on the eye, her olive groves  
 To woo the breeze, and her aspiring walls  
 To smile derision on those weary bands  
 Who for ten years, with all the arts of war  
 Vainly invest them. But why heaves the Earth?  
 Why from her unsuspecting bosom spring  
 Men, clad in steel? who on their weapons bear  
 Havoc and death? Are these the hosts of Rome! 710  
 With soaring helmets, mining like the mole,  
 And in their serpentine, and secret path  
 Creeping, as the dark robber prowls, to snatch  
 Some long-mark'd hoard, until they listening hear  
 Above their heads, the mingling, murm'ring sounds  
 Of the unconscious Citadel? Are these  
 The boasted heroes! who with sudden strokes  
 Pierce her unguarded heart, and line her streets  
 With her dead children, slain amid their mirth?  
 This was Camillus! And what heart may doubt 720  
 The greatness of the Roman?

O'er the tow'rs  
 Of lofty Ilion, wreck'd by Grecian wiles,  
 Why does the dazzled eye prolong its gaze

In breathless interest, yet avert its glance,  
 Disgusted, and indignant, at the scenes  
 Of Indian stratagem? The pomp of names,  
 The pride of princes, the time-sanction'd meed  
 Of admiration, the majestic lay  
 Of the great master of the epic lyre  
 Infold in robes of flaming awe, the deed ; 730  
 Yet Fraud is still the same.

But that pure Eye  
 Which searcheth spirits, that just Hand which holds  
 The balance of the sanctu'ry, will judge  
 Us all at last. And when the garniture  
 Of frail mortality hath fed the flame,  
 How will the motives of offensive war  
 Endure his righteous ordeal. Wrath ! Revenge !  
 Ambition ! Hatred ! Guilty thirst of blood !  
 How will they differ in the forest Chief,  
 And him of Macedon ? Oh ! how will they 740  
 So deified on Earth, sustain the doom,  
 " Weigh'd, and found wanting !"

Still we boldly say,  
 The Indian cruelty, untam'd and fierce,  
 Can find no parallel, in any age,

Or any nation. This strong charge is brought,  
 And they deny it not. What page have they,  
 Or what historic pen to palliate,  
 To justify or blazon? To the lists  
 We dare the unarm'd, and conquer them at once.  
 We cite them to their trial, where they stand 750  
 Silent and we condemn. But would some friend,  
 Some advocate, who loves to right the oppress'd,  
 Like Clarkson, or like Wilberforce, arise  
 And tell these aliens, of the Spartan lords  
 Who deck'd with garlands, and with freedom's robe  
 Thousands of home-born slaves, and ere the Sun  
 Rose on the joyous train, destroy'd them all  
 With horrid treachery; or of Persia's king  
 The fratricide, Cambyzes, o'er the tomb  
 Of Egypt's monarch, mocking; of the pride 760  
 Of brutal Xerxes, rising from the board  
 Of hoary Pythias, to destroy his sons  
 Before his eyes, and o'er their mangled limbs  
 March all his troops; or of Sicilian hate,  
 That when the faint Athenians bowing sought  
 With parched tongues, the cool, restoring stream,  
 Butcher'd them with the water on their lips,  
 That quench'd their battle thirst; of the sad throng



In Syracusan prisons, scorch'd by day  
 With burning heat, shiv'ring and chill at night, 770  
 Uncover'd, and emaciate, and unfed,  
 Save by a scanty pittance, to sustain  
 Life for its lingering torments; of the deeds  
 Of murderous Sylla; of the furious wrath  
 Of Dionysius; of the fiend-like sports  
 Of Caligula, when his subjects' limbs  
 Were mangled, and struck off, that he might laugh  
 And find amusement in the writhing pain  
 Of dying men; of Nero, who devis'd  
 Tortures for his own Romans, op'd the veins 780  
 Of calm philosophers, to see them bear  
 The last chill ague, lighted up the fires  
 With wretched Christians, wrapt in robes of pitch,  
 To serve as blazing torches through the night  
 For scoffing Rome—Oh! had the Indians heard  
 Of deeds like these, they would reject the charge,  
 That they alone, above all men, were stain'd  
 With dark barbarity. Say! could they learn  
 Aught merciful from those, whose impious hands  
 Stretch'd out before their eye, on burning coals, 790  
 Firm Guatamozin, the once happy prince  
 Of Mexico—who through the echoing wilds

Hunted the flying natives with their dogs  
 Train'd to the scent of blood ?

Those forest sons

Taught from their youth, to twine the vengeful creed  
 With the soul's honour, shrink not to demand  
 Sternly, like ancient Israel, eye for eye,  
 And life for life. Their rash, misguided hands  
 Rais'd for retaliation, in blind wrath  
 And ignorance, with no controuling force 800  
 Of heav'n-taught precept, oft are deeply stain'd  
 With cruelty. But how shall we excuse  
 The deeds of favour'd Christians ? those who hear  
 And promise to obey that law of love,  
 Whose precepts bind its votary not to hate,  
 Or persecute, but render the meek pray'r  
 And patient deed of mercy !

What can shield

The dark ferocity of papal Rome,  
 At first so lamb-like, but so soon transform'd  
 To a devouring monster, mad with blood, 810  
 Driving to dens, and caves, and rocky cliffs  
 Of pitying Piedmont, a defenceless band  
 Call'd by that Saviour's name, whom she profess'd  
 To worship and adore ! Has earth a cell,

In her deep centre, dark enough to hide  
 The racks, the tortures, and the streaming blood  
 Of the dire Inquisition ? What pure stream,  
 Or sprinkling priest, or holy mass can cleanse  
 The guilty Bastile ? where Despair detain'd  
 The wretched captives, till their wasted forms      820  
 Became as cold, and rigid as the stone  
 That bound their prisons ! What melodious voice  
 Can hush the death-groans of the Cambrian bards,  
 Thy prey, stern Edward ! slain with their meek hands  
 Prest on their harps, and pouring in sweet strains  
 The simple music of their native vales,  
 Thoughtless of ill ?

Where is a veil to spread  
 O'er the red visage, and the spotted robes  
 Of France, wild rushing thro' the frantic scenes  
 Of revolution, steeping o'er and o'er      830  
 Her clotted tresses, in the blood of kings,  
 Singing discordant madrigals, to drown  
 The death-shrieks of her sons, or hasting on  
 To plant her reeking standards o'er the walls  
 Of trembling, bleeding Germany.

And thou,  
 My Country ! what has thy example been ?

Thou, who hast sometimes sent thy men of peace,  
 To warn the savage of His holy will,  
 Who hath no pleasure in the ways of wrath,  
 Revenge, or cruelty?

840

——The answer speeds  
 On the wild winds which rais'd red clouds of flame,  
 In awful volumes from the peaceful roofs  
 Of sad Muskingum ;<sup>36</sup> in deep tones it sighs  
 From those who visit the deserted bounds  
 Of the slain Creeks ;<sup>37</sup> and from the troubled grave  
 Of Malaanthee,<sup>38</sup> in low, hollow sounds  
 Murmuring it rises, "Lo ! Behold the men  
 Who knew, and publish'd the pure word of peace,  
 Yet kept it not !" <sup>39</sup> Say, did the spectre form  
 Of Malaanthee, break no nightly dream, 850  
 Ye murd'ers ? Did those aged features, stern  
 In Death's convulsion, and those few, grey hairs  
 Matted with blood, ne'er glare through midnight's pall  
 Before your straining eyes, till ye have curst  
 The ghost, that seem'd to multiply itself  
 Where'er ye turn'd ? Amid your orgies rude,  
 Has Earth ne'er yawn'd beneath your reeling feet,  
 And from the chasm, a dead arm slowly ris'n,  
 Bearing a crimson scroll ? That scroll ye knew !

And once the signet of mild peace it bore ;                    860  
 Blaz'd it now in fiery characters  
 "Heav'n's Justice?" Did your trembling joints unloose,  
 And smite together, like that impious king  
 Who, 'mid his revel, in mysterious lines  
 Saw shudd'ring, by dismember'd fingers trac'd,  
 His hast'ning doom?

What piercing shrieks of woe,  
 Break from those bounds, where clust'ring foliage shades  
 The Chehaw villages! <sup>40</sup> A moment since,  
 And all was peace. Those simple, lowly cells,  
 And cultivated gardens, seem'd the abode                    870  
 Of rural happiness. Now, the green turf  
 Where spring was strewing her pure blossoms, reeks  
 With living crimson. On the furrow'd field,  
 Which his own hands were planting, sudden falls  
 The unarm'd father. His young children shriek  
 Around their dwelling, and th' unconscious babes  
 Cling to their captive mothers. Angry bands  
 Urge wide the work of death. Tir'd day declines  
 Yet still their hands unshrinking, clench the sword,  
 Reeking in gore. The hasty, restless night                    880  
 Sat on their wrecks unslumb'ring, and the Sun  
 Look'd with pale glance upon the sanguine Morn,

Rousing new deeds of guilt. Devouring flames  
 Involve each dwelling. Blazing columns rise,  
 Promiscuous, glaring o'er the lurid sky.  
 Wild shouts of terror, agonizing flight,  
 Unequal conflict, groans of gasping death,  
 Vary the awful drama. Wreaths of smoke  
 Curtain dim Twilight, and affrighted **Eve**  
 Lighted by fury, and unnat'ral lamps 890  
 Sinks on her couch. Reluctant rays illume  
 The third dark day of horror. Ruin wrings  
 Her bitterest dregs. The sword is cloy'd with blood,  
 The flames are famish'd; the scorch'd foliage droops  
 Over a black drear desert, and no voice  
 Of rustic labour, or of cheerful song  
 Survives. O'er calcin'd ruins, steep'd in gore,  
 Stalks Desolation; while no sound disturbs  
 His drear dominion, save the heavy tramp  
 Of haughty victors, save the shrill response 900  
 Of pipe, and drum, and clarion, clamouring loud,  
 Triumphant joy. I see the thronging band  
 Emerging from the vale; their banners float  
 Amid the forest, and a captive train  
 Helpless, and weeping, follow.

Who are these,  
Red from the bloody wine-press, with its stains  
Dark'ning their raiment ? Yet I dare not ask  
Their clime and lineage, lest the accusing blasts,  
Waking the angry echoes, should reply  
“ Thy Countrymen !”\*

## CANTO FOURTH.

As when long ling'ring on some lonely cliff  
 Of stormy Hebrid, or where rocky Hoy  
 Heaves with unbanner'd brow, a mighty mass  
 Like tow'ring pyramid, whose apex gleams  
 With magic lustre, like the ancient lance  
 Of some Norse chieftain, summoning the force  
 Of scatter'd Orcades ; or from the crest  
 Of dread Ronaldi, which like eaglet proud  
 Soars o'er North-Maven, wreathing round his crest  
 Those dazzling sun-beams, which but faintly smile 10  
 On wintry Zetland, with abstracted gaze  
 Some anxious wand'rer eyes the tossing main  
 Lash'd by a recent tempest, and descries  
 The frequent-floating wreck, and swollen corse  
 Borne on the angry surge, till his sad heart  
 Shuddering within his tortur'd bosom loathes  
 The awful prospect, thus my spirit shrinks  
 From scenes of cruelty ! Cold horror creeps  
 Over my sick'ning frame, and my dim eye



Turns from the glare of carnage, turns from those      20  
 Who knew the law of mercy, yet effac'd  
 Its precepts with their swords. Once more it seeks  
 The outcast Indian, who hath never heard  
 His Saviour's will.

——It seeks, but he is gone !  
 Like the light vapour trembling o'er the lakes  
 He vanishes ! No more his fishing line  
 Breaks the fair surface of thy chrystal breast,  
 Ontario ! nor his rapid bark descends  
 The rolling Hudson. Silent is the shout  
 Of the glad hunter, in the forest shades      30  
 Of Susquehannah. What has crush'd the pride  
 Of great Potomac's chieftain ? What has swept  
 The mighty Mohawk,<sup>1</sup> and fierce Delaware<sup>2</sup>  
 From their own realms ? Why is thy boundless vale,  
 Shenandoah, tenantless ? Thy silver wave,  
 Bold Rappahannock, why does it reflect  
 No more, those dark red features ?

Hear ye not  
 A sighing spirit from that distant bourn  
 Whence there is no return, as if the winds  
 Moan'd deep and hollow thro' some broken arch      40  
 With mould'ring moss o'ergrown !——

" Oh! ye who tread  
 O'er our forgotten ashes, who behold  
 Our sons renounce their birthright, and forsake  
 The shade of buried glory, ye have reft  
 Their ancient freedom, can ye lead their souls  
 To liberty and light? Their heritage  
 On earth ye cancel; oh! provide a home  
 In future worlds. Life's pilgrimage to them  
 Is darkness; will ye lend that lamp which gilds  
 The vale of death? To them, the hand of Time 50  
 Yields but the cup of sorrow; can ye guide  
 To a sure refuge on the hastening shores  
 Of dread Eternity?"

Behold the appeal  
 Already heeded! As the gleaming bow  
 Paints its soft emerald on the fading storm,  
 Presage of calmness, thus thro' dusky clouds  
 A heavenly radiance sheds its infant beams,  
 And the dark desert smiles. Thine eye beheld  
 Its dawn, meek Eliot!<sup>3</sup> with enraptur'd glance  
 Of gratitude intense, as mark'd the Seer 60  
 From Pisgah's hallow'd cliff, the glorious scene  
 Of Israel's heritage; tho' o'er his path  
 The sable wings of Death's dark angel wav'd

In shadowy gloom. Like that blest prototype,  
 Thou too didst strive to rend the tyrant chain  
 Of heathen bondage, urge the chrystal stream  
 Forth from the flinty rock, to famish'd souls  
 Impart the bread of Heaven ; and as he bade  
 The writhing victims of the scorpion gaze  
 On their mysterious healer, thou didst point 70  
 The eye of Satan's miserable prey  
 Up to the Crucified. Thou too didst give  
 The holy tables of th' eternal Law,  
 Not with the awe of Sinai's wrath announc'd,  
 Deep earthquakes, thund'ring voices, lightning's flame  
 Insufferable ; but silver'd with the tinge  
 Of the mild gospel's brightness. From thy brow  
 Darted no beam unearthly, which the throng  
 Dar'd not approach, no mandate stern proclaim'd  
 " This do, or die : " but thy redeeming scroll 80  
 In gentler dispensation, meekly trac'd  
 With sacred pen,<sup>4</sup> inspir'd the message kind,  
 " My children, love each other."

Not in vain,  
 Apostle of the Gentiles ! was thy toil,  
 Nor on the light breath of the erring winds  
 Thy supplications lost. The deep-drawn sigh

Of thy departing soul<sup>5</sup> rose with its flight  
 To the approving Throne, that God would grant  
 Thy churches in the wilderness to live,  
 When thou wert dead. Then other pious hearts 90  
 Pitied the outcasts ; other guides appear'd  
 To lead the shepherdless. The Mayhews rose,<sup>6</sup>  
 Clad in the armour of the Prince of Peace,  
 To cope with the proud spirit of the world,  
 Thron'd on high places. The poor Indians hail'd  
 Their holy footsteps, and the Island vine  
 Planted by them, in thick'ning clusters breath'd  
 Salvation's fragrance.

Dying Mitark<sup>7</sup> blest  
 Their faithful ministry, when his spent breath  
 Welcom'd that messenger which bore his soul 100  
 Where Mercy, higher than the sinner's hope,  
 Prepares his mansion. Nor this Prince alone,  
 Bore witness to the ardour of their zeal ;  
 Flocks sought their fold, and from the tempest's pow'r  
 And lion's wrath, found shelter. At their words,  
 Reasoning of righteousness, of temperance,  
 And judgment-doom, the fount of penitence  
 O'er rugged features pour'd a tearful tide<sup>8</sup>  
 New and profuse. Thus gush'd in later days,

In rapid course, the heart's unwonted stream, 110  
 Washing white channels down the dusky cheeks  
 Of Cornwall's collier throng, when Whitfield's voice  
 With daring eloquence, first taught the soul  
 To startle at her danger. Thus they toil'd,  
 In happy unison. But from the Sire  
 The Son is sever'd. His majestic form  
 Veil'd in dim distance, drooping seems to pass  
 'Neath the devouring wave.<sup>9</sup> With hoary locks  
 Swept by the winds, the lonely father roves,  
 Pale, in suspended Hope, while his fix'd eye 120  
 Questions th' unanswering surge. But faith uplifts  
 That eye, mild whisp'ring what sustain'd the heart  
 Of Nazianzen's sire, "Thy son hath gone,  
 To take possession of that fair estate  
 Which thou hast gain'd in Heaven."

The natives wept  
 O'er their kind Prophets' graves; but the wild blast  
 Rent not their falling mantle. Others wrapt  
 Its silvery folds around them, and imbib'd  
 Its hidden spirit. Brainerd woke in youth,<sup>10</sup>  
 To search for the neglected, and to lead 130  
 The wandering blind. His self-devoting zeal  
 Shrunk not at hardship, at the withering blast

Of wan Disease, at Disappointment's frown,  
 Nor at those deeper sorrows which depress  
 The mourning soul, when thro' impervious gloom  
 She seeks that Everlasting Friend, who seems  
 To have forsaken her. Around his life  
 Strong bonds by friendship and by love were drawn,  
 But rising o'er those ties, the list'ning youth  
 Heard 'mid the silence of his midnight prayer 140  
 The angel's salutation, "Spirit, rise !  
 Pure Spirit ; haste to us!" and who could blame  
 The mortal, if that seraph melody  
 Prevail'd ?

Nor yet did early days confine  
 That generous ardour. Like the rushing wind  
 And tongue of flame, those high, mysterious gifts  
 Of Pentecost, it rested on a few,  
 And mark'd them from the world.

Heckewelder toil'd,  
 Girt with his Master's patience,<sup>11</sup> while slow years  
 Stamp'd changes on his brow. Kind Advocate 150  
 Of the despis'd Lenápe, thou didst dare  
 Like Howard, bold philanthropist, to "take  
 Misery's dimensions, and the guage of scorn,  
 Depression and contempt, to seek the cell

Of the forsaken, and with pitying heart  
Remember the forgotten."

Mid the band  
Who visited the desolate, and bore  
Glad tidings to the lost, one Man of God  
Journey'd at closing day. Deep shadows stretch'd  
Their length'ning cones to veil his vent'rous path, 160  
And in stern majesty, those stately oaks,  
Whose interwoven branches sought the clouds,  
Frown'd darker still. The silence of his path  
Invited lonely musing, and the truths  
Of his blest mission, passing o'er his heart,  
Gave joy to solitude. But a rude sound  
Disturb'd his meditations, as the gale  
Of Summer's sudden wrath disperses wide  
The flowers, whose petals tranquilly were clos'd  
Around their dewy treasures. Wild it rush'd 170  
From a high cliff, which like some ruin'd arch  
Seem'd with its mould'ring pediment to threat  
Th' unwary traveller.

From that steep which seem'd  
No path for human foot, fierce, heavy steps  
Came boldly down. The thicket foliage parts,  
And thro' the sever'd curtain stalk'd a form

Of mighty size. Not with a prouder port  
 Rush'd red King Philip to the battle strife,  
 Hurling defiance. His distorted brow  
 Seem'd scath'd with lightning, tho' his temples bore 180  
 The frosts of Age. His giant arm he rear'd  
 In threat'ning gesture, while a hollow voice  
 Utter'd its thunders——

“ Whither goest thou ?

Son of the Ocean foam ! ”<sup>1 2</sup>

“ I go, to speak

Salvation to thy race, and bear the word  
 ‘That breathes good will and peace.’ Indignant fire,  
 Flashing from the grim Chieftain’s eye, announc’d  
 His kindled wrath——

“ What peace thou bring’st I know !

Such as we found, when from thy serpent glance  
 We shrunk away, and all our countless tribes 190  
 Faded, like morning mist. Good-will thou bear’st ?  
 We find it in the grave ! It marshals there  
 Our murder’d warriors. There was once a time  
 Of happiness for Indians, ere thy race  
 Invaded their retreat. Freely they roam’d  
 Hunting the beaver, and the dun wild deer  
 In their own forests. Then thy fathers sprang



Forth from the slippery surge, and their pale brows  
 Smote us like pestilence. Infernal arms  
 They wielded, like the thunder-bolt surcharg'd 200  
 With fatal fires. In war, we were their prey,  
 As beasts for slaughter, and in peace their sport,  
 The victims of their poison. Mighty Chiefs  
 And fearless hunters, who like blasts had swept  
 The trembling mountains, dar'd th' unequal fight  
 And perish'd. Our degen'rate race became  
 Slaves to intemperance, hiding in disgrace  
 A wither'd name. Hence then, contagious man!  
 Leave us what still is ours! Leave us our gods,  
 Our savage virtues! Leave the blighted hopes 210  
 That cling around our hearts! Spare these rude plants,  
 Those only wrecks that have withstood the storm  
 Of your destructive friendship."

In dark shades

Vanish'd the Chief majestic, with such speed  
 As whirlwinds trace the desert. Calmly past  
 The man of God, revolving with meek thought  
 His holy purpose, while a pray'r besought  
 Strength 'gainst the potent Spirit of the Air,  
 Who, like a Prince, doth rule the wayward sons  
 Of disobedience. As the Shepherd seeks 220

The lost and wandering sheep, this good man sought  
 The scatter'd Senecas ; with tender zeal,  
 Or admonition blent with terror, strove  
 To rouse the stupid, to alarm the bold,  
 T' illumine the ignorant. A little flock,  
 Drawn from the wilderness, his call obey'd,  
 Following his footsteps in the patient course  
 Of Christian duty. Forty moons had shed  
 A varying lustre o'er their shelter'd path,  
 From verdant pasture to translucent stream, 230  
 Where their souls found repose.

At length, a cloud  
 Involv'd their sanctu'ry ; its simple court  
 Was desolate. None enter'd there with songs  
 Of sacred joy, no kneeling sufferer sigh'd  
 In penitence : but solitary sat  
 Their pensive Pastor, while the Sabbath call  
 No more was heeded. Now and then he mark'd  
 Some lonely wanderer, stealing near the spot  
 Which prayer had hallow'd, gazing as in grief,  
 Then gliding slow away. Thus the sad race 240  
 Of subjugated Judah, bent the glance  
 Of speechless, hopeless, agonizing woe,  
 On that beloved city, which their step

Dar'd not approach.<sup>13</sup> The wond'ring Teacher sought  
 His erring charge, and with an anxious zeal  
 Painted the terrors of the day of God  
 To those who slight his mercy, who reject  
 The knowledge of salvation. Struck with awe  
 The recreants wept, but ling'ring doubt maintain'd  
 A darken'd influence. 250

——“ Ah !” they cried, “ fierce wrath  
 Burneth against us. Deeply have we wrong'd  
 Our Fathers' God. From those tremendous cliffs  
 Where Alleghany wounds the streaming cloud,  
 A Prophet hath he sent, denouncing woe  
 On us Apostates. Our sad chiefs have nam'd  
 A day of audience, when this fearful man  
 Bearing his message, shall denounce the ire  
 Of the great Spirit.” The meek Teacher paus'd,  
 Rememb'ring how the servants, one by one,  
 Forsook his Master and his Lord, who stood 260  
 Abandon'd and alone.

Then he replied  
 In that kind tone, with which griev'd Love reproves ;—  
 “ I to this audience go, if ye permit ;  
 I, all deserted by my cherish'd flock  
 Will meet that Prophet, and declare the words

Of the Chief Shepherd." The appointed time  
 Arriv'd, when sceptic Fear no more might halt  
 Between the Christian's God, and that false name  
 Whom Pagans worship. Church, nor council-house  
 Might hold the multitude,<sup>14</sup> so vast a throng 270  
 Came flocking to behold th' important die  
 Cast, that involv'd their fate. Gay Summer's pride  
 Had rob'd an ample vale, whose circling bound  
 Was crown'd by hills. There graceful foliage droop'd,  
 And o'er its bosom wound a limpid stream,  
 Like sparkling, chrystal zone. Thither they went.  
 Beneath the shade of an embow'ring elm  
 Whose pendant branches met the silent tide,  
 The Chieftains rang'd. Deep thought was on their brow,  
 As those whose minds revolv'd a nation's fate. 280  
 The people gather'd near, with anxious looks  
 Regarding their wise men, while the mute gaze  
 Of agoniz'd suspense, seem'd to inquire  
 "Which was the God?" as wavering Pilate's lips  
 Demanded, "What is Truth?"

Lone in the midst

Of this wild circle, with unruffled brow  
 Sat the good Missionary. Age and Toil  
 Had set their signet on him. Travel and Care

Trac'd channels for the tear, and furrow'd deep  
 Those sunken temples, where a few white hairs      290  
 Spread their disrupted shield.

An hope sublime

Beam'd from his lifted eye, which seem'd in prayer  
 Fix'd and expectant, that the God of Truth  
 Would vindicate his servant. Silence reign'd  
 Breathless and long, save where the trembling boughs  
 Sigh'd to the south-wind, or the rippling tide  
 Half murmur'd. Suddenly a smother'd sound  
 Like deep Astonishment, or moaning Fear,  
 Broke from the multitude. Down the rough steep  
 Was seen descending a tremendous form      300  
 With frantic haste. His lifted hand he wav'd  
 Commanding silence, and the wailing ceas'd,  
 As if in Death. With countenance serene  
 The Missionary mark'd him, and beheld  
 In Alleghany's Seer, the same stern Chief  
 Who with mysterious step had cross'd his path  
 In Tuscarora's forests. The same skin  
 Of the wild panther from his shoulders hung  
 In careless drapery, quivered in his hand  
 The same keen tomahawk, from his red eye      310

Darted the same malignant glance, inflam'd  
 With rage like frenzy. Chill'd to icy awe  
 The natives listen'd, while the valley rang  
 With his hoarse voice, "Men of the Forest! Hear!  
 Thus saith the Mighty Spirit. Ye *were* mine,  
 But have forsaken me. Once o'er this land  
 Your fathers reign'd, lords of the treasur'd deep,  
 And of the peopled forest. To their sons  
 They left the inheritance. But I behold  
 Steps of Usurpers desolate those paths, 320  
 And hear your hunting-fields resound the stroke  
 Of their destructive axe! Why have ye fled  
 From the delights of the luxuriant shore  
 To swamps and barren hills? crouching to hold  
 Ev'n this polluted pittance, at the will  
 Of the vile white Man! To my ears no more  
 Rises the shout of war from Hudson's banks,  
 Or revelry from Mohawk's silver tide.

There, where your Fathers, free as the wild winds,  
 That rock'd their mountains, dwelt, the Christian slave  
 Drives his deep furrow, whistling as he turns 331  
 Forth from the trembling, violated grave,  
 Their sacred relics. Have ye never heard

At closing day, or in the solemn watch  
 Of midnight, a melodious, plaintive strain  
 Stealing from lonely vale, or hillock side,  
 Like Echo's cadence? 'Twas the wailing tone  
 Of your departed fathers; they whose bones  
 These merciless invaders leave to bleach  
 By tempest and by blast. It calls their sons 340  
 By deeds of righteous vengeance to restore  
 The wand'ring spirit to its bow'rs of bliss :  
 For there it may not rest, if aught disturb  
 The mouldering body's sleep, or violate  
 Its sepulchre. This voice invokes the brave,  
 The mighty, the invincible, in vain;  
 For none are left. Behold ! what glorious gifts  
 Ye owe to white men. What good-will and peace  
 They shed upon you ! Exile and the sword !  
 Poisons and rifled sepulchres ! and see ! 350  
 They fain would fill the measure of their guilt  
 With the dark cheat of that accursed faith  
 Whose precepts justify *their* nameless crimes,  
 Your countless woes. Harken, deluded race !  
 Harken, for the last time ! If ye persist  
 Thus to desert my altars, thus to choose  
 With mad credulity th' oppressor's God,

And follow Him, my wrath shall follow you.  
 My forked lightnings 'mid your blazing towns  
 Fiercely shall dart, and Winter's warring blast      360  
 Devour the fugitives. Intemperance  
 Shall bloat your frames, gaunt Famine thin your ranks,  
 Till the surviving wretches, plunging deep  
 And deeper in the wild, submit to hold  
 Communion with the dastard beasts that fled  
 Their fathers' arrows. From the blissful isle  
 In that pure lake, where happy spirits hold  
 Eternal pastime, thro' unfading fields  
 Hunting the gaily-branched deer, with dogs  
 Swifter than light, from thence the blasting curse      370  
 Shall fall on you. Ah ! fear ye not the eye  
 Of your great ancestors—that with'ring glance  
 Which drinks the spirit up ? By lightning's flame,  
 By thunder's voice, by tempest's wrath, I swear,  
 That in the space of sixty hasting moons,  
 Not one of all the Senecas, not one  
 Of you who hear me, one of these your babes.  
 Nor kindred, shall be found upon the face  
 Of the wide earth."

He ceas'd, and mingled sounds  
 Like the hoarse rush of waters and of winds,      380



Rose from the multitude. Distorting Fear  
 Dealt her deep ague; clamorous Ignorance  
 Moan'd in convulsions; Superstition glar'd  
 As if the death-groans of the threaten'd tribe  
 Already bursting on her wounded ear  
 Transfix'd her soul with agony; while Rage,  
 Kindled with breath of fiery Eloquence,  
 Made rashness mad. Headlong the boldest rush'd  
 From the torn circle, to demand the blood  
 Of the good Missionary. Calm he met 390  
 Their fatal purpose, nor essay'd to shun  
 Their iron grasp——

“ Father! if thus thy voice  
 Call'st thy weak servant from his weary toil,  
 Thy will be done! Thy hand will gird his heart  
 To meet its martyrdom.”

Perchance the light  
 Which round his temples play'd, was that which beam'd  
 On holy Stephen's brow, when he beheld  
 Entranc'd, the op'ning heavens, and Jesus Christ  
 Sitting at God's right hand. But the grave Chiefs  
 Forbade th' unrighteous deed, and with a word 400  
 Rescued the victim. Forth the Man of God  
 Came, as in act to speak. His sacred form

Bent for a moment in Devotion's warmth  
 Of gratitude to Heaven, his clasping hands  
 Prest on his bosom, while his mien exprest  
 That perfect peace, which the world's smile gives not,  
 Nor can her frown destroy. Near him in wrath  
 Stood Alleghany's prophet. It might seem  
 Almost, as if in solemn contrast rose,  
 Ebal, the mount of cursing, tow'ring dark 410  
 O'er the appall'd assembly, while the breast  
 Of fruitful Gerizim thro' waving shades  
 Sigh'd blessings on th' obedient.

That faint smile

Divinely casting intellectual light  
 O'er the pale features of the Man of God,  
 Blent with his eye's unearthly glance, convey'd  
 Tranquil monition that he soon should bid  
 Farewell to ills of Time. Then ere he spake,  
 Upon his foes a deep regard he cast  
 Of mild forgiveness; as our Saviour turn'd 420  
 And look'd on Peter. Unresisted chains  
 Of silence bound the circle, while a voice  
 Of sweetest modulation, sonorous,  
 Tender or plaintive, as the varying theme  
 Requir'd, broke forth——

“ Ah ! would that I could speak  
 So that ye would believe, of the true God,  
 Whose eye is ever on us, and whose ear  
 Heareth our secret thoughts. His hand ye trace  
 In mercy on the beauteous earth ; his pow’r  
 Ye cannot comprehend, for He alone 430  
 Is infinite. Would that my feeble mind  
 Could paint his Heav’n, so that ye all might seek  
 That blest abode, where dwell the pure in heart ;  
 For there dire Winter comes not, sultry heat,  
 Nor withering famine, pain, nor parting tear,  
 Sickness, nor ghastly death. There the free soul  
 Shall drink of boundless, everlasting bliss  
 When yonder sun must fall, and this fair sky  
 Parch like a shrivell’d scroll. Ye too have heard  
 Of that dire place which Justice hath prepar’d 440  
 For vile, rebellious spirits. There are tears,  
 Wailings, unceasing groans, and tortures dire,  
 And troubled tossings like th’ unresting sea,  
 While the far echoes of the songs of Heaven  
 Steal o’er the gulf impassable, and wake  
 Hopeless remorse. Think, O my brethren, think !  
 Of Him who freely gave his life, that Man  
 Might scape *this* sorrow, and obtain *that* bliss.

Remember ye his lot of homeless woe ?

His uncomplaining, unreviling life ? 450

The thorns that pierc'd him, the deep-wounding spear ?

For ye have heard his sufferings, and have wept

In better days, that He for you should bleed.

Yes! ye have knelt to thank and bless that God

Who so had lov'd the world, that he should give

His only Son to save it. Ye have said

That the wild savage roaming on in blood,

Blindness, and vengeful passions, till dark life

Sunk in a darker grave, bereft of hope,

Was far less happy than the humble saint 460

Bowing in patience to the bond which curbs

His sinful spirit, and with active hand

Pouring out Love on Hatred, till it melt,

And be no more remember'd. Ye have joy'd

To hear, that he might lead his little ones

Through light and knowledge to eternal rest.

Have ye not seen him grateful for this life,

Yet undismay'd at death ? His spirit lov'd

The blest assurance that its short eclipse

Should fleet before the resurrection morn ; 470

Therefore he slept in hope. Ye soon must yield

Your bodies to the worm : Oh ! then believe

What ye have once believ'd, for that was truth.  
 Behold, as the frail Day-beam hastes to lay  
 Its fainting head on Twilight's dusky lap,  
 So fades our life. Return, ye wand'ring flock!  
 That He, who is so plenteous to forgive,  
 May turn to you. And now, Eternal Judge !  
 What wait I for ? Look thou upon my heart,  
 And see if love for those whom thou hast made, 480  
 Led me from sweet delights of home, to bear  
 Here in my age, when Nature seeks repose,  
 Journeyings and watchings in the wilderness,  
 Perils and dangers. Thou alone canst read  
 The Missionary's motive, which the world  
 Oft misinterprets. Lord, into thy hand  
 Commend I thine own cause."

Bowing he ceas'd,  
 But Silence listen'd : fond Expectancy  
 Still linger'd mute, so soothing fell the balm  
 On harrow'd bosoms. Thus the genial show'r 490  
 And holy dew, refresh the sterile earth  
 Parch'd by long drought, or by tornado stript  
 Of her young verdure. O'er rough features mark'd  
 By recent passions, stole the contrite tear,  
 Strange, yet unheeded. Long the Chieftains held

Their solemn conclave, ere the question high-  
 Might be decided. 'Mid that awful pause,  
 Fears, apprehensions, terrors, anxious hopes,  
 Convuls'd the throng. The second hour had drawn  
 Its tardy length, when from the council came 500  
 Its hoariest Chieftain. On his head he bore  
 The crown of Age, and leaning on his staff  
 Utter'd the words of wisdom——

“ That great God,  
 Whom Christians call Jehovah, is more just,  
 Mighty, beneficent, worthy of praise,  
 Than him your Fathers worshipp'd. So receive  
 The Christian's God : and in his servant view  
 Your guide to Heaven.”

Then, the adoring tribe,  
 As a thick forest to some mighty wind  
 Pays universal rev'rence, bow'd the head 510  
 And worshipp'd God. Thus witness'd Carmel's mount  
 Such solemn homage, when in ancient time  
 Backsliding Israel saw the priests of Baal  
 Humbled, and awful fires confirm the claim  
 Of the majestic Prophet : He who stood  
 Lonely and fearless, to confront the wrath  
 Of impious Jezebel's demoniac throng,

He, who on car of flame, like glowing star  
 High o'er the empyrean rising, mark'd  
 A glorious path, shunning the gloomy gates 520  
 Of Death's dark confine.

When that hoary Chief  
 Had utter'd the decree, who may describe  
 What fierce demoniac rage possess the Seer  
 Of Alleghany? His red eye-ball roll'd  
 As if in torment, while thro' gnashing teeth  
 He strove with madd'ning impotence to force  
 The curse unutterable, and bounding high  
 With brandish'd Tomahawk, as if he scorn'd  
 The soil of such apostates, disappear'd  
 Mid the deep forest shadows. 530

## CANTO FIFTH.

Joys not the Mariner

When on the midnight of his trackless course  
 Mid rocks and quicksands of a coast unknown  
 The far-seen light-house beams a star of hope  
 Into his soul ? Upon the Mourner's tear,  
 When Resignation sheds her holiest dew,  
 Rises there not a trembling messenger  
 Of Joy, because the passing storm hath wav'd  
 Its wing in peace ? When to the humble Saint  
 Whose pilgrimage was darkness, whose weak Faith  
 Scarce saw a twilight which the hand of Fear 10  
 Rob'd not in gloom, the vale of Death displays  
 Eternal Glory's never-setting sun——  
 Is there not Joy ? Oh ! then exult for them,  
 That abject race, who o'er the storms of life,  
 The night of sorrow, and the hopeless tomb,  
 Beheld Salvation's radiance. O'er the wild  
 Where Paganism long triumph'd, rearing high  
 His desolating ensign, the pure Cross



Extends its arms, and kneeling at its foot  
 The Indian hymns his Maker. Sweet that tone 20  
 Ascends from the lone forest, where conven'd  
 Beneath their chapel's dedicated dome  
 Oneida's natives pay their vows to God.<sup>1</sup>  
 There they adore that Name, which from the dawn  
 Of the Sun's brightness, to the farthest bound  
 Of his remote declension, shall be great  
 Among the Gentiles. There with raptur'd voice  
 Ascribe high praises for the means of grace,  
 And hope of glory. There, confess with shame  
 That as the wandering sheep forsakes the fold, 30  
 They all have stray'd ; and there His aid invoke  
 Who the deep sighing of the contrite heart  
 Despises not, nor scorns the humble tear  
 Of Penitence. There supplicate their Lord  
 By his deep agony, his bloody sweat,  
 His cross and passion, by his precious death,  
 Burial and resurrection, to behold  
 And spare them in his mercy. There present  
 To the baptismal font their tender babes ;  
 And, kneeling round a Saviour's table, pay 40  
 Homage to Him who in his boundless love  
 Appointed such remembrance. When the rod

Of Sickness rests upon them, holy prayers  
 From consecrated lips beseech of God  
 To strengthen by his Spirit, the decay  
 Of that which perisheth, and grant the soul  
 Remission of its sins, ere it depart  
 To be on earth no more. And, when the lamp  
 Of frail mortality is quench'd, when man,  
 Who like the fleeting shadow ne'er abides 50  
 In one continued stay, when he who comes  
 Forth as a flow'ret to the blushing morn  
 Ere the quick-hasting hour of eve, returns  
 Ashes to ashes—o'er the mould'ring wreck  
 Hope lifts her banner, cloudless as the light,  
 Bright with these characters of heavenly truth :  
 —The slumberer shall awake ; the unseal'd eye  
 See its Redeemer ; and although the worm  
 Destroy this body, yet the dust shall rise  
 To Immortality. 60

Hail, holy hearts !

Who, fill'd with pure benevolence, rejoice  
 That the green olive decks the rugged brows  
 Of the dark forest children, let that zeal  
 Which prompts for them your charity, unite  
 The useful arts of life with love divine,

Gifts for this world, with knowledge of the next.  
 Take lessons from Creation ; from the skill  
 Of the Eternal, who hath bound so strict  
 Body with mind. Thou strong, mysterious chain !  
 Linking dull matter to the viewless, pure, 70  
 And subtle spirit, dost thou not instruct  
 Us in our bounty not to disunite  
 Terrestrial and divine ? Those secret flames,  
 Which guided Gideon's darkly hostile path,  
 Were hid in earthen caskets : thus the soul  
 Hath no unmix'd ascendancy, till death,  
 Rending the veil of clay, bids her return  
 To her creative essence. Wisdom's hand  
 Heweth out pillars, when she rears the house  
 Whose dome is for the skies :<sup>2</sup> and thus a prop 80  
 Might e'en sublime Christianity receive  
 From her more earthly sisters ; from the arm  
 Of simple agriculture, from the toil  
 Of patient industry, from every art  
 That sheds a charm on life. Behold the plan  
 Of Wisdom heeded ; see a sacred band  
 In our own days bear to the darken'd wild  
 Those blended rays which cheer man's path below,  
 Yet light it to the skies.

Blest were the steps  
 Of these propitious heralds o'er the vales 90  
 Of wat'ry Tennessee, raptur'd their tone  
 Proclaiming liberty to the sad souls  
 Bound in the prison-house. Humbly they went,  
 Like Him who pour'd the gospel's pardoning voice  
 On publicans and sinners, mild forgave  
 Guilt at whose sight the accusing Pharisee  
 High rais'd the fatal stone, and shed that tear  
 Which sanctions human grief, o'er the clos'd grave  
 Of Bethany. Meek to their mission bow'd  
 These teachers like their Lord ; yet not like Him, 100  
 Who had not where to lay his head, were scorn'd.  
 He came unto his own, bearing the seal  
 Of mercy, but their sacrilegious hands  
 Refus'd the gift, and madly crucified  
 The Giver ; they with grateful joy were hail'd  
 By the sad stranger's moaning on the wild<sup>3</sup>  
 Like Rachel, weeping o'er her children lost,  
 And shunning consolation's cup because  
 Her babes were not.

" Oh ! have ye come to bring  
 Mercy to us ! and will ye teach our sons 110  
 To leave the hunter's fruitless toil, and love

The arts by which ye live? Will ye impart  
 To them that knowledge which their wand'ring sires  
 Benighted, found not? the assurance blest,  
 That after death the spirit shall ascend  
 To Him who gave it?—

One there was, who breath'd  
 The same kind promise to our wretched race,  
 Great Washington our Father. Low he sleeps,  
 And deep we mourn'd him! But behold, we see  
 One in his seat, who bends a Sire's regard 120  
 On these unhappy tribes. Ye too, blest Men,  
 Greet us as brethren, seeking to rebuild  
 Our desolation."

Thus Renatus spake,<sup>4</sup>  
 The Chief baptiz'd from Heav'n, whose eloquence  
 Bath'd in the fountain of celestial dews,  
 Henceforth is purified. His ardent heart  
 Long'd that his blinded tribe might view the light,  
 And joy'd to mark their offspring thronging come  
 From the dark forest. Sad the outcasts seem'd,  
 As if their hard and bitter lot had crush'd 130  
 The sportiveness of childhood. But when Love  
 Allur'd them to its shelter, gently bound  
 Its circlet round them, show'd their wond'ring eyes

The excellence of order, and the pow'r  
 Of varying knowledge, their excursive minds  
 Travers'd the new expanse, while their chang'd brows  
 Beam'd with exulting hopes. How would the heart.  
 Of mild Benevolence rejoice to view  
 Those tawny children of the forest stand  
 Like lambs before their teachers, pleas'd to gain 140  
 That knowledge, which to their benighted souls  
 Seems like the glory of Creation's ray  
 Bursting from Chaos. Ah ! methinks the bounds  
 Of distance fleet ! and bright, prevailing rays  
 Reveal the scene.<sup>5</sup> A happy band I see,  
 Bending intently o'er the sacred page,  
 With sudden comprehension, while glad tears  
 Unconscious start ; or cheerful passing on  
 From hours of study, to accustom'd sport,  
 From sport to useful toil. The day declines, 150  
 And gathering meekly at Devotion's call,  
 The holy orison ascends to Him,  
 The first, the last, whose unrequited love  
 Careth for all his works. Methinks I hear  
 Their vesper hymn, in solemn melody  
 Dying away. Almost thy fervent pray'r  
 Bursts on my ear, blest Kingsbury !<sup>6</sup> thou whose zeal

Didst in the wilderness prepare the way  
 For Heav'n's ambassadors. Thy student's cell  
 Long mark'd thee, o'er this world-discarded theme. 160  
 Musing like David, when the holy flame  
 Burnt in his heart, and from his harp-strings burst.  
 Like the firm Patriarch, from his peaceful home,  
 And fathers' sepulchres, divinely urg'd  
 To wander, strong in faith, tho' trembling hope  
 Pointed, she knew not whither, thou didst pitch  
 Thy lonely tent ; may He whose promise cheer'd  
 The Father of the Faithful, guide thy steps,  
 And aid thy helpers, till their toil redeem  
 From Superstition's mazes, countless heirs 170  
 Of heaven's inheritance.

Amid the group  
 Of thy new gather'd family, is one,  
 Whose humble aspect and mild eye reveal  
 That in her heart the Spirit of God hath wrought  
 A holy work. With gentlest hand she leads  
 Those younger than herself, repeating oft,  
 "How good, how merciful is He who took  
 Us from our low estate."

Patient she strives  
 By prayers, and by instructions, to arouse

Reflection in the hearts of those she styles 180  
 Her wretched people. Modest, tender, kind,  
 Her words and actions ; every vain desire  
 Is laid obedient at the feet of Christ.  
 And now no more the gaiety she seeks  
 Of proud apparel ; ornaments of gold  
 She gladly barter for the plain attire  
 Of meek and lowly spirits. Catharine, hail!  
 Our sister in the faith !<sup>7</sup> Can those who love  
 The image of their Saviour, lightly prize  
 His lineaments in thee ? 190

How beautiful

Is undefil'd Religion, mild enthron'd  
 Upon the brow of youth. Its touch dispels  
 All dissonance of feature, every shade  
 Which darkens this dull clay, each narrow line  
 Of cold division, and with Truth's clear beam  
 Reveals the graces of the pure in heart,  
 Who shall see God.

And thou too, Warrior brave !

Undaunted Charles,<sup>8</sup> who dar'dst the opposing flood  
 Of the swift Coosa, 'mid the British fires,  
 And guiding thence th' endanger'd barks preserv'dst 200  
 The lives of many ; thou who didst obtain



The meed of valour, yet hast meekly learnt  
 Now not to glory, save in the reproach  
 And cross of Christ; we bless thee as the fruits  
 E'en as the early harvest of the toil  
 Of God's own servant, who in youthful prime,  
 In the heart's flow'ry spring, from joys of home,  
 From charms of love departing, sought the work  
 Of an evangelist. Like the bold strain  
 Of him whose lips the altar's flame had cleans'd, 210  
 His ardent tone, as through the wilds he bent  
 His solitary way,<sup>9</sup> bade the rude cliffs  
 And trackless mountains bow their hoary heads,  
 And the lone vales with rev'rent awe arise  
 To meet their God.

Oh ye, who raptur'd trace  
 Historic annals through th' eclipsing cloud  
 Of dark uncertainty, and hoary years,  
 Behold what changes our portentous times  
 Mark on this fleeting stage! On awful wheels  
 Rolls the Redeemer's chariot o'er the earth, 220  
 Making the Idols tremble. Ocean bears  
 Upon his thousand waves, the herald train  
 Who rear Salvation's banner. To each clime,  
 Sultry or savage, hastes the mighty Scroll

Of Inspiration. Seraph-harps resound  
 With hallelujahs o'er the ceaseless flight  
 Of souls, who borne by Penitence ascend  
 Up to Heaven's gate.

Ye, who from earliest dawn  
 Of infant reason to this passing hour,  
 Have heard the Gospel's invitation pour'd, 230  
 Who view the rapid hand of Time unfold  
 High Prophecy's dread annals, while the Sun  
 Of truth, bright darting from each broken seal  
 Dispels the mist where Infidel disguise  
 Sought its cold covert. Oh ! embrace the hope  
 Which cannot perish. Would ye know the worth  
 Of our Religion, prove it in the hour  
 When dire affliction, like some wrecking storm,  
 Appals the soul. Say ! have ye seen the friend  
 Whom the most sacred, most endearing ties 240  
 Bound to your heart, a prey to stern disease ?  
 And while you, watching o'er her pillow, strove  
 'Gainst wan Despair, and agonizing pray'd  
 That the brief remnant of her fragile life  
 Not yet might vanish, has the hand of God  
 Alter'd her countenance ? Have ye beheld  
 That cherish'd form in the dim shroud of Death,

Lock'd in his damp, cold cavern? Saw ye then  
 The star of immortality arise  
 From the drear shadows of that gloomy vale 250  
 Which Nature enters shudd'ring, and pale Grief  
 Dews with unceasing tear?

When ye have bent  
 O'er her lone tomb, shrinking beneath the weight  
 Of blasted Hope, while the resistless tide  
 Of Sorrow, heighten'd by the mournful swell  
 Of recollected joys, o'er the void soul  
 Roll'd like a mighty deluge, mark'd ye not  
 Inscrib'd above the ebon gate of Death,  
 "I am the resurrection and the life,  
 Saith Jesus Christ?" Ah! when ye have believ'd 260  
 That the sepulchral keys should be consign'd  
 To that blest hand which once was deeply pierc'd  
 For man's offences, ye have meekly knelt  
 Amid the ruins of your love, and sigh'd,  
 Thy will be done. Still let that soften'd glow  
 Pervade your spirit; bid your life evince  
 Your orthodoxy; let your virtues be  
 Devotion's daughters. Toil no more to hide  
 Sectarian bitterness beneath the cloak  
 Of righteous zeal; your many-headed faith 270

Reduce to His simplicity, who merg'd  
 In Love to the Supreme and Love to man,  
 The prophets, and the law. Then shall ye find  
 The grandeur of Omnipotence absorb  
 The trifles of the hour; as he who stands  
 On Andes' crown, marking the Ocean mix  
 His tides eternal with the bending skies,  
 Notes not the obstacles, nor heeds the thorns  
 That marr'd his path below. Then shall ye strike  
 The lyre of praise to the Eternal God, 280  
 Who needeth not th' Archangel's arm, yet deigns  
 From the frail habitants of clay, to form  
 Instruments for his work: then shall ye rise  
 Clad in Messiah's armour to advance  
 His hasting sceptre, or to pay your vows  
 Before his throne. Oh! aid that sacred cause  
 Which saints espous'd, which holy martyrs seal'd  
 With their hearts' blood, and bending from the skies  
 Complacent view. Uphold it by your prayers,  
 Your alms, your influence, for Jehovah's smile 290  
 Shall crown the labour.

Who will coldly say,  
 That he is burden'd with the ceaseless claim  
 And tax of charity—that her demands,

Taking each shape and form of countless thought,  
 He cannot grant? Then let him stay his hand,  
 Withhold his short compassion, hoard his gold,  
 Hoard for his children, for his cherish'd lusts :  
 But bid him heed that day, when it shall rise  
 "To eat his flesh like fire : " yes ! heed the day  
 Of righteous scrutiny. The work is God's ; 300.  
 And still shall it proceed. He needeth not  
 The aid of the reluctant. Countless hosts  
 On earth, in air, and highest Heaven rejoice  
 To do his will. Full many a heart has rent  
 The bonds close twisted with its central clasp  
 In Life's delightful morn, by sacred home,  
 Kindred, and parents' love. Yes ! throngs have bid  
 Farewell without a tear, tho' the gay world  
 Might call it martyrdom, yet have they gone  
 To their returnless bourn, diffusing joy 310  
 O'er desolation, and within their souls  
 Hiding its sacred source. Full many a name  
 Which Fashion flaunting in her gilded car  
 Heeds not amid her pomp, is register'd  
 In the Lamb's book of life. Ah ! some have borne  
 Their message prosperously, and some have fall'n,  
 Fall'n in their charity. The blooming flow'r

Has faded, and the withering matron stem  
 Cast its pale blossom in Salvation's path,  
 Strewing the steps of Sorrow. Thou hast fall'n, 320  
 Thou mild Moravian Sister!<sup>10</sup> Thou wert deck'd  
 With what the giddy, unreflecting world  
 Might call accomplishment, but thou didst own  
 A pearl it could not purchase. Thou didst cleanse  
 Thy knowledge in the fount of Jesus Christ,  
 And pour it to the poor; even as the hand  
 Of the blest angel mov'd Siloam's pool  
 To heal the impotent. And thou didst die  
 E'en as thou liv'dst, un murmuring, pure, serene,  
 And ardent in thy faith.— 330

Thou hast obtain'd  
 Eternal gain, from sublunary loss,  
 And tribulation; for thy robes are white  
 In the atoning blood. Say, shall we shed  
 The tear for thee, blest Sister! when thy lot  
 Is better far than ours?

Soft glows the turf  
 O'er the young Osage Orphan,<sup>11</sup> she whose chains  
 Of sad captivity were gently riven  
 By mild benevolence; while He who pours  
 Light on the blinded eye, redeem'd her heart

From Nature's slavery. Beams not her smile 340

From some bright cloud, with grateful ray, on those

Who o'er her transient tutelage diffus'd

Instruction's early germ, affections mild,

And hopes benign? Ye blest, who still essay

To offer incense 'mid those erring tribes,

Lift high your censers, bright with holy flame,

Be strong, and fear not. He, whose mighty voice

Counsell'd the Prophet to prepare his way

In the wild desert, and make strait his path

Over the trackless mountains, He will come 350

And bring the victory. Ye too, whose hands

Might gird the soldiers, ye, whom Heav'n appoints

As stewards of its bounty, will ye aid

The sacred mission? Will ye freely strew

The seeds of wealth upon this troubled soil,

And trust the God of harvest? Prest with want,

Blinded by ignorance, and in the maze

Of brutal vice and superstition chain'd,

The wretched natives stand. To you, their hands

They raise, imploring. 360

Tears of anguish stain

Their haggard features. Timidly they lead

Their untaught children, asking you to grant

Pity and comfort. Those neglected minds,  
 Long bound in dungeon gloom, yet bearing trace  
 Of noblest workmanship, ye might illumine  
 With intellectual brightness, as the stone  
 Of precious lustre, from the rubbish drawn,  
 Dazzles the polisher. Ah ! think how hard  
 His lot, whom shades envelop, where fair Hope  
 Unfolds no dewy petal, where the tree 370  
 Of knowledge springs not, and where Genius buds  
 To feel the frost and die. Amid our race,  
 Too oft we sigh to mark the mighty force  
 Of Genius misapplied, its daring search  
 Unsanctified, and its refulgent flame  
 Sparkling through dim, perverted tendencies,  
 As through a misty halo. Genius soars  
 Like the proud Eagle tow'rd the vertic Sun,  
 But oft her drooping crest, and pinions soil'd,  
 Betray the aberrations of a flight 380  
 Which Heaven directs not. When her plumage drinks  
 The fresh'ning dews of renovated love,  
 When her purg'd eye, with steadfast beam beholds  
 The Sun of Righteousness, when her heart feels  
 His healing touch, who sanctifies what Earth  
 Deems holy, how sublime doth she aspire



And hovering o'er the cliff of Zion's mount,  
 Await the call to rise and make her nest  
 Among the stars. Philosophy perceiv'd,  
 E'en thro' the dimness of the earliest days, 390  
 The emptiness of life, and weakly blam'd  
 This void existence. But Religion brought  
 The promise of a new, and o'er the storm  
 Rais'd her white banner. Then the day-star shone,  
 Enlight'ning darkness, and the realm of Death,  
 Guiding the mourners' step thro' thorns and gloom.  
 To a strong refuge in the glorious hope  
 Of immortality.

Oh ! then impart  
 To your blind brother, in his heathen woe,  
 The surplus of your luxury ; and peace 400  
 And joy shall blossom in his gloomy path,  
 As Eden's roses 'neath the Angels' feet.  
 Christians ! who list'ning, love the word divine,  
 Who find it as a sun-beam in your path,  
 And like a star of glory to your souls,  
 Think of your brother, (for our God hath made  
 All of one blood, who dwell upon the earth,)  
 Think of your brother, in your very gates,  
 Wand'ring, unsatisfied, benighted, sad,

Down to his grave, where no sweet spirit tells 410  
 Of rest in Jesus, where no hallow'd voice  
 Soothes him to mingle dust with dust, in hope  
 Of a blest resurrection. Nature weeps  
 O'er her fall'n son, in speechless agony,  
 While the dark forms of horror and despair  
 Mock at her bitterness. Would ye desire  
 That peace and mercy there should wave their wings  
 And midnight flee away ? Then lift your pray'r,  
 Dispense your bibles, send your holy men  
 To publish peace ; let the poor native taste 420  
 The fruits that grow upon your tree of life,  
 Hold to his parch'd and thirsty lips the cup  
 Of your salvation, and as his warm tears  
 Of gratitude and penitence burst forth,  
 So shall your rapture swell at the last day  
 When ye shall hear the glorious words, " Approach !  
 What ye have done to one of these, the least,  
 The lowest in the scale of woe, was done  
 To me, your Judge : and where the Master dwells,  
 There shall the servant be." 430

Ye too, who share  
 The gentle sympathies of social life,  
 As equals and companions, whose soft hands

Press the first seal upon the waxen mind  
 Of Infancy, who reign in the mild sphere  
 Of sweet domestic pleasure, bearing still  
 The birthright of each tender courtesy  
 And hope refin'd, think of your humbled sex,  
 'Mid those degraded tribes the lowest still,  
 Bearers of burdens, tillers of the earth,  
 Cut off from every joy reciprocal 440  
 That sweetens life, and so oppress with woe  
 As in despairing horror to destroy  
 Their female offspring, lest they too should share  
 Their servitude and misery—oh think,  
 Think of these sisters! think of that blest word,  
 That pure religion, which has rais'd your lot  
 To what it is, and if warm Pity move  
 The tear, the wish to rescue from despair  
 But one sad suffering slave, if Love inspire  
 To follow Him who *went to seek* the lost, 450  
 Oh speak, and it is done.

And ye, dear youth,  
 O'er whose fair brows the light of knowledge plays  
 In bright intelligence, whose opening minds  
 Like some pure rose-bud crystalline with dew  
 Are shelter'd in the gentle bow'r of Love,

Remember those who heard no cradle hymn  
 Of peace and mercy, on whose infant hearts  
 No mild instruction stamp'd a holy trace,  
 But ignorance and vile example left  
 Their wandering impression. While you learn 460  
 The various arts to grace and comfort life,  
 While in the circle of your friends you sit  
 Around your teachers, while your hearts respond  
 "Behold how pleasant, and how good it is  
 Thus to be bound in unity;" oh think  
 Of that untutor'd race, who hear no sound  
 To rouse the mind from indolence, or save  
 Its long perverted pow'rs, nor docile bend  
 To that blest Education which prepares  
 For duties, and for trials, and for wounds 470  
 In life's uncertain warfare, for the joy  
 That gilds its close, and for the victor's crown:  
 Which from the mental garden wise removes  
 Those roots of bitterness that choke the growth  
 Of nobler plants, and by the timely change  
 Of sun-beam and of dew, of transient frowns  
 And gentleness, essays to imitate  
 The discipline of Heav'n. And when you hear  
 The rude storm beating o'er your peaceful home,

When round the social board, the cheerful fire, 480  
 A happy band you draw, will you not think  
 Amid your gratitude, of those who roam  
 O'er the cold mountains, homeless and distress,  
 Meagre with famine, and but ill-conceal'd  
 By tatters from the blast ?

Mark o'er our land,

How Childhood's bounty strives to meliorate  
 Their sufferings ; how the bands of youth unite  
 In beauteous circles, bound by wreaths of Love,  
 O'er Generosity's rich robe to cast  
 Their sparkling gems like stars, and tessellate 490  
 Her golden pavement. Like the chosen race  
 Thronging innumerable tow'rd the promis'd land,  
 They urge their lingering kindred, " Haste with us,  
 And we will do thee good ;"<sup>12</sup> for he who form'd  
 Our souls, linking their duties with their joys,  
 Shows, that in blessing others, is our bliss.  
 Let Industry, let Self-denial pour  
 Their limpid rills to swell the sacred tide  
 Of wide Benevolence, and find their gifts  
 Enrich themselves. Retrench some glittering toy, 500  
 Some tinsel trapping, some luxurious taste,  
 And lay the silent trophy at the shrine

Of that pure Charity which "vaunteth not,  
 Nor boasteth of her deeds." Perchance your ear  
 From Brainerd's cultur'd bound, from Eliot's shades,  
 From wild Tallony's unfrequented dales,  
 From Dwight (dear, hallow'd name!) may catch the tone  
 Of gratitude to Christians, for some boon  
 Which you have toil'd to aid. E'en on the shore  
 Of fair Ceylon, or the far Sandwich isles, 510  
 Round whose green coast the vast Pacific roars,  
 Mid Gambia's injured natives, or the vales  
 Of murmuring Senegal, some grateful child  
 May muse and ponder o'er that holy book  
 Which you have giv'n. Perchance, on Ganges' banks  
 Some infant, rescu'd from the whelming tide  
 Or from its father's knife, may kneeling pour  
 Praise to Jehovah. Oh! to snatch one mind  
 From ruin's wreck, one soul from deadly vice,  
 Is it not better than to flaunt in pride 520  
 Of wealth, a few short years, then fade unmourn'd,  
 As an unodorous flow'r? When like the gale  
 Thrilling the harp of Eol, rushing thoughts  
 Controul your spirit, moving it to give  
 Freely as ye receive, remember them  
 For whom my lay entreats. And when you muse

At parting day, or when the heavier shades  
 Announce soft slumber, and attune the soul  
 To meek Devotion, bear them on your prayers.  
 —Ye too, who hang over your cradled sons,      530  
 With silent rapture, Parents! who survey  
 The daily change of those unfolding minds,  
 And snowy brows, who sometimes pensive muse  
 On the bold tempters, and dark snares that throng  
 Their untried journey, view the mighty tide  
 Of population, ever rolling west,  
 And meditate, perchance, a few short yēars  
 That raise these young shoots into sapplings tall,  
 May plant them on our frontiers. Think once more;  
 The Indians are their neighbours, deeply stung      540  
 With sense of wrong, and terrible in wrath,  
 What shall restrain their hatchets? Who shall quell  
 Their midnight conflagration? Who preserve  
 Those polish'd temples from the glaring knife  
 Temper'd in blood? What helmet shield their heads  
 From the keen Tomahawk? Oh! make these foes  
 Your friends, your brethren, give them the mild arts  
 Social and civiliz'd, send them that Book  
 Which teaches to forgive, implant the faith  
 That turns the raging vulture to the dove,      550

And with these deathless bonds secure the peace  
And welfare of your babes.

Oh thou, whose hand

Temperate and just, doth guide our helm of state  
On its majestic course, steering so wise  
'Tween Scylla and Charybdis, that their wrath  
Forgets to vex the long-resounding deep,  
Shunning those quicksands where Ambition wrecks,  
And from the vortex where wild Rashness whirls  
In fatal revolution, bearing safe  
The burden of an Empire's vast concerns, 560  
Ruler of Freedom's favour'd clime, where beam  
Bright emanations on each gazing eye  
From the fair dome of Knowledge, like the flame  
Whose spiry column pointed Israel's path,  
Son of that State, whose matron arm embrac'd  
Great Washington, and mark'd with glowing pride  
The scroll of glory brighten with the names  
Of her illustrious offspring—thou, whose heart  
Gathering the groans of our rejected tribes,  
Compassionate devis'd their good,<sup>1 3</sup> and led 570  
Thro' gushing tears their filial glance to thee,  
Oh! still uphold their weakness, still extend  
O'er the drear desert of their wretchedness,



The banner of thy wisdom, till their minds,  
 Freed from debasing fetters, twine the arts  
 Of civilization, with the hopes sublime  
 Of pure Christianity : so shall the voice  
 Of just posterity exalt thy fame  
 Above the blood-stain'd hero, and enshrine  
 Thine image in the consecrated dome 580  
 Of blest Philanthropy.

My Country ! Rouse

From thy deep trance ! Divide the long-drawn veil  
 Of thy lethargic slumbers, and perceive  
 Britannia's bright example ; she who said  
 To Africa, " Be free." Awake, and hear  
 From Heaven's high arch the awful question break,  
 " Where is thy brother ?" Wilt thou turn away,  
 Answering, " I know not !" with concealment vain,  
 Or arrogantly asking, " Why should I  
 Be made my brother's keeper ?" 590

View the day

Of retribution ! Think how thou wilt bear  
 From thy Redeemer's lips the fearful words,  
 " Thy brother, perishing within thy gates,  
 Thou saw'st. Thy brother hunger'd, was athirst,  
 Was naked, and thou saw'st it. He was sick,

And thou withheld'st the healing : was in prison,  
 To Vice and Ignorance, nor did'st thou send  
 To set him free." Oh ! ere that hour of doom  
 Whence there is no reprieve, my Country, wake  
 From thy dark dream !

600

Blot from th' accusing scroll  
 Those guilty traces, with repentant tears :  
 Teach thy red brother in the day of wrath  
 To stand before the Judge, and plead, "Forgive !  
 Forgive ! For he hath sent thine holy word,  
 Hath told me of a Saviour, and diffus'd  
 The day-beam o'er my darkness. His kind voice  
 Taught me to call thee Father. Oh ! forgive  
 Those earthly wrongs which he hath well aton'd  
 By pointing me to Heaven."

The time of Hope,  
 And of probation, speeds on rapid wing, 610  
 Swift and returnless. What thou hast to do,  
 Do with thy might. Haste ! lift aloud thy voice,  
 And publish on the borders of the pit,  
 The resurrection. Bid thy heralds bear  
 To thy own wilds, Salvation. Strike the harp  
 Of God's high praises mid thy deserts lone,  
 And let thy mountains speak them. Lo ! they rise

Waited on every gale. From Afric's sands,  
 From chill Siberia, from the restless wave  
 Of turbid Ganges, from the spicy groves, 620  
 And from the sea-green islands. Rise! and spread  
 That name which must be borne from sea to sea,  
 And from the river to the utmost bounds  
 Of the wide world. Then, when the ransom'd come  
 With gladness unto Zion, thou shalt joy  
 To hear the vallies and the hills break forth  
 Before them into singing; thou shalt join  
 The raptur'd strain, exulting that the Lord  
 Jehovah, God Omnipotent, doth reign  
 O'er all the Earth. 630



## NOTES

TO

### CANTO FIRST.

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#### *Note 1.—Line 7.*

*“ To where Magellan lifts his torch to light  
The meeting of the waters.”*

The island of Terra del Fuego, having received its name of “ Land of Fire,” from the number of volcanoes which diversify its desolate region, may well be represented under the metaphor of Torch-bearer to the Oceans, as they rush to mingle their waves.

#### *Note 2.—Line 73.*

*“ Of brother, or of son, untimely slain  
In the dread battle.”*

The custom which prevails among the aboriginal Americans, of adopting a captive foe in the place of some near relative, who has fallen in battle, is well known. The affection thus transferred, is said to be sincere and ardent, and extinguished only with life. They have been styled the most revengeful, the most implacable of savage nations. Yet this practice, peculiar to themselves, seems rather to prove, that the habits arising from natural affection are stronger than the suggestions of revenge. Among civilized nations, in every age, the adoption of children has prevailed ; but it has been circumscribed either by the limits of affinity, the predilection of friendship, or the excitement of compassion. When was it known to be extended to mortal foes, even by Christians, who are bound to requite enmity with love ? Where, among the followers of

Him, with whose death-pang was mingled a prayer for his murderers, has the shelter of paternal kindness been the portion of the enemy, whose sword had drank the blood of the lost son? or the offices of fraternal affection been extended to him who had pierced the breast of the lamented brother? Among the ancient Egyptians, Assyrians, and Grecians, adoption by those who were childless, was a frequent usage. The Romans enacted laws for its regulation. The Lacedemonians required that it should be performed in the presence of their kings. The Turk, according to the appointed ceremonies of Mahomet, invests the adopted with his inner garment, or with his girdle; and the Gentoo offers sacrifices to his gods. But the native American being in this respect "without law, is a law unto himself;" he adopts the foe who would have shed his blood, without the pomp of prescribed ceremony, and with no sacrifice but that which affection exacts of vengeance. In other instances, we behold this race capable of degrees of virtue, as unexpected as they are unparalleled. The natives of Hascala, a populous province, bordering upon Mexico, shocked at the cruelties which marked the intrusion of the Spaniards, attacked them with impetuous bravery and with vast superiority of numbers. But the advantages arising from these circumstances, were entirely lost through their solicitude to save the wounded and dying. To relieve the sufferers, and remove them from further barbarity, divided the attention of the warrior even in the heat of battle; and a scene unknown among civilized nations was displayed, a sentiment of tenderness extinguishing victory. Afterwards, the Hascalans, meditating another attack, generously apprized the invaders of their hostile intentions, and knowing that a scarcity of provisions existed among them, sent to their camp a large supply of poultry and maize; "Eat plentifully," said they, "for we scorn to attack enemies enfeebled by hunger, and should blush to offer to our gods, famished and emaciated victims." Yet these sons of nature had never heard the command, "If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink."

*Note 3.—Line 101.*

*"Some with blood*

*Of human sacrifices, sought to appease" &c.*

Although the Mexicans were further advanced in refinement than any of the aborigines of America, they were the slaves of a superstition which was marked by the most barbarous sacrifices. At their first arrival near

the Lake of Tetzuco, from their ancient possessions, on the borders of the Californian Gulf, they erected on the spot which they had selected for their principal city, a temple to their tutelar god, which they consecrated by the effusion of human blood. This event, according to their traditions, and the simple annals preserved by their hieroglyphical paintings, occurred in the year 1335 of the Christian era. Following them through the variations of their government, from its original form of aristocracy, to that of elective monarchy, and ultimate despotism, combined with the feudal spirit, we see the same stern religion preserving its sway unaltered, and mingling with their civil institutions. Their political festivals were attended with the sacrifice of human beings, and in their expiatory offerings to their deities, they believed that "without shedding of blood was no remission." During the reigns of Tizoc, and his brother Ahuitzotl, a temple was erected, which surpassed in magnificence all the structures of Mexico, and at its completion in 1486, it was consecrated with the blood of more than 60,000 prisoners. Montezuma II. who was the ninth Mexican sovereign, entered into a war with some neighbouring tribes, in order to obtain victims for sacrifice at his coronation, and the cruel pageantry of that scene was in accordance with the inclinations of his subjects. The funeral rites of the Mexicans were sanguinary, particularly at the death of any distinguished personage. At the decease of an emperor, they slew a number of his principal attendants, and buried them in the same tomb; supposing, like the ancient Scythians, that he would have need of their assistance and counsel. The rites of their religion were reduced to a regular system; but their divinities were clothed in vengeance, and their priests perpetuated a worship of gloom and terror.

*Note 4.—Line 106.*

*"Some with fruits*

*Sweet flowers, and incense of their choicest herbs*

*Sought to propitiate Him" &c.*

The mild Peruvians who, at the time of the invasion of the Spaniards, had made many attainments in the arts of civilization, had a form of religion whose features were remarkably free from harshness and barbarity. "The most singular and striking circumstance in their government," says Dr. Robertson, "was the influence of religion upon its genius and laws. The whole system of their civil policy was founded upon religion.

The Inca appeared not only as a legislator, but a messenger from Heaven. The superstitions on which he engrafted his pretensions to high authority, were of a very different character from those established among the Mexicans. By directing their veneration to that glorious luminary which by its universal and vivifying energy is the best emblem of divine beneficence, the rites and observances which they deemed acceptable to Him were innocent and humane. They offered to the Sun a part of the productions which his genial warmth had called forth from the bosom of the earth, and fostered to maturity. They sacrificed, as an oblation of gratitude, some of the animals who were indebted to his influence for nourishment. They presented to him choice specimens of those works of ingenuity, which his light had guided the hand of man in forming: but the Incas never stained his altars with human blood, nor conceived that their beneficent father, the Sun, would be delighted with such victims. Accordingly, the Peruvians, unacquainted with those barbarous rites, which extinguish sensibility, and suppress the feelings of nature at human sufferings, were formed by the spirit of the superstition they had adopted, to a national character more gentle than that of any people in America." The tribe of Chacmeheca's who succeeded the ancient Toltec-monarchy, which was situated in the neighbourhood of Mexico, also paid homage to the Sun, as their tutelar divinity, and offered to him the herbs and flowers which they found springing in the field. The Parent of warmth and vegetation appeared to their untaught minds, as the Fountain of existence and of hope; and how much more elevated was the choice of their Paganism, than that of the polished Egyptians, who, in their absurd worship of vegetables, noxious reptiles, and the lifeless formations of Nature, clearly evinced, that the "world by wisdom knew not God."

*Note 5.—Lane 109.*

*"Some, with mystic rites,*

*The ark, the orison, the paschal feast," &c.*

Such a marked diversity of customs, and religious rites, is found among the aborigines of America, that they must be considered as the mingled offspring of different nations, who in various ages have become inhabitants of this western hemisphere. The Peruvians, in their ancient offerings, like a sect of the Persians, recognized the Sun as the Parent of



their joys, and the supreme object of their adoration. Some of the eastern tribes of South America preserve a tradition that their ancestors migrated from the African continent. The Toltecas, originally bordering upon Mexico, and celebrated for their superiour knowledge, which comprised some branches of agriculture, together with the art of cutting gems, and casting gold and silver into various forms, possessed some ancient paintings, which represented the passage of their ancestors through Asia, and the north-western countries of America. The Mexicans who, in the barbarity of their religious sacrifices, point to the blood-stained altars of Carthage, in the style of their architecture, the construction of pyramidal edifices, the use of hieroglyphicks, and the mode of computing time, lead us back to the institutions of ancient Egypt. This similarity has so forcibly impressed the minds of some learned writers, particularly Siguenza, and Bishop Huet, that they have designated the Mexicans as the descendants of Naphtahim, the son of Mizraim, and nephew of Ham. The Esquimaux recognizes his sires in the north of Europe, and by a variety of customs proves his affinity. The Mohawks, from the peculiarity of their language, composed entirely without labials, so that they never close their lips in speaking, and from the superiority which they assumed over the surrounding tribes, seem also to claim a distinct origin. The Abbe Clavigero supposes that the ancestors of those nations who peopled the country of Anahuac, passed from the northeastern parts of Asia to the western extremity of America. Amid the variety of customs which distinguish the different tribes, some have been observed so similar to those of ancient Israel, that they have given rise to conjecture, that some of the ten tribes, who, after the Assyrian invasion in 721, (B.C.) were long in a wandering state, might have been allured to pass, with other emigrants, the narrow strait which separates the Old from the New World. This opinion received strength from the circumstance, that among some of the natives, the name of their Supreme Being was "Tehewah," evidently resembling the Hebrew Jehovah, that the word "Hallelujah," occurred in their songs of praise, that they bear upon their shoulders to battle a consecrated Ark, which is never suffered to touch the earth, and the mysteries of whose interior they guard with the most jealous care. Traditions of the murder in Eden, of original longevity, the general deluge, the saving of the righteous pair, the bird sent from the ark, who returned with a verdant

branch, the confusion of tongues, the anger of the Great Spirit at the building of a high place, which the pride of man contemplated should reach the heavens, and many more, evidently derived from the Scriptures, are preserved among them. Some of the early settlers, who had an opportunity of observing their character before its debasement, traced in their religious offerings and festivals a similarity to the Jewish ritual. Intelligent men, who have resided among them as traders, or surveyed them as travellers and missionaries, have occasionally gathered traits of resemblance to the peculiar people; and some learned men have been inclined to credit this hypothesis, by a comparison of their language with the ancient Hebrew. "Dr. Buchanan," says a judicious writer, "supposes the ten tribes of Israel, to be now in the country of their first captivity; but this by no means precludes the possibility of individuals having migrated northward and eastward to the American continent. He speaks of the *white* and the *black* Jews of Asia: we know that there are also *white* Jews in Europe, and *black* Jews in Africa; and why, since they are the scattered, the distinguished people, may there not be *red* Jews in America?"

*Note 6.—Line 121.*

" *The crystal tube  
Of calm inquiry, to thy patient eye,  
Meek Boudinot ! reveal'd an unknown star  
Upon this western cloud.*"

This refers to the "Star in the West," a work which attempts to prove the descent of some of our aborigines, from the dispersed Israelites; written by the late Hon. Judge Boudinot, the venerable Sire and Patron of the American Bible Society. He asserts, that if the descendants of exiled Israel could now be identified, on any spot of the globe, we should not find, after the revolution of twenty-five centuries, the traces of similarity more striking; and that, admitting the affinity of our roving tribes with the peculiar people, it would be impossible not to be surprised at perceiving so many rites and traditions unimpaired, when to the lapse of ages is added the absence of a written language, of a temple, of a regular government, even of a permanent abode, and the vice, degradation, and misery, which, since their subjugation by the Europeans, has involved them in a darkness like midnight. He is strengthened in his theory by a passage from the Apocrypha, where Esdras "in his vision beheld the ten tribes

who were carried captive by Shalmanezar, in the time of Hosea their king, taking counsel to leave the multitude, and go into a country where mankind never dwelt, that they might keep the statutes which they never kept in their own land, and remain there until the latter times."—2 Esdras, xiii. 40.

The Rev. Dr. Jarvis, in his interesting "Discourse on the Religion of the Indian Tribes," supposes them to be the descendants of Noah, who migrated to this continent, after the great dispersion of mankind. This theory, which accounts for many of the traditions preserved among them, is also adopted by Mr. Faber, so well known by his learned dissertations on the Prophecies.

*Note 7.—Line 172.*

*" Their weak, exhausted hands they prest  
On their wan lips, and in the lowly dust  
Laid them despairing."*

Missionaries and traders have occasionally observed among the different tribes, the custom of pressing the hand upon the lips, and laying the mouth in the dust, in cases of deep bereavement. Some have supposed it the dictate of Nature in the humiliation of suffering. Others have traced in it a resemblance to the expression of grief in ancient Israel; and have been reminded of the passages in Job, Solomon, and Jeremiah: "Mark me, and be astonished, and lay your hand on your mouth:" "Behold, I am vile! what shall I answer thee? I will lay my hand upon my mouth:" "If thou hast done foolishly, in lifting up thyself, or if thou hast thought evil, lay thy hand upon thy mouth." "He putteth his mouth in the dust, if so be, there may be hope."

*Note 8.—Line 186.*

*" To the poor Greenlander reveal'd the dance  
Of happy spirits."*

The imagination of the inhabitants of Greenland traces in the Aurora Borealis, the dance of sportive souls. They suppose the place of torment for the wicked to be in the subterranean regions, where darkness and terror reign, without hope. They believe in two Great Spirits, the good and the evil, and in various subordinate grades of ethereal beings, resembling the major and minor gods of the ancient heathens. When a friend is in the conflict of death, they array him in his best apparel, and when

the last change has marked his countenance, bewail his loss, and prepare for his interment. They deposit in his grave instruments of labour, and darts for defence, and returning to the house of mourning, the men sit silent with uncovered faces, while the females prostrate themselves on the earth. The nearest relative pronounces an eulogy on the virtues of the departed, and at every pause their grief becomes more audible. The ceremonies of mourning are continued at intervals for months, and sometimes for a year; though its bitterness diminishes after the period which they allot for the perilous journey to the eternal regions. They believe that the spirits of the departed are occasionally permitted to revisit the earth, and reveal themselves to the former objects of their attachment. Some of the first missionaries who visited this people, supposed that the idea of a Divine Being was in some degree familiar to their minds, since they so readily received the knowledge of his attributes, and the most stupid among them were struck with horror at the thought of the annihilation of the soul.

*Note 9.—Line 208.*

*“ Thus, the warlike Earl  
Stern Seward, in his armour brac’d, erect,  
Met grisly Death.”*

Seward, Earl of Northumberland, feeling in his last sickness, that dissolution approached, quitted his bed, and encircled himself with his armour. To the inquiries of his attendants, he answered, “ It becometh not a brave man to die like a beast.” Standing, and with an undaunted countenance, he met death, closing his life of intrepidity, by an act equally singular and heroic.

*Note 10.—Line 214.*

*“ Others toward the East  
With faces turn’d, repose.”*

The natives of Patagonia bury their dead on the eastern shores, and with their faces turned toward the rising Sun, where they say was the country of their ancestors. Bougainville, and others, have suggested their resemblance to the roving Tartars. Like them they traverse immense plains, constantly on horseback, clothing themselves with the skins of wild beasts, which they destroy in the chase, and occasionally pillaging travellers, who cross their path, or interrupt their career.

*Note 11.—Line 219.**“ Weed nor thorn,**Might choke the young turf springing.”*

“ Among some of our aborigines, the graves of departed friends are guarded with the most delicate and jealous affection. They suffer no weeds to take root upon them, and frequently visit them with lamentations. This tender and sacred sentiment is expressed in an effusion of simple eloquence, which bears the antiquity of nearly 200 years. In one of the earliest records of the settlement of Massachusetts, it is mentioned that the Indian monuments of the dead had been defaced by the whites at Passonagesit, and the grave of the Sachem's Mother plundered of some skins that had decorated it. Gathering together his people, in the first moments of his grief and indignation, he thus addressed them: “ When last the glorious light of this sky was underneath the globe, when the birds grew silent, I began to settle, as my custom is, to take my repose. But ere my eyes were fast closed, I saw a vision at which my soul was troubled. As I trembled at the fearful sight, a spirit uttered its voice:— ‘ Behold! my Son, whom I have cherished. See the hands that covered, and fed thee oft. Wilt thou forget to take revenge of those wild people, who have disturbed my ashes, disdaining our sacred customs? See now! the Sachem's grave lies, like one of the common people's, defiled by an ignoble race. Thy Mother doth complain. She implores thine aid against this thievish people, newly intruding themselves into our land. If this be suffered, can I rest quietly in my everlasting habitations?’ Then the Spirit vanished, and I, trembling, and scarce able to speak, began to get some strength, and recollect my thoughts that had fled, determining to ask your counsel and assistance.”

*Note 12.—Line 224.**“ Thus the Scythian tribes**Wandering without a City, call'd to guard**Nor dome, nor temple, took their dauntless stand**Upon their fathers' sepulchres,” &c.*

Rollin, in his interesting history of the expedition of Darius against the Scythians, relates the embarrassment which he suffered in being unable to bring that roving people to a regular engagement. “ Prince of the Scythians,” said he, “ why do you continually fly before me?” “ If I fly

before thee, Prince of Persia," he replied, "it is not because I fear thee. We, Scythians, have neither cities or lands to defend: yet come! attack the tombs of our fathers, and thou shalt find what manner of men we are." Soon after, they exemplified another singular trait of character, by sending a herald to Darius, with a present of a bird, a mouse, a frog, and five arrows. The monarch exclaimed with joy, "Now they acknowledge subjection, and by these emblems yield to me the dominion of their lands and waters, of their warriors, and even of the atmosphere they breathe." But Gobryas, one of his officers, who was better versed in the hieroglyphics of Scythia, correctly interpreted this typical message:—"Unless the Persians can ascend into the air like birds, conceal themselves in earth like mice, or beneath the waters like frogs, it is not possible for them to escape the Scythian arrows."

*Note 13.—Line 257.*

*"Ericke steer'd*

*From that lone isle which Nature's poisoning hand  
Cast 'tween the Continents."*

It is generally admitted that the northern parts of America were settled by the Scandinavians, several centuries before the expedition of Columbus. Ericke Raude, so named on account of his red hair, is considered as the original discoverer of those inhospitable regions. Having past a winter on the coast of Greenland, he returned to Iceland, and persuaded many of his countrymen to accompany him, and undertake the establishment of a colony. He assured them that the country which he had found, abounded in fish, and exhibited such a verdant appearance, that he had assigned it the name of Groenland, or Greenland. Twenty-five ships, filled with Icelanders and Norwegians, attended him in consequence of these representations; but it is said that only fourteen sustained the inclemencies of the voyage. The establishment of this colony bears date, according to Torfæus, in his "*Groenlandia Antiqua*," in the year 982; yet it would seem to have been of earlier origin, by the bull of Pope Gregory 4th, issued in 835, and committing the conversion of the Greenlanders and Icelanders, to the first northern apostle, Ansgarius. This colony assumed the appearance of prosperity, and in 1261, voluntarily submitted to the sceptre of Norway, and was governed by a Norwegian viceroy, according to the laws of Iceland. It was considerably harassed by the

natives, who were denominated "Skrællings," and whose origin is traced to the North East regions of Tartary. Driven from their country by imperious and potent enemies, they crossed the straits of Bherring, and gradually passing to the east and north, began their hostilities against the Icelandic colony in the eleventh century. They gained great ascendancy over it about the year 1350, when it had been enfeebled by the ravages of pestilence; and in the course of two or three centuries nearly exterminated it. The small remnant of European settlers were driven from the western toward the eastern shores, and compelled to incorporate themselves with their conquerors. Some of them, however, retreated to the inlets between the mountains, and like the Welch still preserve the character of an unconquered people.

*Note 14.—Line 279.*

*"Say, Darwin! Fancy's son"—*

Dr. Darwin's plan of navigating southward those tremendous masses of ice, which for ages have been accumulating amid the polar regions, in order to allay the fervour of the tropics, is one of the many visionary theories of that splendid poet and eccentric philosopher.

*Note 15.—Line 289.*

*"Shaming the brief dome*

*Which Russia's empress-queen bade the chill boor*

*Quench life's frail lamp to rear."*

The Ice Palace, erected in the year 1740, by the Empress Anne, of Russia, was 52 feet in length, and when lighted exhibited the most splendid appearance. Yet to a reflecting mind, its brilliance must have been dimmed by the recollection, that many lives were sacrificed to its construction, by the severity of cold. The description of this singularly beautiful structure, by the poet Cowper, is in accordance with that purity and elegant simplicity, which characterize his numbers.

*"Silently, as a dream the fabric rose;*

*No sound of hammer, or of saw was there:*

*Ice upon ice, the well-adjusted parts*

*Were soon conjoin'd; nor other cement ask'd*

*Than water interfus'd, to make them one.*

*Lamps gracefully dispos'd, and of all hues*

*Illumin'd every side; a watery light*

Gleam'd through the clear transparency, that seem'd  
 Another moon new ris'n, or meteor fall'n  
 From heaven to earth, of lambent flame serene.  
 So stood the brittle prodigy, though smooth  
 And slippery the materials, yet frost-bound,  
 Firm as a rock. Nor wanted aught within  
 That royal residence might well befit,  
 For grandeur or for use. Long wavy wreaths  
 Of flowers that fear'd no enemy but warmth,  
 Blush'd on the pannels.

Mirror needed none,  
 Where all was vitreous ; but in order due,  
 Convivial table, and commodious seat,  
 (What seem'd at least commodious seat) were there ;  
 Sofa, and couch, and high-built throne august.  
 The same lubricity was found in all,  
 And all was moist to the warm touch : a scene  
 Of evanescent glory, once a stream,  
 And soon to slide into a stream again."

*Note 16.—Line 315.*

*"To their humble cells  
 Came holy men, by pious Olaf's zeal  
 Wing'd on their mission."*

Olaf, or Olaus, a Norwegian king, having renounced heathenism, sent a priest to Greenland, early in the tenth century for the conversion of the inhabitants. His exertions were successful, and the whole colony embraced Christianity. In the year 1122, they chose a Norwegian bishop, and a regular succession in the Episcopacy was preserved, until the year 1406, when the last of seventeen bishops was sent over. Darkness for a time overspread the religious prospects of this people ; like that which enveloped ancient Israel, when the harp of prophecy was broken in the hand of Malachi, and for more than three centuries there was no divine communication. But in the year 1721, a pious clergyman of Norway, by the name of Hans Egede, whose heart had long been moved by the wretchedness of the Greenlanders, resolved, notwithstanding the obstructions that were cast in the way of his enterprize, to bear to that inhospita-



ble region the glad tidings of salvation. He was accompanied by about forty adventurers, who aided him in imparting a knowledge of those arts which advance the comfort of the present life ; while, with the most condescending attention, the most faithful diligence, and under the pressure of almost unexampled hardships, he taught the precepts of a religion, whose benevolence he exemplified. After sustaining the arduous duties of a missionary almost forty years, he closed his honourable and pious life, at the age of seventy-three, and to him, and to his son, Paul Egede, we are indebted for an ample and authentic account of modern Greenland. The Moravians also, whose zeal in diffusing the blessings of religion, cannot be too highly appreciated, extended the exertions of their Christian love to this desolate region. Perhaps it is without parallel in the annals of benevolence, that a Society so restricted in pecuniary resources, so afflicted by persecution as to have been reduced to about six hundred individuals, should display the missionary spirit in such unbroken strength and splendour. After the oppressions of the Church of Rome, when they had taken refuge on the estates of Count Zinzendorf in Lusatia, they sent, in the space of nine years, missionaries to Greenland, to South-America, to Algiers, to Guinea, to Lapland, to the West-Indian and Nicobar islands, to Ceylon, to the extremities of the Cape of Good Hope, and to the wilds of Tartary. About the year 1733, when the mission of Mr. Egede was so coldly patronized by government, and so overclouded by misfortune, that it seemed ready to expire, the Moravians having resolved to carry the gospel to Greenland, two of their venerable messengers arrived on foot at Copenhagen, entreating permission to accomplish their design. "How," said one of the ministers of the crown of Denmark, "do you hope to maintain yourselves in that desolate region?" "By the labour of our hands," they answered, "and by the blessing of God. We will build a house, and cultivate a piece of land, that we may not be burdensome to any." The nobleman, perceiving that they were not fully acquainted with the sterility of the country, replied, "There is no timber there to build with." "Then," said these devoted servants of the cross, "we will dig a cavern in the earth, and lodge there." These faithful missionaries with others who from time to time were sent to their assistance, suffered indescribably from the rigours of the climate, and the ravages of famine and pestilence. Yet nothing extinguished the flame of

their benevolence, and they expressed themselves willing to prolong their labours until death, to continue "to believe while there was nothing to be seen, to hope when nothing was to be expected." Soon after their arrival, the Small-Pox was communicated by a Greenlander who had returned from Europe, and it assumed so malignant a form, that few who were seized by it, survived beyond the third day. Destitute of the knowledge of medicine, and of the comforts which alleviate disease, the wretched natives stabbed themselves, or plunged into the sea, to put a period to their sufferings. The Moravians, in company with Mr. Egede, hastened from place to place, to impart assistance or consolation. Empty houses, and unburied corpses, bleaching on the snow, every where shocked their eyes. On one island, only one little girl, and her three brothers, survived. Their father had buried all the inhabitants, and finding himself and his youngest child smitten with the malady, lay down in a grave, with the sick infant in his arms, commanding his daughter to cover them with skins and stones, that their bodies might not be devoured by ravens and foxes. In 1753, the severity of that terrific climate was heightened to an unusual degree, and snow fell in every month of the year. In March, the cold was so intense, that even glass and stones burst. Famine was the consequence, and continued till 1757, when it surpassed all that had ever been imagined by the Europeans. "We found," said the Missionaries, "near a house that we visited, fifteen persons nearly starved to death. They lay near each other, striving to preserve warmth, for they had no fire, nor the least morsel to eat. For very faintness they did not care to lift up themselves, or to speak to us. Four of their children were already dead with hunger. At length a man brought a fish from the sea, and a girl snatched it, raw as it was, and tore it in pieces with her teeth, gorging it with violence. She looked pale as death, and was ghastly to behold. We distributed among them our small pittance, and advised them to endeavour to remove to our part of the land." Children perished in great numbers by famine, and old people were buried alive in order to save the food that they would have consumed. The Missionaries participated in these sufferings, till their strength was exhausted, and their constitutions debilitated, yet occasional success in their spiritual work, caused them to count their afflictions light. Settlements were formed at New Herrnhut, Lichtenfels, and Lichtenau; and materials for two churches were sent

them from Europe, which were erected and partially filled with worshippers. In the year 1814, more than 1100 inhabitants belonged to these three settlements, and the whole population of Greenland was estimated at 7000. Since the commencement of the mission by Mr. Egede, which has comprised a century, the number baptized is computed at about 5000.

The extension of this Note by an interesting extract from the 18th volume of the *Quarterly Review*, will be forgiven by minds who have felt solicitude in the extension of truth, or sympathy for the privations of its messengers. It is a forcible delineation of the feelings of a missionary and his family, during the gloom and loneliness of a Greenland winter, and is drawn from the manuscripts of Saabye, a grandson of that venerated apostle Hans Egede. "They have one bright epoch ; for it is a happy time, when the ice is loosed from the rocky coast, and they can expect the arrival of the vessel which alone reaches their solitude. Often deceived by the floating Ice-berg, forming itself in mockery into the shape of their friendly visitant, at length they see the white sails, the towering masts, the blessed guest riding at anchor in the bay. By this vessel their wants are supplied. The active and pious housewife busies herself in arranging the stores of the ensuing twelvemonth. There are letters too, from friends, and from relations, and books, and newspapers ; and banished as they are, they live again in Denmark, in 'their father-land.' The hour of enjoyment soon glides away ; the ship sails ; the Missionary and the partner of his toils remain behind, solitary and forsaken. To this season of sadness succeeds the gloom of the polar night. A few days before the 26th of November, Saabye was accustomed to climb the high rocks, from whence at noon he could just see the sun shining with a soft and pallid light ; and then the sun sank, and he bade farewell to the eye of creation with heaviness and grief. Dubious twilight lingered till the beginning of December ; then darkness ruled. The stream near which Saabye's house was situated, roared beneath the ice ; the sea dashed and howled over the rocks, bursting in foam against his windows, and the dogs filled the air with long continued moans. About the 12th of January, the rays of the rising sun glittered on the rocks, and suddenly faded, like the high-raised hopes of man."

*Note 17.—Line 334.*

*“Madoc ! wandering son  
Of that unconquer’d clime.”*

From researches made by British Antiquarians, it appears that traditions exist of the discovery of America, by Madoc ap Owen Guyneth, a Welch Prince, in the year 1170. It is asserted that a colony was planted by him, west of the Mississippi, and that their descendants have at various times been recognized by travellers. The fact has been recorded also, by the ancient poets of Wales, and the celebrated Mr. Southey has founded upon it one of the most interesting modern epic poems in the English language. In Howel’s Letters, volume 2, page 71, it is recorded, that Madoc ap Owen, Prince of Wales, made two voyages to America, at the time specified : and the Welsh Cambria, translated into English, by H. Lloyd, contains, in its 225th page, the reasons which induced that Prince to undertake such an expedition. Some modern writers have employed their pens in this investigation, among whom are Dr. Williams, Rector of Sydenham, and the Rev. George Burder, late of Coventry, England.

*Note 18.—Line 337.*

*“The treasur’d minstrelsy  
Of Taliesin’s harp.”*

Taliesin, who wrote in the sixth century, was one of the most celebrated of the ancient Welch bards. His poems have been highly commended by the amateurs of the old Cambrian minstrelsy. The affinity of the language of Wales to the Hebrew, has rendered its study interesting to many classical scholars ; and recently, among the prizes offered in Jesus College, Oxford, England, for the best six Englynion, on a passage of Taliesin, beginning “Cymru fu, Cymru fydd.” The early taste of the Welch, for poetry and music, is well known. The knowledge of the harp was considered essential to the character of a prince and a hero ; and the bards received in the courts of their kings such dignity and honour, as Homer asserts were enjoyed by Demodocus and Phemius, in the first ages of Greece.

*Note 19.—Line 376.**“Perchance in his lone cell**At Valladolid.”*

Columbus expired in obscurity, at Valladolid, on the 25th of May, 1506, in his 59th year, exhausted by hardships and infirmities. The discoverer of America, like the conqueror of Mexico, found the close of his days rendered wretched by the persecution of enemies, and the chilling indifference of those from whom he had expected patronage and consolation.

*Note 20.—Line 386.**“Mark’d thy seers**Mid the dim vista of futurity**Ought like the step of Cortes ?”*

It is recorded by Robertson, that an opinion prevailed almost universally among the Mexicans, that some dreadful calamity would befall their country, by means of formidable invaders who should come from regions towards the rising sun. Their superstitious credulity saw in the Spaniards the instruments of that fatal revolution which they dreaded, and this in some measure accounts for the success of Cortes, with his ill-appointed force, over the monarch of a great and populous empire.

When the spoilers, in descending from the mountains of Chalco, caught their first view of the vast plain of Mexico, interspersed with fertile and cultivated fields, enriched with a lake resembling the sea in extent, whose banks were encompassed with large towns, and whose bosom was beautified with an island, where rose the capital city, adorned with its temples and turrets, they were impressed at once with a conviction of the great wealth of the country, and with an irresistible desire to possess it. After the humiliating death of Montezuma, and the more barbarous subjugation of Guatimozin, the imperial city yielded to its conquerors, August 21, 1521, after sustaining a siege of 75 days. This event, the most memorable of any in the conquest of America, preceded the death of Cortes 25 years. The neglect of his country embittered the declining life of the victor ; and it was decreed, that the punishment of his injustice and cruelty should be inflicted, not by the vengeance of those whom he had injured, but by the ingratitude of those he had served.

*Note 21.—Line 400.*

*“ Deep were thy prison sighs,  
Ahatualpa.”*

The annals of the crimes of man are darkened with no blacker instance of perfidy, than that of Pizarro to the unfortunate monarch of Peru. Confiding in the protestations of the Spaniard, he advanced to the distance of a league from his city, to pay him a visit of respect. Pizarro instructed a priest to proclaim some of the articles of the Popish faith, strangely intermixed with the claims of the crown of Spain upon the New World, to which Ahatualpa not immediately assenting, the desperado seized him as his prisoner, and gave the signal of assault upon his followers.

The carnage continued till the close of day, and the Peruvians, unprepared for combat, and ignorant of the mode of European warfare, left 4000 dead upon the field, without scarcely making an impression upon the phalanx of their enemies. The imprisoned Inca made liberal offers for his ransom, and his subjects, like those of Richard Coeur de Lion, would have stripped the churches of their consecrated gold, to purchase liberty for their beloved sovereign. The apartment in which he was confined was 22 feet in length and 16 in breadth, and Pizarro demanded that it should be filled with vessels of gold, as high as he could reach. The line of demarcation was drawn upon the wall—the Peruvians hastened to heap the gold to the standard which avarice had prescribed, but with abominable treachery the Inca was detained in captivity. He was brought to a mock trial, and condemned to be burnt alive. The miserable monarch was offered, at the place of doom, that alternative which is allowed the victims of the “*Auto da fe*,” by the mercy of the Inquisition, to confess the Romish faith, and be strangled at the stake, or continue in heresy, and endure the anguish of the flame. Ahatualpa bowed to the baptismal font, and fell an immediate victim to the fury of those who, professing the “name of Christ, in works denied him.” This execrable deed was perpetrated in the year 1533; and, on the 26th of June 1541, Pizarro was destroyed by conspiracy in the city of Lima. The record of his fame is stained with atrocious barbarity; and he may be characterized, as the inhabitants of Melita unjustly designated the shipwrecked apostle, as “a murderer, whom, though he had escaped the sea, yet vengeance suffered not to live.”

*Note 22.—Line 421.*

*“ The Lusitanian bands  
Came flocking.”*

The discovery of Brazil is usually placed in the year 1500. The honour of that event is ascribed to Perez Alvarez Cabral, a Portuguese naval commander. He originally gave it the name of Santa Cruz, but this was changed to Brazil, by King Emmanuel. The derivation of the latter name is from *Brasas*, a Portuguese word, signifying “ glowing fire, or a red coal,” which colour resembles that produced by the celebrated tree “ *ibiripitanga*,” commonly called Brazil wood, with which that country abounds.

*Note 23.—Line 433.*

*“ Snatch’d for themselves a cold Acadia, white  
With frost, and drifted snow.”*

Acadia, the original name given by the French to Nova-Scotia, was their first possession in the New World. It was granted, in the year 1603, to De Mons, with somewhat indefinite boundaries, by Henry IV. of France. Settlements were made in Canada, five years after, by the same nation. Quebec, the capital, was reduced by General Wolfe in 1759, the year after his conquest of Cape Breton, or “ *Isle Royale*.” The whole of Canada was ceded to Great-Britain, by the treaty at Paris, in 1763.

*Note 24.—Line 436.*

*“ As Nilus ’mid the Abyssinian wastes  
Unseals through fringed reeds and willows dank  
His azure eyes ”*

The small source whence the St. Lawrence takes its rise, reminds us of the two parent springs of the Nile, whose size Rollin compares to that of a coach-wheel. They are, he remarks, thirty paces distant from each other, and are sometimes called eyes, “ the same word, in Arabic, signifying both eye and fountain.”

*Note 25.—Line 454.*

*“ Poor German exile.”*

The emigration from Germany to the United States, has been greater in recent times, than has generally been imagined. Only in the short

period included between July 12th, 1817, and the beginning of the year 1818, nineteen vessels arrived, bringing passengers to the number of 6000. They were of every age, from infancy to eighty years, and many of them so poor, that they were compelled to bind themselves out for a term of service, to defray the expenses of their scantily provided passage. M. von Fürstenwärther, who was officially appointed to examine the situation of his countrymen who had emigrated to the United States, reports, that "the ships made use of in this service, are commonly of the worst quality, old and unseaworthy, and the commanders ignorant, inexperienced, and brutal. I was on board of a vessel at the Helder, July 7th, 1817, which had formerly been a Russian ship of the line, which a Dutchman had bought for the sake of carrying German emigrants to Philadelphia. There were already four or five hundred souls on board, and the vessel was not to sail without her complement of passengers. I have found the misery of most of the German emigrants greater, and the condition of all more forlorn and helpless than I could have imagined. A ship arrived from Amsterdam at Baltimore, in the summer of 1817, the greater part of whose passengers had not paid their freight. Two families were bought by *free negroes* in Maryland, but the Germans resident in Baltimore were so disgusted, that they immediately rebought them, and formed an association to prevent the recurrence of any such degrading abuse."

"Laws have been passed in Philadelphia," says the North-American Review, "for the protection of German redemptioners; and by these it was established, that the extreme term of service, in ordinary cases, for adults, is four years, and two years for the shortest term. Children under four years old, are not bound, but follow their parents; males over four, are bound to serve till they are 21, and females till they are eighteen years old."—Stern realities, to those who parted from their native country with the expectation of finding in America something like Eden restored.

### *Note 26.—Line 482.*

*"Still thy breast conceals  
The feudal spirit."*

"In Germany the feudal institutions still subsist with great vigour. Its great princes possess all the feudal privileges."—*Robertson's Scotland.*



*Note 27.—Line 494.*

*“ The form of Condé gleams  
As when at Jarnac, rising o’er his wounds.”*

The intrepid Condé approached the battle of Jarnac, which was sustained by the Huguenots with such constancy in the year 1569, with an arm debilitated and in a state of suffering. Entering the field, his leg also was broken, by the accidental rearing of the horse of his brother in law. Rising superior to pain, he exclaimed to his followers, “ Nobility of France ! know, that the prince of Condé, with an arm in a scarf, and a leg broken, fears not to give battle, since you attend him.” After displaying prodigies of valour, he was found, exhausted with fatigue, surrounded, and taken captive. He was placed at the foot of a tree, by those who had made him their prisoner, and, while in this defenceless condition, was barbarously shot by Montesquieu, a captain in the guards of the Duke of Anjou, whose master was supposed to have instigated the infamous deed, from motives of personal animosity. The persecuted Huguenots ever cherished with tender gratitude the memory of their great benefactor. We may trace a strong expression of this affectionate sentiment, in the fact recorded by Heriot, in his “ travels through the Canadas,” that the name of Condé was given, by the early French settlers, to Lake Superior, as if they were anxious that his fame should find a monument in the most magnificent body of fresh and pellucid waters which the globe affords.

*Note 28.—Line 505.*

*“ His eye that Hero turn’d  
Toward the New World.”*

It is well known that Admiral Coligny had contemplated a removal with the Huguenots, where, enjoying liberty of conscience, they might be enabled without dread of death to say, “ after the way which ye call heresy, so worship we the God of our fathers.” Permission had actually been accorded him, to conduct his adherents to the Floridas, but the design was deferred until the commencement of hostilities detained him to exhibit, on the continent of Europe, the invincible firmness and constancy of his character. He was the first victim of the diabolical massacre at Paris, on

St. Bartholomew's day, 1572. Having been previously wounded by a hired assassin, and disenabled from defending himself, he was murdered in his chamber by a party led on by his implacable enemy, the Duke of Guise.

## NOTES

TO

## CANTO SECOND.

*Note 1.—Line 24.*

*“ — still their eyes were bent  
In the dark caverns of the earth to grope  
For drossy ore.”*

The thirst of gold, which excited both the enterprize and the barbarity of the settlers of South-America, pervaded in some degree the colonists of Virginia. About the year 1607, a glittering earth was discovered in the channel of a small stream near Jamestown, and from that time, says Stith in his history, “there was no thought, no discourse, no hope, and no work, but to dig gold, wash gold, refine gold, and load gold.” Capt. Smith’s representations of the folly of such conduct had no effect, and they persisted in loading a vessel for England with this drossy dust. “Two vessels,” says Judge Marshall, “returned thither in the spring and summer of 1608, one laden with this dust, and the other with cedar. the first remittances ever made from America by an English colony.”

*Note 2.—Line 45.*

*“ The Poet lur’d  
His muse to emigrate.”*

Among the colonists of New England, who came under the protection of the son of Sir Ferdinando Gorges, in 1623, was the Rev. William Morrell, an Episcopal Clergyman, bearing a Commission from the Ecclesiastical Court in England to exercise superintendency over such churches as might be established in the new region. He was a man of

classical taste, and described that part of the country which he explored, in an elegant Latin poem, a few specimens of which are subjoined with an attempt at translation. But he early made the discovery that the climate was uncongenial to his favourite art, and too frigid for the expansion of genius, and he returned to his native country, after an absence of one year.

“Hactenus ignotam populis ego carmine primus,  
Te Nova, de veteri cui contigit Anglia nomen,  
Aggredior trepidus pingui celebrare Minerva.  
Fer mihi numen opem, cupienti singula plectro  
Pandere veridico, quæ nuper vidimus ipsi :  
Ut breviter vereque sonent modulamina nostra,  
Temperiem cœli, vim terræ, munera ponti,  
Et varios gentis mores, velamina cultus.  
Anglia felici merito Nova nomine gaudens,  
Sævos nativi mores pertæsi coloni,  
Indigni penitus populi tellure feraci,  
Mæsta superfusus attollit fletibus ora,  
Antiquos precibus flectens ardentibus Anglos,  
Numinis æterni felicem lumine gentem  
Efficere : æternis quæ nunc peritura tenebris.”

—“Sunt etenim populi minimi sermonis, et oris  
Austeri, risusque parum, sævique superbi ;  
Constricto nodis hirsuto crine sinistro,  
Imparibus formis tendentes ordine villos ;  
Mollia magnanima peragentes otia gentes,  
Arte sagittiferâ pollentes, cursibus, armis  
Astutæ ; recto, robusto corpore et alto,  
Pellibus indutæ cervinis, frigora contra  
Aspera.”

—“Num sua lunari distinguunt tempora motu,  
Non quot Phœbus habet cursus, sed quot sua conjux  
Expletus vicibus convertat Cynthia cursus :  
Noctibus enumerant sua tempora, nulla diebus,  
Mosque diis Indis est inservire duobus,  
Quorum mollis, amans, bona dans, inimica, repellens

Unus, amore bonum venerantur : at invidus alter,  
 Dizos effundens cum turbine, fulgura nimbos.  
 Afficiensque malis variis, morbisque nefandis,  
 Et violentis : hunc gelidà formidine adorant."

Hail, unknown World ! in shades so long enroll'd !  
 My trembling voice reveals thee to the Old,  
 I, of rude wit, and undistinguish'd name,  
 Inscribe thy record on the scroll of fame,  
 Myself a stranger, choose the stranger's theme,  
 And first for thee invoke the poet's dream :  
 Oh ! may some heavenly Muse th' attempt inspire  
 And pour her spirit o'er my shrinking lyre.

Thy genial breezes bear the blush of health,  
 Earth spreads her gifts, and Ocean yields his wealth,  
 Yet 'mid thy happy lot incessant sighs  
 Heave thy pure breast, and tears distain thine eyes,  
 Thy abject race a speechless sorrow wakes,  
 And still thine eye its supplication makes,  
 For some blest beam to light their hopeless tomb,  
 And snatch their souls from everlasting gloom.

—Men, spare in language, and of brow austere,  
 Averse from laughter, and in wrath severe,  
 Supreme in strength the stubborn bow to wield,  
 And bold in courage 'mid the blood-stain'd field ;  
 Men of proud spirit, and of fierce design,  
 Tho' oft in lingering indolence supine,  
 Swift in the race as speeds the rushing storm,  
 With wind-swept tresses, and majestic form,  
 Clad in rude skins that mark the hunter's toil,  
 Throng the dark wild, but shun a cultur'd soil.  
 Not by the smile which ardent Phœbus gives,  
 When to her annual goal the Earth arrives,  
 Not by the changes of revolving Day,  
 Their time they measure, or existence weigh :  
 But by the lamp which gentle Cynthia burns,

As round our orb her silver axle turns,  
 And by the march of slow majestic Night,  
 Whose tardy vigils mock the trembling light.  
 —Two Pow'rs unseen, their humbled hearts confess,  
 One, full of good, omnipotent to bless,  
 And one, in clouds who veils his awful form,  
 His sport the lightning, and his voice the storm:  
 To that, in love, their grateful vows they pour,  
 And this, through fear, with abject rites adore.

Another poet, also, at a still earlier period, hazarded a transportation to our western clime. This was Stephen Parmenias, a man of great learning, who was born at Buda, in Hungary, about the middle of the 16th century. For the completion of his education, he visited the most celebrated European universities, and during his residence in England, forming a friendship for Sir Humphrey Gilbert, the half brother of Sir Walter Raleigh, decided to accompany him in his expedition to America, under the patronage of Queen Elizabeth. In the summer of 1583, they arrived at Newfoundland, and took possession of it, in the name of the British crown. The Hungarian poet preserved the memory of this expedition, in an elegant Latin poem, rich with classical allusions, but on his return to Europe the same year, unfortunately perished in a violent storm, together with the admiral, and nearly a hundred of the crew. The poem alluded to, and likewise a more particular account of this interesting Hungarian, may be found in the ninth volume of the "Collections of the Massachusetts Historical Society."

*Note 3.—Line 75.*

*"Thrice had he beheld  
 His fading race scatter'd like autumn leaves."*

Powhatan told Captain Smith that he was "very old, and had seen the death of all his people thrice, so that not one of the first generation was living beside himself." Mr. Jefferson, in his "Notes on Virginia," relates that at the first settlement of the English, the territories of Powhatan, were said to comprise 8000 square miles.

No. 4.—*Line 51.*

*"The brave accomplish'd Smith."*

Capt. John Smith, who accompanied the Colony, which, in 1607, planted itself at Jamestown, displayed so many uncommon talents, suited to the exigencies of those difficult times, that the early historians have been eloquent in his praise. Stith, in his *History of Virginia*, written in the year 1747, records in his antiquated style, the testimony of the soldiers, and fellow-adventurers of Smith. "They confess that in that age, there were many captains who were no soldiers, but that he was a soldier of the true old English stamp, who fought, not for gain or empty praise, but for his country's honour and the public good; that his wit, courage and success were worthy of eternal memory; that by the mere force of his virtue and courage, he awed the Indian kings, and made them submit and bring presents; that notwithstanding such a stern and invincible resolution, there was seldom seen a milder and more tender heart than his was; that he had nothing in him counterfeit or sly; but was open, honest, and sincere, and that they never knew a soldier before him, so free from the military vices of wine, tobacco, debts, dice, and oaths." Judge Marshall, in his biography of Washington, in describing the expedients which Capt. Smith devised, and the dangers which he encountered for the protection of the colony, remarks, that "he preserved his health unimpaired, his spirits unbroken, and his judgment unclouded, amidst the general misery and dejection." After his liberation from captivity by Powhatan, he concerted measures for the safety of the colony, and the welfare of his government, he undertook a bold expedition to explore the waters of the Chesapeake, and to make researches into the countries upon its shores. "He entered," says Marshall, "most of the large creeks, and sailed up many of the great rivers to their falls. He made accurate observations on the extensive territories through which he passed, and on the various tribes inhabiting them, with whom he alternately fought, negotiated and traded. In the various situations in which he found himself, he always displayed judgment, courage, and that presence of mind, which is so essential to the character of a commander; and he never failed

finally to inspire the savages whom he encountered, with the most exalted opinion of himself, and of his nation. When we consider that he sailed above three thousand miles in an open boat; when we contemplate the dangers, the hardships, he endured, and the fortitude, patience, and courage with which he bore them; when we reflect on the useful and important additions which he made to the stock of knowledge, respecting America, then possessed by his countrymen, we shall not hesitate to say that few voyages of discovery, undertaken at any time, reflect more honour on those engaged in them, than this does on Captain Smith."

*Note 5.—Line 92.*

"— ere Manhood's tinge had bronzed

*His blooming cheek."*

Captain Smith was born at Willoughby in 1759, and at the time of his slavery in Constantinople, when most of the romantic adventures of his life had terminated, the hero had only attained the age of 23 years.

*Note 6.—Line 171.*

"Where Marseilles retreats

*To rocky barrier."*

Marseilles, the ancient Massilia, is situated at the foot of a rocky mountain near the sea. Its natural advantages for commerce were such, that its trade flourished even in the days of Gothic barbarism. The politeness and literature of its early inhabitants, were so conspicuous, that Livy pronounced it to have been as much polished as if it had risen in the midst of Greece; and Cicero denominated it the "Athens of the Gauls."

*Note 7.—Line 183.*

"Oft they describ'd

*The cell with lingering rainbow ever bright."*

The niche, in which the statue of the Virgin is placed in the "Casa Santa" of the church at Loretto, is adorned among other costly decorations, with 71 large Bohemian Topazes; near it stands an angel of cast gold, profusely enriched with gems and diamonds; and the lustre of the precious stones with which this cell is ornamented, has been compared by pilgrims to a rainbow,



eclipsing the lamps with which it is contrasted. The chamber, containing this statue, is alleged by the adherents of the Romish church, to have been carried through the air by angels in the month of May, 1291, from Galilee to Tersato, in Dalmatia. From thence it was removed in the same manner, after having reposed somewhat more than four years, and set down in a wood in Italy, about midnight in the month of December, where it remained nearly 200 years, before it was noticed by any author of that country.

*Note 8.—Line 302.*

*"Almost it seem'd*

*That the strange fable caught from Pagan lore."*

The doctrine of Purgatory, which some have derived from the Platonic fancies of Origen, the Montanism of Tertullian, pretended visions, or doubtful expressions of the later fathers, was introduced in part towards the close of the fifth century, but not positively affirmed till the year 1140, nor made an article of faith, till the council of Trent.

*Note 9.—Line 377.*

*"And 'seas of flame.'"*

Moscow, in its conflagration, was emphatically compared to an "Ocean of flame."

*Note 10.—Line 441.*

*"There Samos spread*

*Her beauteous harbours o'er the violet wave,*

*While in perspective soft her green fields gleam'd*

*In semi-annual harvest."*

Between Samos and Icaria, the intensely deep blue colour of the water has been noticed by voyagers; and in the 'Childe Harold' of Lord Byron, it is denominated the "dark blue sea." Athenæus relates, that in Samos, the fig-trees, apple-trees, rose-trees, and vines, bore fruit twice in a year.

*Note 11.—Line 446.*

*"Rosy Rhodes."*

The etymology of Rhodes, has been sought in the Greek word "Rhodon," signifying a rose, with which flower that island

abounded. The classical traveller, Clarke, observes, "from the number of appellations it has borne at different periods, it might at last have received the name of the Polynoman Island. It has been called Ophiusa, from the number of its serpents; Telchynis; Corymbria; Trinacria; Æthræa, from its cloudless sky; Asteria, because at a distance its figure appears like that of a star; Poessa; Atabyria; Oloessa; Macaria, and Pelagia. Some are of opinion that Rhodes was first peopled by the descendants of Dodanim, the fourth son of Javan. Both the Septuagint and Samaritan translation of the Pentateuch, instead of Dodanim use Rodonim; and by this appellation the Greeks always distinguished the Rhodians."

*Note 12.—Line 449.*

*"Those golden showers which testified the love  
Of ardent Phœbus."*

The exuberant fertility of the soil of this island gave occasion to those fables embellished by the poets, of golden showers which they pretended to have fallen upon it. They feigned also a story of the love of Phœbus for Rhodes, and asserted it to have been an uninhabitable marsh, until it was loved by him, and drawn from the waters by his powerful influence. But now, under Turkish oppression, the island no longer merits the appellation of "fortunate;" and the golden showers of fiction, are changed to the iron influence of tyranny and desolation.

*Note 13.—Line 563.*

*"Vespasian's Coliseum, where the Goth,—  
Stood in amazement."*

The Coliseum, sometimes called the Flavian amphitheatre, was commenced by Flavius Vespasian, in the year 72, but finished by Titus, who employed upon it such of the Jews, as were brought in slavery to Rome. This vast structure was viewed with wonder by the Gothic conquerors; and the venerable Bede records a proverbial expression of the pilgrims of the north, by which in the 8th century they testified their admiration: "As long as the Coliseum stands, will Rome stand, when the Coliseum falls, Rome must fall, and with Rome, the world shall fall."

*Note 14.—Line 578.**“ — through the wreck**Of Devastation's wantonness.”*

Notwithstanding the Coliseum had in various instances been the subject of dilapidation, had furnished stone for the construction of the Farnese Palace, by Michael Angelo, and had even been thrown open as a common quarry, in the 14th century, for the use of the multitude, yet in the middle of the 16th century, its exterior circumference of 1612 feet still remained inviolate, and a triple elevation of fourscore arches was preserved, rising to the height of 108 feet.

*Note 15.—Line 579.**“ Where the pavilion with its purple pomp.”*

Persons of the highest dignity had places assigned to them in a part of the amphitheatre called the Podium, near the centre of which was the Imperial Pavilion, lined with silk, and embellished in the most splendid manner.

*Note 16.—Line 582.**“ The Cunei, dividing with strict care**Patrician from Plebeian.”*

The Cunei distinguished the seats appointed for the different classes of the people, so that every one might be conducted to the place allotted, by the laws of the amphitheatre, to his respective rank. The strictest attention was exercised, lest any might obtain a dignity of station to which he was not entitled; and the Cunei were under the direction of officers called Locarii, while the general care of the Coliseum was entrusted to the grand Villicus amphitheatri.

*Note 17.—Line 590.**“ Those Vomitories, whence the noisy crowd**Issu'd abrupt.”*

The entrances to the passages and stair-cases were styled Vomitories; and the crowd passing through them to witness favourite exhibitions was immense. Justus Lipsius asserts, that the Coliseum was capable of accommodating 87,000 spectators on benches; and Fontana added 22,000 for the galleries, stair-cases, and passages. On the ground plan, the ex-

terior surface of the ellipsis covered a superficies of 246,661 feet, (more than five and a half acres,) and consisted of eighty arches, opening into a spacious double corridor, from whence radiated eighty passages and staircases, leading either to two inner corridors, to the arena, or to the galleries.

*Note 18.—Line 594.*

*“The spreading Velum’s gorgeous canopy.”*

At the summit of the Flavian amphitheatre was a sixth story, or rather floor, appropriated to those who managed the Velum, which was an awning of various colours, occasionally stretched to protect the audience from rain, or the heat of the sun, and which, by means of cords and pullies, could be extended or withdrawn at pleasure.

*Note 19.—Line 601.*

*“Fought the stern Gladiators.”*

The combats of Gladiators, were early exhibited at Rome, and the people became so strongly attached to these entertainments, that the emperors found it politic to indulge their barbarous taste. Julius Cæsar, during his ædileship, gratified the populace with combats between 320 pair of gladiators; and Gordian, before the imperial purple was conferred upon him, gave those shows twelve times in a year, in some of which 500 couple were engaged. Titus exhibited a show of gladiators, wild beasts, and representations of sea-fights upon the Coliseum, which lasted 100 days, and Trajan continued an exhibition of the same nature during one third of a year, in the course of which he brought out 10,000 gladiators. The master, by whom these miserable combatants were instructed in the science of defence, forced them to swear that they would fight till death, and if they displayed cowardice, they were made to expire by fire, sword, or whips, unless the voice of the emperor, or the people, gave them life,

*Note 20.—Line 613.*

*“Which first upon its sacred banner bore  
The name of Christ.”*

“The disciples were first called Christians at Antioch.”—Acts xi. 26. Ignatius was the second bishop of this church, and, according to Eusebius, succeeded Euodius, near the close of the first century after the death of Christ. He suffered martyrdom in the amphitheatre at Rome,

during the persecution of Trajan ; and was venerated, even among his foes, for his years and piety.

*Note 21.—Line 615.*

*“ Full on thy right ear pour’d  
The melody of Heaven.”*

Ignatius was the first who introduced antiphonal singing among the churches of the East, which, according to Socrates, the ecclesiastical historian, he first learnt from a vision, in which the glorified spirits of heaven appeared, singing in alternate measures, hymns of praise to the Everlasting Trinity.

*Note 22.—Line 661.*

*“ Thy curb controul’d  
The tossing Danube.”*

Trajan, in the year 104, constructed a bridge over the Danube, which was long admired as a relic of antiquity. After his conquest of Assyria, he descended the Tigris with his fleet, and had the honour of being both the first and the last Roman general who navigated the Indian Ocean.

*Note 23.—Line 670.*

*“ The arch of Titus, rich with victories  
O’er humbled Judah.”*

The arch of Titus is of the composite order, and represents upon its frieze his conquest of Judea, a delineation of the river Jordan, with the captives who attended his triumph, and the spoil and sacred utensils from the desolated temple.

*Note 24.—Line 709.*

*“ — who early wise  
Learnt with a philosophic sway to quell  
The passions’ mutiny.”*

Marcus Aurelius Antoninus, who erected the celebrated Antonine column, to the memory of Antoninus Pius, made such great and early proficiency in his studies, that at the age of twelve years he assumed the philosophical gown. With the gravity of a philosopher he blended no severity, but continued virtuous without pride, and grave without melancholy. Such was the enthusiasm of his gratitude to those who had aided

him in the pursuits of knowledge, that he kept their images of gold in his domestic chapel, and offered garlands of flowers at their tombs.

*Note 25.—Line 728.*

*“ — the blest christian Emperor Constantine.”*

The splendid reign of Constantine, when the Church past from a state of suffering to one of comparative power, when she was appointed to “arise from the dust, and put on her beautiful garments,” is well known to every reader of ecclesiastical history. Among the triumphs of Christianity which shed lustre on the annals of this prosperous prince, may be numbered the prohibition of the barbarous spectacles of gladiators, which was decreed by him in the East, on the first of October 325, and by Theodoric in the West, about the year 500.

*Note 26.—Line 763.*

*“ — like the brand*

*Of mighty Scanderberg.”*

The interesting scene of modern Greece contending with her oppressors, for her ancient birthright, and her long-trampled liberty, leads the mind back to the noble exploits of Scanderberg the Great, Prince of Albania. He was sent, when young, as a hostage to Amurath II. by his father, who held his territory in subjection to the Turkish government. Here he received the best education consistent with the Mahometan system, and so early distinguished himself for courage and military ability, that he received the command of a body of troops, at the age of eighteen. The death of his father in 1432, filled him with an unconquerable desire to redeem his native principality from Turkish thralldom. Attending the Mahometan army into Hungary, he entered into an alliance with the celebrated Huniades, king of that country, and soon after began to contend for the liberties of Albania. After many years of warfare with Mahomet II. the successor of Amurath, he established his dominion, and compelled his foes to propose conditions of peace. His invincible courage was acknowledged throughout Europe; and in him the spirit of the ancient heroes and conquerors of Greece seems to have revived. He died at the age of 63, and from that period Albania has been the subject of Turkish oppression. Even foes were constrained to pay homage to the valour and greatness of Scanderberg, and when they besieged Lissa, the place of his

sepulchre, they disinterred his bones, and had them set in silver, viewing them as precious relics and powerful amulets.

*Note 27.—Line 804.*

*“Alba-Regalis and Olumpagh fell  
Shaming the Moslem.”*

“During the sieges of Olumpagh, and Alba-Regalis, young Smith was the projector of stratagems, and the conductor of certain modes of attack, which manifested an unusual talent for the art of war, and rendered the most essential services to the Christian cause. The command of a horse, and the rank of first major, were conferred on him, as an acknowledgment of his high desert.”—*Biography of Capt. Smith.*

*Note 28.—Line 886.*

*“—while honours and rewards  
Whelm him in rich profusion.”*

Smith, at his return from this eventful tournament, was attended by 6000 men at arms to the pavilion of the general, where he received the most flattering reception, and was presented with a noble war-horse, richly caparisoned, and a scimitar and belt of great value. The Duke of Transylvania gave him his own miniature set in gold, accompanied with the kindest expressions of regard, and issued letters patent of nobility, giving him for his arms three Turks' heads emblazoned on a shield. These were afterwards recorded in the herald's office in England, and became the permanent arms of Smith and his descendants.

*Note 29.—Line 893.*

*“From heaps of slain  
In dark disastrous hour the youth is drawn  
Half lifeless.”*

This was at the unfortunate engagement of Rottenton, in 1602, when the carnage of the Christian army was very extensive. Smith was left on the field among the dead, but the pillagers perceiving that he still breathed, and supposing from the elegance of his armour, that his ransom would be ample, took great pains to restore his life. After this was effected, and no one sought his redemption, he was sold at auction with other prisoners, and purchased by a bashaw, as a present to his mistress, a lady of distinguished beauty.

*Note 30.—Line 928.**“Driven from the beauteous shades.”*

The partiality of Charitza exciting the jealousy of her mother, Smith was sent into Tartary, to her brother, the timor-bashaw of Nalbrits, on the Palus Mœotis.

*Note 31.—Line 938.**“When the tyrant’s wrath**Heap’d insolence with outrage, his bold hand**Aveng’d it in his blood.”*

Smith, exasperated by the personal brutalities of his master, struck him dead with a threshing bat, in his barn, about a league from his mansion. Burying the body beneath the straw, he arrayed himself in the clothes of the dead bashaw, mounted his horse, and with only a knapsack of corn for his subsistence, fled for three days with the utmost precipitation through the deserts of Circassia. Accidentally finding the main road to Muscovy, he travelled upon it 16 days, under the greatest pressure of hunger and fatigue, until he reached a garrison on the Russian frontier, where he found a safe refuge and a cordial welcome.

*Note 32.—Line 949.**“— he survey’d**Europe’s exhaustless stores.”*

After taking a range through various countries of Asia and Europe, he met at Leipsic his faithful patron, the Duke of Transylvania, who presented him with 1500 ducats to repair his decaying finances, and furnished him with letters of recommendation, setting forth his military services. He then took an extensive circuit through Germany, France and Spain. He passed also into Africa, and was allured, says his biographer, “by the rumours of war, and the native affinity of his mind for dangers, to spend some time at the court of Morocco.” This must have been at the period of those competitions for the sovereignty which succeeded the death of Muley Achmet in 1603, and which were finally decided by the succession of his youngest son, Muley Sidon, who reigned until the year 1630.



*Note 33.—Line 961.**“ Fring’d with the rose-bay on its graceful stem.”*

The Nereum Oleander, a beautiful tree, delighting in moist situations, adorns the margin of the Mulluvia, a considerable river, which rises in Mount Atlas, and pursues its course to the Mediterranean, partly dividing Algiers from Morocco.

*Note 34.—Line 971.**“ — ’neath the simple shade**Of his umbrella, holds his Meshooar.”*

In the empire of Morocco, there is no code of laws, but the will of a despotic monarch disposes of wealth, liberty, opinion, or existence, without appeal. Wherever he happens to be, he grants public audience four times a week, for the distribution of justice, sitting on horseback, while a groom holds an umbrella over his head. This the Moors call holding the “Meshooar;” though there is also a place in the city of Morocco distinctively styled “the Meshooar,” because devoted to these audiences. It is surrounded by walls, and situated between the old palace and the magnificent pavilions erected by Sidi Mahomet.

*Note 35.—Line 988.**“ Yet still the deep foundations of the main  
Echo’d those battle thunders.”*

Smith returned to his native country by the way of France, and in his passage across the channel in a French galley, was in a desperate conflict with two Spanish ships of war, which continued nearly three days, and terminated in the discomfiture of the Spaniards.

*Note 36.—Line 994.**“ A hardy pioneer to this New World,  
Hewing out danger’s path.”*

Capt. Smith was one of the original company to which James I. under the date of April 10th, 1606, granted letters patent for the colonization of America. He was appointed to a seat in the first council of what was then denominated the “South Colony,” and though he met with the opposition which envy testifies to superior merit, he was afterwards elected president of that body. He embarked with his associates from England,

with Capt. Grosnold, on the 19th of December 1606, but did not arrive on the coast of Virginia, until past the middle of the succeeding spring.

*Note 37.—Line 1006.*

*“ There enthron’d*

*Sat great Powhatan.”*

The Indian monarch at this audience was seated on a throne somewhat resembling a bedstead, clothed in a flowing robe composed of the skins of the Racoon, with a fanciful coronet of feathers upon his head. His residence was at Worowocomoco, and his sway not only extensive but imperial, in the true signification of the term ; for he exercised dominion over thirty tributary kings.

*Note 38.—Line 1024.*

*“ No such kind repast*

*In gentle friendship, heralded thy death,*

*Poor Ugolino.”*

The death of Count Ugolino and his sons, by hunger, in the prison of Pisa, during the contest of the Guelphs and Ghibellines, at the close of the thirteenth century, furnished a subject for one of the most striking historical pictures of Sir Joshua Reynolds, and is described by Dante in his “ *Inferno*,” with great poetical energy.

“ Dreams wak’d me ere the dawn, when in their sleep  
I heard my children groan, and call for bread,  
Oh cruel ! should no pity touch thy soul  
’To think how much a father’s heart presag’d ?  
If now thou shedd’st no tears, what have thy eyes  
Been us’d to weep at ? Now my boys awoke ;  
The hour arriv’d, when each expected food,  
As wonted, would be brought him ; but his heart  
Mistrusted, when each thought upon his dream,  
And I—oh horrible ! that instant heard  
The dungeon’s iron doors more firmly lock’d :  
In desperate silence on my sons I gaz’d,  
I could not weep—my breast was turn’d to stone.  
The little victims wept, and one began,

(My dear Anselmo,) 'Father! why that look!  
What ails my Father?'

Ah! I could not weep,  
Nor answer all that day, nor yet that night,  
Till on the world another morn arose.  
As faintly through our doleful prison gleam'd  
The tremulous ray, so I could view again  
Each face, on which my features were imprest,  
Both hands I gnaw'd in agony and rage.  
Sweet innocents! They thought me hunger-stung,  
And rising on a sudden, all exclaim'd,  
'Father! our anguish would be less severe  
If thou would'st feed on us. This fleshly vest  
Thou didst bestow; now take it back again.'  
I check'd my inward nature, lest my groans  
Should aggravate their anguish. All were mute  
That bitter day, and all the morrow.

Earth!

Why didst thou not obdurate earth! dispart?  
The fourth sad morning came, when at my feet  
My Gaddo fell extended. 'Help,' he cried,  
'Canst thou not help me, father?' and expir'd.  
Thus wither'd as thou see'st me, one by one  
I saw my children ere the sixth morn, die.  
Then seiz'd with sudden blindness, on my knees  
I grop'd among them, calling each by name  
For three days after they were dead. At length  
Famine and death clos'd up the scene of woe."

*Note 39.—Line 1065.*

*"—one young timid maid  
Sat near the throne."*

The Princess Pocahontas, in many instances, besides the rescue of Capt. Smith, signified a firm friendship for the English colony. From famine and secret conspiracy, she was more than once the instrument of deliverance. "Oft times," says Capt. Smith, in his history of Virginia,

"in the utmost of my extremities, hath that blessed Pocahontas, the daughter of the great king of Virginia, saved my life." With the heroic magnanimity of a noble soul, she united the softness and tenderness of the feminine character. Yet notwithstanding all her acts of disinterested kindness to the English, she was treacherously decoyed by them on board one of their vessels, and carried to Jamestown. Still their sense of honour moved them to treat her with all that respect which her correct deportment and high rank deserved.

"The motive to this step," says Judge Marshall, in his *Life of Washington*, "was a hope, that the possession of Pocahontas would give the English an ascendancy over Powhatan, her father, who was known to dote on her. In this, however, they were disappointed. Powhatan offered first, corn, then friendship, if they would immediately restore his daughter, but refused to come to any terms until that reparation was made for what he resented as an act of treachery. During the detention of the Princess at Jamestown, she made an impression on the heart of Mr. Rolfe, a young gentleman of estimation in the colony, who also succeeded in gaining her affections. They were married with the consent of Powhatan, who by this event was entirely reconciled to the English, and ever after continued their sincere friend." After the arrival of Pocahontas in England, with her husband, a petition was addressed in her behalf to Queen Anne, by Capt. Smith, bearing the date of June 1616, in the course of which he mentions, "Being taken prisoner by the power of Powhatan, I received from this great savage exceeding great courtesy, especially from his son Nantaquas, the manliest, comeliest, boldest spirit that I ever saw in an Indian, and this sister Pocahontas, the king's most dear and well-beloved daughter, whose compassionate, pitiful heart of my desperate estate, gave me much cause to respect her. I being the first Christian that this proud king and his grim attendants ever saw, and thus enthralled in their barbarous power, I cannot say that I ever felt the least occasion of want, which was in the power of these my mortal foes to prevent. After some six weeks falling under these savage courtiers, at the moment of my own execution, she hazarded the beating out of her own brains to save mine, and then Nantaquas so prevailed with his father, that I was safely conducted to Jamestown, where I found about 38 miserable, poor and sick creatures, to keep possession for all those large territories of

Virginia. Such was the weakness of this poor commonwealth, that had not the Indians fed us, we directly had starved. And this relief, most gracious Queen, was commonly brought us by the Lady Pocahontas, who, notwithstanding all the changes when inconstant fortune turned our peace into war, would not spare to dare to visit us ; and by her our jars have been often appeased, and our wants still supplied. When her father, with the utmost of his policy and power, sought to surprize me, having but eighteen with me, the dark night could not affright her from adventuring through the darksome woods, and with tearful eyes giving me the intelligence, with her best advice how to escape his fury, which had the king known he had surely slain her. She, under God, was the instrument to preserve this colony from death, famine, and utter confusion : for if in those times it had been once dissolved, Virginia might have lain unto this day, as it was at our arrival."

The age of Pocahontas, at the time of her saving the life of Capt. Smith, is usually fixed at thirteen years, though Mr. Davis, in a note to his song of the "Angel of the Wild," represents her as a child of only eleven years. As this poetical effusion happily displays the tender sensibility of that noble heroine, it is extracted as a close to this note.

#### THE ANGEL OF THE WILD.

"Sunt lachrymæ."—*Virg.*

Now blazes bright the wigwam-hall,  
 The plumed Chiefs are circled wide,  
 Above the crowd with lordly call  
 Sits Powhatan, in frowning pride.  
 The captive Smith, in bonds is brought,  
 His head reclines upon a stone,  
 The fatal club of Death is sought,  
 While tawny maids his fate bemoan.  
 When lo ! with scream of anguish loud,  
 A tender child, in gorgeous vest,  
 Runs to the stranger through the crowd,  
 And kneeling, clasps him to her breast.  
 See, see, her arms around him twin'd,  
 And hear her pour the piteous wail ;  
 As if for hopeless love she pin'd,

Her tresses loose, her dear cheek pale.  
 "Stay, stay the club!" exclaims the king,  
 And hush the white man's dire alarms."  
 Then rushing through the shouting ring  
 He strains his daughter in his arms.  
 Fair Spirit! nurs'd in forest wild,  
 Whence caught thy breast those sacred flames  
 That mark thee Mercy's meekest child  
 Beyond proud Europe's titled dames.  
 Scalps and war-weapons met thy gaze,  
 And trophies wove in blood-stain'd wreath;  
 Thy birth-star was the funeral blaze,  
 Thy lullaby the song of death.  
 But Pity sought thee in the wild,  
 Invisible, thy cradle rock'd,  
 Seraphic Love his offerings pil'd  
 And heavenly graces round thee flock'd.

*Note 40.—Line 1137.*

"While with the diamond seal of truth he stamps  
 His oathless treaty."

Clarkson, in his life of William Penn, describes the manner in which his great treaty with the Indians was confirmed, in the year 1682. "The religious principles of Penn," says his biographer, "which led him to the practice of the most scrupulous morality, did not permit him to look upon the king's patent, or legal possession according to the laws of England, as sufficient to establish his right to the country, without purchasing it by fair and open bargain of the natives, to whom it properly belonged. He had instructed commissioners who arrived in America before him, to buy it of the latter, and to make with them a treaty of eternal friendship. This, those commissioners had done, and now, by mutual agreement between him and the Indian chiefs, it was to be solemnly ratified. He proceeded, therefore, accompanied by his friends, consisting of men, women, and young persons of both sexes, to Coaquannoc, the Indian name for the place where Philadelphia now stands. On his arrival, he found the sachems and their tribes assembling. They were seen through the woods,

as far as the eye could reach, and looked frightfully both on account of their number and their arms. The Quakers are reported to have been but a handful in comparison, and without any weapon; so that dismay and terror must have seized them, had they not confided in the righteousness of their cause. It is much to be regretted, when we have accounts of minor treaties, between William Penn and the Indians, that no historian has any particular detail of this, though so many mention it, and all concur in considering it the most glorious of any in the annals of the world. There are, however, relations in Indian speeches, and traditions in Quaker families, descended from those who were present on the occasion, from which we may learn something concerning it. It appears that though the parties were to assemble at Coaquannoc, the treaty was made a little higher up, at Shackamaxon. Upon this site, Kensington now stands, the houses of which may be considered as the suburbs of Philadelphia. There was at Shackamaxon, an elm tree of a prodigious size. To this, the leaders on both sides repaired, approaching each other under its widely-spreading branches. William Penn appeared in his usual dress. He had neither crown, sceptre, mace, sword, halberd, or any insignia of eminence. He was distinguished only by wearing a sky-blue sash round his waist, made of silk net-work, and of no larger dimensions than an officer's military sash, which, except in colour, it resembled. On his right hand was Col. Markham, his secretary and relative; on his left, his friend Pierson, followed by the train of Quakers. Before him were carried various articles of merchandize, which, when they came near the Sachems, were spread upon the ground. He held a roll of parchment, containing the confirmation of the treaty of purchase and amity, in his hand. One of the Sachems, who was the chief of them, then put upon his own head a kind of chaplet, in which appeared a small horn. This, according to scripture language, and among the primitive eastern nations, was an emblem of kingly power; and whenever the Chief who had a right to wear it, put it on, it was understood that the place was made sacred, and the persons of all present inviolable. Upon putting on this horn, all the Indians threw down their bows and arrows, seating themselves round their Chiefs, in the form of a half moon upon the ground. The principal Sachem then announced to William Penn, by the aid of an interpreter, that the nations were ready to hear him. He then said, that the Great

Spirit, who made him and them, who ruled the heavens and the earth, and was acquainted with the innermost thoughts of man, knew that he and his friends had a hearty desire to live in peace and friendship with them, and serve them to the utmost of their power. It was not their custom to use hostile weapons against their fellow-creatures, therefore, came they to this treaty unarmed. Their object was not to do injury, and thus provoke the Great Spirit, but to do good. They had met them on the broad path-way of good faith and good will, so that no advantage was to be taken on either side, but all was to be openness, brotherhood and love. After these and other words, he unrolled the parchment, and by means of the same interpreter, conveyed to them, article by article, the conditions of the purchase, and the words of the contract then made for their eternal union. Among other things, they were not to be molested in their lawful pursuits, even in the territory they had alienated, for it was to be common to them, as well as to the English. They were to have the same liberty to do all things therein, relating to the improvement of their grounds, and providing sustenance for their families, which the English had. If any dispute should arise between the two, it should be settled by twelve persons, half of whom should be English, and half Indians. He then paid them for the land, and made them many presents beside, from the merchandize which was spread before them. Having done this, he laid the roll of parchment on the ground, observing again, that the ground should be common to both people. He then added, that he would not do like the inhabitants of Maryland, that is, call them only children or brothers; for parents were sometimes unkind to their children, and brothers would often differ; neither would he compare the friendship between them to a chain, which the rain might rust, or a tree fall upon and break; but he should consider them as the same flesh and blood with the Christians, the same as if a man's body was to be divided into two parts. Taking up the parchment, he then presented it to the Sachem who wore the horn in his chaplet, and desired him and the other Sachems to preserve it carefully for three generations, that their children might know what had passed between them, when they were no longer living to repeat it. It is to be regretted that the speeches of the Indians, on this memorable day, have not come down to us. It is only known that they solemnly pledged themselves, according to the manner of their country,



to live in love with William Penn and his children as long as the sun and moon should endure. Thus ended this famous treaty, of which more has been said in the way of praise, than of any other ever transmitted to posterity."

To the commendation which the biographer of the Man of Peace bestows on this honourable transaction, we add the concise eulogium of Voltaire, who pronounced it to be "the only treaty which was ratified without an oath, and the only one which was never broken."

**Note 41.—line 1138.**

*"Well might he who sigh'd  
A fugitive from his paternal home  
Feel for the outcast."*

Admiral Penn, being greatly displeased at his son's adoption of religious principles of an unpopular class, and which would preclude his preferment at court, treated him with severity, and twice indignantly sent him from the shelter of the paternal roof, but was eventually softened by his meekness and consistency of deportment, into reconciliation and the renewal of affection.

**Note 42.—Line 1145.**

*"Still at the blest name  
Of the beloved Miquon, starts the tear  
Of Indian gratitude."*

Heckewelder observes, that "never will the tribe of the Delawares forget their elder brother Miquon, as they affectionately and respectfully call him. 'The great and good Miquon came to us,' they say, 'bringing the words of peace and of good will.' When they were told the meaning of the name of Penn, they translated it into their own language by Miquon, which means a feather or quill. The Iroquois also called him Onas, which in their idiom signifies the same thing."—*Heckewelder, 1st volume.*

**Note 43.—Line 1148.**

*"—faithful as the race  
Of Rechab to their dying Sire's command."*

The commendations bestowed on the Rechabites, in the 35th chapter of the prophet Jeremiah, for their strict obedience to the injunctions of a

departed father, might be in a degree applied to the followers of William Penn, for their inflexible adherence to his precepts with regard to our aborigines. Considered too, generally, by the other settlers, either as foes to be exterminated, or vassals to be oppressed, they received from these mild colonists the charities of brethren. Pennsylvania, rising on the basis of fair and open purchase, unpolluted by injustice, or persecution of the natives, in her institutions acknowledged their allodial right to the soil, and has ever been preserved from those desolating wars, which distressed the infancy of many of our territories, and threatened to destroy their existence.

*Note 44.—Line 1200.*

*“ — wretched Chief !*

*Unhappy Orellana.”*

Orellana was chief of a powerful tribe in the neighbourhood of Buenos Ayres. With ten of his followers he was seized, and treacherously conveyed on board a Spanish ship, which, with a large crew of Spaniards, and a number of English and Portuguese prisoners, set sail from the mouth of the river La Plata, in the month of November 1745.

*Note 45.—Line 1211.*

*“ Incessant wrongs*

*Harrow thy lofty spirit.”*

The Spaniards treated the Indians with great insolence and barbarity. It was common for the meanest officers in the ship to beat them most cruelly, and one of them, a very brutal fellow, ordered Orellano aloft, a service which he knew he was incapable of performing, and under pretence of disobedience beat him with such violence as to leave him bleeding on the deck, stupified with bruises and wounds. Orellana and his followers bore these outrages without complaint, but they were secretly meditating revenge on their oppressors.

*Note 46.—Line 1229.*

*“ With thong distain'd.”*

Previous to their bold attempt, the Chief, and his companions in wretchedness, had secretly employed their leisure in cutting thongs from raw hides, and in fitting to each extremity of them the double headed shot

of the small quarter-deck guns. These, when swung around their heads, according to the custom of their country, were a dangerous weapon, in the use of which the natives of Buenos Ayres are trained from their infancy, and consequently very expert.

*Note 47.—Line 1236.*

“— *beneath inclos'd,*

*Hundreds of pale oppressors shudd'ring cower'd.*”

The crew consisted of nearly 500 men, and the ship mounted 66 guns. That an Indian Chief, with only ten followers, ignorant of nautical management, unacquainted with the use of fire-arms, and unable to procure any weapon, except the knives used for their food, and the thongs already described, should be able to lay 40 Spaniards at their feet, and so to intimidate a formidable crew of more than 40 times their number, as to keep uninterrupted possession of the ship for two hours, and then that they should be attacked merely by shot fired at random through the cabin doors, and other crevices, by disciplined men who feared to approach them, is a fact without parallel in the pages of history.

## NOTES

TO

## CANTO THIRD.

*Note 1.—Line 18.*

*“ Where mourns the forest Chieftain o’er his race  
 Banish’d and lost, of whom not one remains  
 To pour their tears for him.”*

The following speech of Logan, a Mingo Chief, was given by the late General John S. Eustace to an intimate friend. He confirmed its authenticity by the information that it was presented him personally by Lord Dunmore, to whom it was uttered by the unfortunate chief, while he held the station of Governor of Virginia.

“ My cabin, since first I had one of my own, has ever been open to any white man who wanted shelter. My spoils of hunting, since first I began to range these woods, have I ever freely imparted to appease his hunger, to clothe his nakedness. But what have I seen? What! but that at my return at night, laden with spoil, my numerous family lie bleeding on the ground, by the hand of those who had found my little hut a certain refuge from the inclement storm, who had eaten my food, who had covered themselves with my skins! What have I seen? What! but that those dear little mouths, for which I had toiled the live-long day, when I returned at eve to fill them, had not one word to thank me for all that toil!

What could I resolve upon? My blood boiled within me! My heart leaped to my mouth! Nevertheless, I bid my tomahawk be quiet,

and lie at rest for that war, because I thought the great men of your country sent them not to do it. Not long afterward, some of your men invited our tribe to cross the river, and bring their venison with them. They, unsuspecting of evil design, came as they had been invited. The white men then made them drunk, murdered them, and turned their knives even against the women.

Was not my own sister among them? Was she not scalped by the hands of that very man, whom she had taught to escape his enemies, when they were scenting out his track! What could I resolve upon? My blood now boiled thrice hotter than before! Thrice again my heart leaped to my mouth. I bade no longer my tomahawk be quiet, and lie at rest for that war. I no longer thought that the great men of your country sent them not to do it. I sprang from my cabin to avenge their blood, and fully have I done it in this war, by shedding yours from your coldest to your hottest sun. Thus revenged, I am now for peace. To peace have I advised most of my countrymen. Nay! what is more, I have offered, I still offer myself as a victim, being ready to die if their good require it. Think not that I fear death! I have no relations left to mourn for me. Logan's blood runs in no veins but these. I would not turn on my heel to escape death. And why should I? for I have neither wife, nor child, nor sister, to howl for me when I am gone."

The following version of an "Indian Lament," which recently appeared in the public prints, unaccompanied with the author's name, expresses with simplicity and pathos, some of the feelings which characterize the speech of Logan.

"The black-bird is singing on Michigan's shore,  
As sweetly and gaily as ever before;  
For he knows to his mate he at pleasure can hie  
And the dear little brood she is teaching to fly.  
The sun looks as ruddy, and rises as bright,  
And reflects o'er our mountains as beamy a light  
As it ever reflected, or ever exprest,  
When my skies were the bluest, my visions most blest,  
The fox and the panther, both beasts of the night,  
Retire to their dens at the gleaming of light,  
And they spring with a free and a sorrowless track;

For they know that their mates are expecting them back ;  
 Each bird, and each beast, it is blest in degree,  
 All nature is cheerful, is happy, but me.  
 I will go to my tent, and lie down in despair,  
 I will paint me with black, and will sever my hair ;  
 I will sit on the shore where the hurricane blows,  
 And reveal to the god of the tempest, my woes :  
 I will weep for a season, by bitterness fed,  
 For my kindred are gone to the hills of the dead ;  
 But they fell not by hunger, or lingering decay,  
 The steel of the white man hath swept them away,  
 The snake-skin that once I so sacredly bore,  
 I will toss with disdain to the storm-beaten shore.  
 Its spell I no longer obey or invoke,  
 Its spirit hath left me, its magic is broke.  
 I will raise up my voice to the Source of the Light,  
 I will dream on the wings of the Angels of Night,  
 I will speak with the spirits that whisper in leaves,  
 And that minister balm to the bosom that grieves,  
 I will take a new Manitto, one who shall deign  
 To be kind and propitious to sorrow and pain.  
 Oh ! then shall I banish these cankering sighs,  
 And tears shall no longer gush salt from mine eyes,  
 I shall wash from my face every cloud colour'd stain,  
 Red ! red ! shall alone on my visage remain.  
 I will dig up my hatchet, and bend my oak bow,  
 By night and by day will I follow the foe ;  
 No lake shall repress me, no mountain oppose,  
 For blood can alone give my bosom repose.  
 They came to my cabin, when heaven was black,  
 I heard not their coming, I knew not their track,  
 Yet I saw by the glare of their blazing fusees,  
 They were people engender'd beyond the big seas :  
 My wife and my children ! oh ! spare me the tale,  
 But who is there left who is kin to Geehale ?

*Note 2.—Line 114.*

*“ Say, may we place  
Thy name upon that canvas, which high Fame  
Blazons, but yet inscribes not ? ”*

The celebrated Scottish novels, which have excited such uncommon degrees, both of admiration and curiosity, seem now to be almost generally referred to the pen of Sir Walter Scott. The strong resemblance between the poetical works acknowledged to be his, and the productions “ by the Author of *Waverly*,” points the inquirer, by a kind of internal evidence, to the wand of “ that great Enchanter of the North.” Yet to the public it seems an inexplicable modesty, which should incite an author to withhold so long his name from works so vivid in description as to annihilate the barriers of distance, and dispel the mists of time ; so patriotic, that strangers from all nations are led in pilgrimage to Scotland, to do homage to her lakes, and mountains, and ruined castles, and caverns, as if some tutelary divinity resided there ; so brilliant in fancy, that the lover of romance prefers them to all that had before captivated him, yet so faithful to history, that Truth offers them as a guide to the student ; so replete with the knowledge of human nature, that Shakespeare seems to have revived, and reinstituted his claim to the admiration of remote posterity.

*Note 3.—Line 225.*

*“ — and her gift  
Grasp'd as the bane of Famine.”*

The potatoe is styled by Mr. Donaldson, “ the bread-root of Great-Britain and Ireland.” Writers affirm that it was introduced into the latter island by Sir Walter Raleigh, about the year 1623 ; and that a vessel laden with it, and wrecked upon the coast of Lancashire, was the means of dispensing its benefits to England, as the ship of Carthage, driven upon the strand of Italy, gave a fleet to Rome.

But Sir Joseph Banks, in his communication to the Horticultural Society of London, states that the potatoe was brought to England from Virginia, by some colonists sent out by Sir Walter Raleigh, who returned as early as 1586. From thence it was soon after conveyed to Ireland,

where it was cultivated, and extensively used among the common people, before the inhabitants of England were fully sensible of its value.

*Note 4 — Line 226.*

*“ The fruitful maize.”*

America has the honour both of presenting Europe with the *Solanum Tuberosum*, which has so sensibly diminished the ravages of famine within her bounds, and likewise of furnishing the native soil for a grain remarkable for its productiveness, and second only to wheat, in the degree of nutriment it affords to the human frame. According to Marabelli's analysis of the *Zea Mays*, it “ contains a saccharine matter of different degrees of purity, from which alcohol, the oxalic and acetous acids, may be obtained ; a vegetable amylaceous substance, a glutinous substance ; muriat and nitrat of magnesia ; carbonats of potash, lime, and magnesia ; and iron.”

*Note 5.—Line 264.*

*“ The firm Diospyros.”*

The *Diospyros Virginiana* rises to the height of from fourteen to sixteen feet, with a wood extremely hard and brittle. It produces a plumb of about the size of a date, and its bark is useful in intermittent fevers. The bark of its root has been considered also a tonic, favourable to the treatment of dropsies.

*Note 6.—Line 267.*

*“ — freely urg'd*

*The cool aperient from the fragrant bark  
Of Sassafras.”*

The bark of the *Laurus Sassafras* is a remedy in intermittents. “ Its oil, also,” says the late Professor Barton, “ has been found efficacious when externally applied in cases of wens.” Another plant of the same genus, the *Laurus Benzoin*, commonly called Spice-Wood, enters extensively into the materia medica of the natives. A decoction of its twigs is an agreeable aperient, and in our revolutionary war, when the patriotism of the people incited them to adopt the productions of their own country in the place of those foreign luxuries to which they had been accustomed, the dried and pulverized berries of the *Laurus Benzoin* were adopted as a substitute for allspice, as the saccharine juice of the cornstalk had been



found to supply the place of molasses, and an infusion of the leaves of the sage, to supercede the teas of China.

Note 7.—Line 269.

*“Cropp’d the fair bloom with which young Spring adorns  
The flow’ring Cornus.”*

The flowers of the *Cornus Florida*, or as it is usually called, Dogwood, appear in the spring, and exhibit a beautiful appearance. Their large and white involucre form a fine contrast to the forest green, and their hue becomes gradually more delicate, as if emulous of the purity of snow. Our natives use an infusion of these flowers in intermittents; and some of the tribes gave a name to the season of Spring, in allusion to the bloom of this plant. Its blossoms are succeeded by oblong drupes of a rich crimson tint, which are sometimes used as a tonic in the form of a spirituous impregnation, and likewise furnish a favourite food for various species of birds. Its wood, under the name of New-England box, is held in high estimation for its durability, and enters into the construction of many articles both for utility and ornament. But what constitutes its principal value is the discovery that its inner or cortical bark, promises to be equally valuable with the Peruvian. Indeed, it may be considered superiour, as being less nauseous to the taste and the stomach, always to be obtained in abundance, and not liable to the danger of adulteration. The merits of this substance as a medicine, have been clearly and forcibly displayed by Dr. Walker of Virginia, in an inaugural dissertation on the comparative virtues of the *Cornus florida*, *Cornus sericea*, and *Cinchona officinalis* of Linnæus. After detailing a number of chemical experiments, he remarks: “A summary recapitulation of these experiments shews, that the *Cornus florida*, *sericea*, and Peruvian bark, possess the same ingredients; that is, gum, mucilage, and extracts; which last contain the tannin and gallic acid, though in different proportions. The *Florida* has most of the gum mucilage and extracts; the *Sericea* the next, which appears to be an intermediate between the *Florida* and *Cinchona*; while the latter possesses most of the resin. Their virtues appear similar, and equal, in their residence. The extract and resin possess all their active powers. The extract appears to possess all their tonic powers. The resin, when perfectly separated from the extract, appears to be purely stimulant; and

probably the tonic powers of the extract are increased when combined with a portion of the resin, as in the spirituous tincture." Dr. Gregg, of Bristol in Pennsylvania, in a testimony to the merits of the *Cornus florida*, asserts, that during a period of 23 years, experience of its virtues had convinced him, "that it was not inferior to the Peruvian bark in curing intermittents; nor inferior as a corroborant in all cases of debility."

*Note 8.—Line 270.*

*"Anxiously they sought*

*The Liriodendron."*

The bark of the *Liriodendron Tulipifera* is considered by some as scarcely inferior to the *Cinchona* in the cure of fevers. It has also been classed among remedies in cases of gout and rheumatism. This fine tree produces flowers resembling the tulip, beautifully variegated with light green, yellow and orange, and standing solitary at the extremities of the branches. The leaves of this tree have a peculiarly obtuse form, and its young bark is aromatic.

*Note 9.—Line 272.*

*"— sanguine Cornus, with its snowy cup*

*And sapphire drupe."*

The *Cornus sericea*, or American Red-root cornel, is sometimes called from the colour of the epidermal covering of its young shoots, the Red-Willow. It is found in a moist soil, usually by the banks of rivers, and seldom exceeds the height of ten or twelve feet. Its white flowers appear in clusters, and are succeeded by a succulent drupe of a blue colour. The North-Carolinian Indians scrape the inner bark as a substitute for tobacco, or sometimes use it as an adjunct to that plant. It is considered in medicine equal to the pale Peruvian bark. "When we consider," says Dr. Walker, "the causes of the various forms of disease which are the epidemics of our country, we cannot but receive additional inducements to regard the Corni as the most valuable vegetable which Nature, in the prolificness of her bounty, has scattered through the wide forests of North-America. For so long as the mouldering ruins of our swamps, and the uncultivated conditions of our marshes, shall afford materials for the peccant operations of an autumnal sun, we shall view with peculiar delight the virtues of these two vegetables, which inherit the two essential charac-

ters of the most valuable division of the *materia medica*, I mean bitterness and astringency ; to the happy union of which the Corni have a claim as respectable as that which has procured for the Peruvian bark a celebrity as extensive as the bounds of rational medicine. Indeed, so striking is the similitude, so exact the result from comparative trials, that in this attempt to recommend the *Cornus florida* and *sericea*, to the attention of practising physicians, I cannot even review the forms of disease, in the particular states of which the Corni are indicated, without encroaching upon the reputation of the cinchona ; for in truth it may be said, that in whatever form of disease the cinchona has been decidedly serviceable, the Corni will be found equally so. And if we make allowances for the chances and inducements to adulteration in the former, for our relationship to the latter, for its wide extent through the very soil in which are engendered the seeds of those maladies which their virtues are fitted to remove, we must acknowledge their superiority. Experiments of a diversified nature warrant this conclusion. They are like the cinchona, bitter and astringent in the mouth, tonic and febrifuge in the stomach ; and their chemical analysis affords results perfectly analogous."

*Note 10.—Line 274.*

"— woo'd thy potent spell

*Magnolia Grandiflora.*"

This magnificent tree throws out its large white fragrant blossoms in July. Its medicinal virtues were familiar to our natives, while they were accustomed proudly to point it out as the glory of the forest. "The bark of its root," says the late Professor Barton, "is used in Florida, in combination with the Snake-Root, as a substitute for the Peruvian bark, in the treatment of intermittent fevers."

*Note 11.—Line 282.*

"— the pure blood

*Of Liquidambar.*"

The *Liquidambar Styraciflua* is found near the banks of rivulets, tall, and elegantly formed, with leaves of a beautiful lustre. From wounds made in the trunk of this tree, a fragrant gum exudes, which operates as a powerful tonic. The Southern natives were in the habit of drying its leaves to mingle with their tobacco for smoking.

## Note 12.—Line 283.

“ — the pores

*Of the balsamic Populus.*”

“ Under the head of general stimulants may be classed the resin of the *Populus balsamifera*, called Balsam, or Tacamahaca-tree. This is a native of North-America and Siberia. The resin is procured from the leaf-buds. This balsam is so very penetrating, that it communicates its peculiar smell and taste to the flesh of the birds which feed upon its buds.”—*Collection towards a Materia Medica of the United States. By Dr. Benjamin Smith Barton.*

## Note 13.—Line 288.

“ — which the bold Ayrshire bard  
Wish'd in his patriot vengeance to entail  
On Caledonia's foes.”

“ Oh ! thou grim mischief-making chief  
Who gar'st the notes of Discord squeel,  
Till daft mankind aft dance a reel  
In gore a shoe-thick ;  
Gie a' the foes of Scotland's weal,  
A towjond's tooth-ache.”

*Burns' Works.*

## Note 14.—Line 291.

“ — the rough genius of that lofty tree  
Whose yellow armour bears in countless studs  
The horrid thorn.”

The botanical genus *Xanthoxylum*, received its name on account of the yellow colour of its wood. The species *Clava Herculis*, which was used by our Indians in the cure of the Tooth-Ache, is sometimes called the great prickly Yellow wood. The trunk often grows to the height of 30 or 40 feet, armed with very powerful prickles, which are thick at the base, and angular and sharp at the point. The leaves are pinnate, and a foot in length, the foot-stalks armed with strait thorns of a third of an inch. This is frequently denominated the Tooth-Ache Tree, and its bark and seed vessels have the property of a powerful stimulant, when taken

internally, and have been found useful in cases of Rheumatism. The medicinal virtues of another species of this plant, the "*franaxifolium*," were also known to the natives. Lawson remarks, that they extracted from its berries the salivating power of mercury, and made use of decoctions of the plant, as strong perspiratives.

*Note 15.—Line 295.*

*"A verdant barrier of fresh-gather'd leaves  
Cull'd from an acrid plant."*

The Indians of Demarara use the leaves of the *Dracontium pertusum* in the treatment of obstinate dropsies. "The body of the patient is covered with them, and a universal perspiration, or rather vesication induced, after which the subject often recovers." The leaves of this plant are remarkable for numerous elliptical perforations.

*Note 16.—Line 298.*

*"Where Rhododendron like some drooping maid  
Timid and beauteous hides her golden locks."*

The *Rhododendron Chrysanthemum*, or golden flowered *Rhododendron*, is a beautiful shrub, and of high reputation in the treatment of Chronic Rheumatism. An infusion of its leaves is both stimulant and narcotic. It has been celebrated in Russia for the cure of the same disease, and is procured in Siberia, Kamschatka, and Bhering's Island.

*Note 17.—Line 301.*

*"Or lur'd her statelier sister's aid to bribe  
Relentless Chronic Rheumatism."*

"The inflorescence of the *Rhododendron maximum* is almost umbellate; the blossoms delicately coloured, having the red and white tints of an apple blossom, while the green and yellow dots on their upper segment are strikingly conspicuous." Of close affinity to the *Rhododendron* is the genus *Kalmia*, of which many species are poisonous. The *Kalmia latifolia* was formerly used by those miserable natives who had determined on suicide. But modern enterprize has successfully enlisted it in the service of medicine, and it is applied, in a pulverized form, internally, in fevers, or topically, for the relief of cutaneous affections.

## Note 18.—Line 307.

*“How vivid is the eye  
Of bright Lobelia in her scarlet robe.”*

The genus *Lobelia* is connected by several of its species with the *materia medica*. Our natives were well acquainted with this fact, particularly with the virtues of the blue *Lobelia*, and the *Lobelia inflata*, both of which are lactescent. A decoction of the root of the beautiful *Lobelia Cardinalis*, is extensively used by the Cherokees as an anthelmintic.

## Note 19.—Line 317.

*“Thus with bold hand compelling the proud force  
Of deadly Hellebore.”*

“In ancient Egypt, the insane were conducted to those temples, in which were collected whatever seemed calculated to please the eye, and rivet the attention. There, as they wandered from one magnificent object to another, the world and its vexations were forgotten, and amid the deep interest of the scene, the gloomy images which haunted them were banished from their minds. In Greece, on the other hand, the followers of Hippocrates relied exclusively on the specific powers of Hellebore and its adjuvants; medicines which, at this day, are rarely employed.”—*Report of a committee of the Medical Society of Connecticut, respecting an Asylum for the Insane.*

## Note 20.—Line 327.

*“Where the May-Apple loads the pendant bough  
With emerald clusters.”*

The *Podophyllum peltatum*, generally called the May-Apple, is a common plant throughout the United States. Its fruit is about the size of a common plumb, of green colour, and esculent. The leaves are poisonous, and the root, which is a very active medicine, resembles that of the black Hellebore.

## Note 21.—Line 328.

*“Where th’ Asclepias bows  
Her bright, decumbent petals.”*

The *Asclepias decumbens*, with flowers of a bright orange-colour, is a beautiful and frequent ornament of our fields. It has sometimes been called *Pleurisy-Root*, from its salutary influence in that disease; and also

Butterfly-weed, from the attraction which it appears to possess for this species of insect. Its root is used in a pulverized form ; and the high opinion entertained of it, by the native tribes, seems to be confirmed by the testimony of some of our scientific medical practitioners.

*Note 22.—Line 331.*

“ — where, embow’ring blooms  
The fair *Convolvulus*, gleaming with tints  
Of purple lustre.”

Among the extensive genus *Convolvulus*, the *panduratus* is distinguished for its medicinal powers. It produces large white flowers, whose bases are deeply tinged with a fine purple. Its root is used either in powder, or decoction ; and from it the southern Indians gain their “Mechameck” or wild Rhubarb. From another species of *Convolvulus* an extract, resembling Scammomy, is obtained.

*Note 23.—Line 332.*

“ — or the *Cassia* shoots  
Its aromatic stem, and slender leaf  
With silver lin’d.”

The *Cassia Marilandica* is referred to in this passage, which was numbered by our aborigines among their cathartics. Several of the other species of this plant hold a far more conspicuous place in the pharmacopeia of modern science than the *marilandica*. Such, for instance, are the *Senna*, an Asiatic and African plant ; the *Emarginata*, which in Jamaica, its native soil, is used as a substitute for the *Senna* ; the *Occidentalis*, which in the same island is considered a powerful ingredient in fomentations and baths for inflamed limbs ; the *Fistula*, which forms the basis of a mild and salubrious electuary ; the *Italica*, a native of North-Africa and the Levant ; and the *Alata*, found both in the East and West Indies, the juice of whose leaves and buds is a remedy in cutaneous affections. To these, it may not perhaps be improper to add the *Cassia Chamæcrista*, which is cultivated in parts of Maryland and Virginia, to recover exhausted lands, or enrich those which are barren by nature.

*Note 24.—Line 339.*

*“ That sinuous root, which blind Credulity  
Hail’d as a shield against the serpent’s fang,  
But Truth enrolls amid her precious spells  
For wan Disease.”*

The *Polygala Senega*, the celebrated Snake-Root of our natives, though now discredited as an antidote to the bite of the Rattle-Snake, is exhibited with success by some of our physicians, in the treatment of several diseases. Pursh mentions two varieties of this species, “one with white flowers in a dense spike, the other with rose coloured flowers in a loose clustre, and with narrower leaves.”

*Note 25.—Line 342.*

*“ — to its rocky home  
Lur’d by a purple ensign, like the tinge  
Of the pure Amethyst, detected oft  
The hidden Fever-root.”*

The *Friosteum Perfoliatum* is found in rich rocky grounds through a great part of the United States. It is however a rare plant, and distinguished by the deep purple tinge of its flowers and drupes. The cortex of the root is a cathartic, and partakes also of the properties of *Ipecacuanha*. So extensive was the acquaintance of our natives with medicines of the latter description, that the late Dr. Benjamin S. Barton mentions, that “the Six nations make use of at least twelve or fourteen different emetics, all of which, except the sulphate of iron, are vegetables.”

*Note 26.—Line 342.*

*“ — or dext’rous pierc’d  
The Ginseng’s cavern.”*

The *Panax Quinquifolium* is found in the mountainous woods of North-America, and Chinese Tartary. It is an umbelliferous plant, and its simple white flower is succeeded by a heart-shaped scarlet drupe. It is gently stimulant, and our Indians frequently prepare a tea from its leaves. Adair mentions that some of them are accustomed to use a strong decoction of this plant in their ceremonies upon religious occasions. The Asiatic Ginseng is considered superior to the American. The



Chinese and Tartars entertain so high an opinion of its virtues, as to denominate it "the plant that giveth immortality."

*Note 27.—Line 351.*

*"The Iris 'lumining her damp alcove  
With bright prismatic lustre, to their will  
Resign'd her rainbow lamp."*

The Iris Versicolor and Iris Verna are used by the Southern Indians as cathartics. The Florentina also, a native of Italy, has an acrid root, which in its fresh state is a powerful cathartic, and when dry operates as an expectorant. The root of the Palustris, or Palustris Lutea, is both an errhine and sialagogue. When fresh it is a strong cathartic, but after being dried ranks among astringents. It has been recommended as a remedy in the tooth-ache; and beside its subserviency to the materia-medica, furnishes a deep black dye, and is used in Scotland for making ink. This extensively variegated genus is well known to have received its name of Iris, from the ancient Greeks, on account of the concentric hues of the flower, exhibiting a faint resemblance to the rainbow.

*Note 28.—Line 353.*

*"—that tall plant  
Whose flow'r and budding leaf together spring."*

The Dirca Palustris is found, as its name indicates, in a wet soil. It rises to the height of five or six feet, and flowers in April, before the expansion of its leaves. Its bark partakes of the properties of cantharides, and some of our aborigines use as a cathartic, a decoction of the cortex of its root. Its common appellation of Leather-Wood is justified by the character of its bark, which is so tough and pliant, as to be wrought into ropes and baskets for domestic accommodation.

*Note 29.—Line 361.*

*"The firm Cassine endures the wrecking storm,  
And changeful season, by tradition styl'd  
The boon of Heaven."*

The Ilex Vomitoria, or Evergreen Cassine, is a native of West Florida. An infusion of it is the standard medicine of the Southern Indians. It has been supposed that this is the same plant which is found

in Paraguay, the sale of whose leaves is to the Jesuits such an important branch of revenue. It is found also in Carolina, and among some of our tribes was held in such high esteem, that the decoction of its toasted leaves called "black drink," their women were not permitted to taste. Lawson, in recording a tradition of this plant, says "The savages of Carolina have it in veneration above all the plants they are acquainted withal, and tell you the discovery thereof was by an infirm Indian, who laboured under the burden of many rugged distempers, and could not be cured by all their Doctors; so, one day he fell asleep, and dreamt that if he took a decoction of the tree that grew at his head, he would certainly be cured: upon which he awoke, and saw the Yaupon, or Cassine-tree, which was not there when he fell a sleep. He followed the direction of his dream, and became perfectly well in a short time. Now I suppose, no man has so little sense as to believe this fable; yet it lets us see what they intend thereby, and that it has doubtless worked feats enough, to gain it such an esteem among these savages, who are too well versed in vegetables, to be brought to a continual use of any one of them, upon a mere conceit or fancy, without some apparent benefit they found thereby; especially when we are sensible, that they drink the juices of plants, to free nature of her burthens, and not out of foppery and fashion, as other nations are oftentimes found to do."

In closing these botanical notes, which probably comprize but a small number of the medicinal plants known to our natives, the words of the late Professor Barton, whose attention to this subject marked at once his perseverance and benevolence, are particularly appropriate. "Judging from the discoveries which have been made in the term of three hundred years, it may be safely conjectured, that there are no countries of the globe from which there is reason to expect greater or more valuable accessions to the *Materia-Medica*, than those of America. In conducting our inquiries into the properties of the medicinal vegetables of our country, much useful information may, I am persuaded, be obtained through the medium of our intercourse with the Indians. Some of the rudest tribes of our continent are acquainted with the general medical properties of many of their vegetables. We shall find that the *Materia Medica* of these people contains but few substances as inert as many of those which have a place in our books on this science. What treasures

of medicine may not be expected from a people, who, although destitute of the lights of science, have discovered the properties of some of the most inestimable medicines with which we are acquainted? Without mentioning the productions of South-America, let it be recollected, that it is to the rude tribes of the United States that we are indebted for our knowledge of *Polygala Senega*, *Aristolochia Serpentaria*, and *Spigelia Marilandica*."

*Note 30.—Line 394.*

*"—its lambent spire*

*Play'd round the temples, and the hoary head  
Of old Shenandoah."*

Shenandoah, a venerable chief of the Oneidas, who died at the advanced age of 113, thus expressed before his departure, the deep feeling of his loneliness. "I am an aged hemlock. The winds of a hundred years have swept over its branches. It is dead at the top Those who began life with me, have run away from me. Why I am suffered thus to remain God only knows." Not inferior in pathos, was the request of Scanando, an aged chieftain of the same tribe, who had embraced christianity. "Lay me in death by the side of my minister, and my friend, that I may go up with him at the great resurrection."

*Note 31.—Line 399.*

*"Thou at whose name*

*Our kindling warriors for the battle arm."*

This speech was addressed to Gen. Washington in 1790, by Cornplanter, a celebrated Seneca chief.

*Note 32.—Line 439.*

*"Deep sighs he breathes*

*To the Great Spirit when the sun declines,  
And ere his first ray lights the trembling Morn  
He renders praise."*

Our natives were habituated to address their prayers to the Great Spirit. This was noticed by many of the first colonists, and Roger Williams, one of the early settlers of New England, and governor of Rhode Island, remarks, "I have heard a poor Indian lamenting the loss

of his child, call up at the break of day, his wife and family, to lamentation, and with abundance of tears cry out, 'Oh God! Thou hast taken away my child. Thou art angry with me. Oh turn thine anger from me, and spare thou the rest of my children.'" "The Indian when he worships his Creator," says the Rev. Mr. Heckewelder, "does not forget to pray that he may be endowed with courage to fight, and conquer his enemies, among whom he includes savage beasts. When he has performed some heroic act, he will not forget to acknowledge it as a mark of divine favour, by making a sacrifice or publicly announcing that his success was entirely owing to the courage given him by the All-Powerful Spirit. This habitual devotion to the Great First Cause, and a strong feeling of gratitude for the favours that he confers, is one of the prominent traits that characterize the mind of the untutor'd Indian. An old Indian told me, about fifty years ago, that when he was young he still followed the custom of his fathers and ancestors, of climbing upon a high mountain to thank the Great Spirit, for his benefits bestowed, and to entreat a continuance of his favour; and that they were sure that their prayers were heard, and acceptable to the Great Spirit, though he did not himself appear to them." These declarations of their faith in the inefficacy of prayer, may be concluded by a specimen of their devotion, at once pathetic and sublime. "O Eternal! have mercy upon me, because I am passing away,—O Infinite! because I am but a speck,—O Most Mighty! because I am weak,—O Source of Life! because I draw nigh to the grave,—O Omniscient! because I am in darkness,—O All Bounteous! because I am poor,—O All Sufficient! because I am nothing."

*Note 33.—Line 475.*

*"From a tow'ring height  
They mark'd the goodly prospect."*

These Chieftains view'd the city of New York, from the balcony of Congress-Hall, where a dinner was given them in 1789, when they came to treat on national affairs.

*Note 34.—Line 530.*

*“ Full many a strain  
Of native eloquence, simple and wild  
Has risen in our dark forests.”*

A bold, nervous, and figurative style characterizes the speeches, and even the more common communications of our aborigines. More liberally than other savage nations, they seem to have been endowed with the gift of Nature's eloquence. Most of their effusions have literally been poured upon the regardless winds; though the existence of a few have been preserved, principally in miscellaneous collections. The Rev. Mr. Heckewelder, has recorded a speech, which was delivered in Detroit, Dec. 9, 1801, by a Chief of the Delaware tribe, and addressed to the commanding officer of that post, then in the hands of the British. At the beginning of the revolutionary war, the Lenni Lenape having in vain endeavoured to remain neutral, generally joined the Americans; but this Chief with his party had become allies of the English. It seems that they had repented when it was too late to retract, and were compelled to continue in hostility to the Americans. At their return from an expedition, the following report was made to the British commandant in the Council-house at Detroit, before a large concourse. “Several missionaries were present,” says Mr. Heckewelder, “among whom I was. The Chief was seated in front of his Indians, facing the Commandant. In his left hand he held a scalp, tied to a short stick. After a pause of some minutes he arose, and thus addressed the Governor.

“Father! (at the utterance of this word, the orator stopped, and turning round to the audience, with a face full of meaning, and a sarcastic look which I should in vain attempt to describe, went on conversing with them,) I have said *Father*, although, I do not know why I am to call *him* so, having never known any other Father than the French, and considering the English only as brothers.” It may perhaps be well to mention here, that the Delawares had been steadfast friends of the French, in the war of 1756, but after the peace in 1763, having vainly hoped that their Father, the King of France, would send an army, to retake Canada, they submitted with reluctance to the British government. “But as this name,” said the orator, “has been imposed upon us, I

shall make use of it, and *say* (fixing his eyes upon the Commandant,) Father! sometime ago, you put a war-hatchet into my hand, saying, 'Take this weapon, and try it on the heads of my enemies, the Long-knives, and bring me word if it is sharp and good.' Father! at the time when you gave me this weapon I had neither cause nor inclination to go to war with a people who had done me no injury. Yet in obedience to you, who *say*, that you are my Father, and call me your child, I received the hatchet: well knowing that if I did not obey, you would withhold from me the necessities of life, without which I could not subsist; and where else should I procure them, but at the house of a parent.

"Father! You perhaps think me a fool, for risking my life at your bidding; in a cause too, where I have no prospect of gain. It is your cause, and not mine. It is your concern to fight the Long-knives; you have raised a quarrel among yourselves, and you ought *yourselves* to fight it out. *If the Indians be your children*, you should not compel them to expose themselves to danger *for your sakes*. Father! Many lives have been already lost on your account. Nations have suffered, and been weakened. Children have lost parents. Wives have lost husbands. Who can know how many more may perish, before *your* war will be at an end? Father! I have said that you may perhaps think me a fool, for thus thoughtlessly rushing on *your* enemy. Do not believe this, Father! Think not that I want sense to convince me that although you now pretend to keep up a perpetual enmity to the Long-Knives, you may before long conclude a peace with them.

"Father! You say you love your children, the Indians. This you have often *told them*: indeed it is your interest to say so, that you may have them at your service. But Father! Who of us can believe that it is possible for you to love a people of different colour from your own, better than those who have a white skin like yourselves? Father! Attend to what I am going to say. While you, Father, are setting me on your enemy, much in the same manner as a hunter sets his dog on the game, while I am in the act of rushing on that enemy of yours, with the bloody destructive weapon you gave me, I may perhaps happen to look back, to the place from whence you started me, and what shall I see? Perhaps I may see my Father shaking hands with the Long-Knives;

yes, with those very people he at this moment calls his foes. Then I may see him laugh at my folly, for having obeyed his orders; and yet, I am now risking my life at his command. Father! Keep what I have said in remembrance.

"Now Father! Here is what has been done with the hatchet you gave me (presenting the scalp). I have done with this hatchet what you ordered me to do. I have found it sharp. Nevertheless, I did not do all that I might have done. No! I did not. My heart failed within me. I felt compassion for *your enemy*. Innocence had no part in your quarrels. Therefore I distinguished, I spared. I took some live flesh, which while I was bringing to you, I espied one of your large canoes, and put it there for you. In a few days you will receive this flesh, and find that the *skin is the same colour with your own*.

"Father! I hope *you* will not destroy what *I* have spared. You, Father, have the means of preserving what with me would perish for want. The warrior is poor, his cabin is empty; but your house, Father, is ever full."

"Here," says Mr. Heckewelder, "we see boldness, frankness, dignity and humanity, happily blended, and eloquently displayed. The component parts of this discourse are put together, much according to the rules of oratory of the schools, and which were certainly unknown to the speaker. The peroration is short, truly pathetic, even sublime: and I wish I could convey to the mind of the reader a small part of the impression which this speech made on me, and on all who heard it delivered."

The following effusion is of a wholly different character. It was uttered a few years since, by a Maha Chieftain, named Big-Elk, over the grave of the Chief of the Teton tribe, who died at Portage des Sioux, on his return from our seat of government. He was interred with all the honours of war, and this speech was taken literally by the Secretary of the American Commissioners.

"Do not grieve. Misfortunes will happen to the wisest and best of men. Death will come, and always comes out of season. It is the command of the Great Spirit: all nations and people must obey. What is past, and cannot be prevented, should not be grieved for. Be not discouraged or displeased then, that in visiting your Father you have lost

your Chief. A misfortune of this kind may never again befall you : perhaps it would have overtaken you at your own village. Five times have I visited this land, yet never returned without sorrow and pain. Woes do not flourish particularly in our path. They grow every where. What a misfortune that I could not have died this day, instead of the Chief who lies before us. The trifling loss my nation would have sustained by my death, would have been doubly paid for by the honours of my burial. They would have wiped off every thing like regret. Instead of being covered with a cloud of sorrow, my warriors would have felt the sunshine of joy in their hearts. To me it would have been a most glorious occurrence. Hereafter, when I die at home, instead of this noble grave, and grand procession, the rolling music, and thundering cannon, with a banner waving over my head, I shall be wrapped in a robe, and raised on a slender scaffold to the whistling winds, soon to be blown to the earth, my flesh to be devoured by the wolves, and my bones scattered on the plain by wild beasts."

On the subject of the eloquence of our aborigines, Sansom, in his travels in Canada, remarks, "when Father Charlevoix, a learned Jesuit, first assisted at an Indian council, he could not believe that the Jesuit, who acted as interpreter, was not imposing upon the audience the effusions of his own brilliant imagination. Yet Charlevoix had been accustomed to the Orations of Massillon, and Bourdaloue ; when those eminent orators displayed all the powers of pulpit eloquence, at the funerals of princes, upon the fertile subject of the vanity of life ; but he confesses that he had never heard any thing so interesting, as the extempore discourses of an Indian chief. Even those who have had the enviable privilege of listening in the British house of Commons, to

‘ The popular harangue,—the tart reply,

The logic, and the wisdom, and the wit,’

that flowed spontaneous from Burke, and Sheridan, and Fox, and Pitt, during the most splendid period of British oratory, have freely acknowledged that they never heard any thing more impressive than an Indian speech, accompanied as it usually is, with all the graces of unconstrained delivery."



No. 35.—*Line 551.*“*Oolaita.*”

This incident is borrowed from Schoolcraft's *Journal*. The heroine was a native of the Sioux tribe, who inhabit the banks of the Mississippi and Missouri. They are warlike and powerful, and feared by the neighbouring nations. This tribe admits of several subdivisions, among which the clan of Minowa Kantong has obtained pre-eminence. One of its principal bands resides near the head of Lake Pepin, and to this belonged the father of Oolaita. The Minowa Kantongs are by far the most civilized of the Sioux tribe. They are skilful in the construction of canoes, and in the use of fire-arms, with which they are well provided. They are the only ones among their nation, who erect log-huts, and attend to the cultivation of vegetables. The Sioux are considered as the most warlike and independent tribe of Indians within the territory of the United States. With them, every passion is held in subservience to the enthusiasm of the warrior, and to be “invincible in arms,” is the summit of ambition. Such is the excellence of their leaders, and the dauntless spirit of the people, that they have hitherto bid defiance to every hostile attack. From their pronunciation, habits and personal appearance, the opinion has been entertained that they derive their origin from the Tartars. The following description of Lake Pepin, where a part of this tribe have their territory, is from the pen of Schoolcraft. “This beautiful sheet of water is an expansion of the Mississippi river, six miles below the Sioux village of Talangamane, and one hundred below the Falls of St. Anthony. It is twenty-four miles in length, with a width of from two to four miles, and is indented with several bays, and prominent points, which serve to enhance the beauty of the prospect. On the east shore is a lofty range of lime-stone bluffs, which are much broken and crumbled, sometimes run into pyramidal peaks, and often present a character of the utmost sublimity. On the west is a high level prairie, covered with the most luxuriant growth of grass, yet nearly destitute of forest trees. This lake is beautifully circumscribed by a broad beach of clean washed gravel, which often extends from the foot of the surrounding highlands, three or four hundred yards into the lake, forming gravelly points, upon which there is a delightful walk, and scalloping out

the margin of the lake, with the most pleasing irregularity. In walking along these, the eye is attracted by the various colours of mineral gems, which are promiscuously scattered among the water-worn debris of granitic, and other rocks; and the agate, carnelian, and chalcedony are met with at every step. The size of these gems is often as large as the egg of the partridge, and their transparency and beauty of color is only excelled by the choicest oriental specimens."

*Note 36.—Line 843.*

"—the peaceful roofs

*Of sad Muskingum."*

"A whole town of christian Indians, consisting of 90 men, women and children, were butchered in cold blood at Muskingum, in 1783, notwithstanding they had been our tried friends, throughout the whole of the revolutionary war."—*Star in the West.*

*Note 37.—Line 845.*

"—the deserted bounds

*Of the slain Creeks."*

"In the autumn of 1813, a detachment of soldiers, under Gen. Coffee, laid waste the Tallushatches towns where the Creeks had assembled. Women and children were among the wounded and slain, and not one warrior escaped to bear tidings to the remainder of the tribe." *Traits of Indian Character. Analectic Magazine.*

*Note 38.—Line 846.*

"—from the troubled grave

*Of Malaanthee."*

In the summer of 1788, a party of Kentucky militia set out on an expedition against the Pickewatown. They were discovered by some young hunters, pursuing the chase, who returned and gave information to their aged chieftain, Malaanthee. He refused to believe that any injury was intended them by the whites, on account of a treaty which had been executed the preceding spring. He therefore unsuspectingly advanced to meet them, holding in one hand this treaty signed by the American Commissioners, and in the other the flag of the United States, which he had received at the same time. "I, and my people," said he, "are

friends of the thirteen fires. Faithfully have we observed the treaty made with their Chiefs; and on this flag, which they gave me as a mark of friendship, I place my own and my people's protection." A fatal blow was their answer to the hoary Chief. The white flag, stained with blood, was torn from his lifeless hand, and displayed as a trophy on the Court-house at Lexington.

This unprincipled deed is strongly contrasted with an instance of magnanimity, and inviolable friendship, recorded in Mr. Jefferson's Notes on Virginia. Col. Byrd was once sent to transact some business with the Cherokee nation; and it happened that some of our disorderly people had just murdered one or two of theirs. It was proposed in the council of the Cherokees, that Col. Byrd should be put to death, in revenge for the loss of their countrymen. Among them, was a chief named Silouée, who on some former occasion had contracted a friendly acquaintance with Col. Byrd. Every night he came to him in his tent, telling him not to be afraid, for they should not take away his life. After many days deliberation, they however determined, contrary to Silouée's expectation, that Col. Byrd should be put to death, and some warriors despatched as executioners. Silouée attended them, and when they entered the tent, threw himself between them and their victim, exclaiming "this man is my friend! Before you get at him, you must kill me." On this, the warriors returned, and the Council respected the principle so much, as to recede from their decision.

*Note 39.—Line 849.*

*"Lo! Behold the men  
Who knew, and publish'd the pure word of peace,  
Yet kept it not."*

"I was astonished," says the Rev. Mr. Heckewelder, "to hear in April 1787, a great Delaware Chief, after recapitulating some of the wrongs sustained through the whites, conclude in these words. 'I admit that there are good white men: but they bear no proportion to the bad. The bad must be strongest; for the bad rule. They do what they please. They enslave those who are not of their colour, though created by the same Great Spirit. They would make slaves of us, if they could, but as they have not fully done

it, they kill us. There is no faith in their words. They are not like us Indians, enemies only in war: in peace friends. They will say to an Indian, My friend! My brother! They will take him by the hand, and at the same moment destroy him. And so you, (addressing himself to the Christian Indians,) so you will also be treated by them before long. Remember this day have I warned you to beware of such friends as these. I know the Long-Knives: they are not to be trusted.' Eleven months after this speech was delivered by the prophetic Chief, 96 of the same Christian Indians, about 60 of them women and children, were murdered in the very place where these words had been spoken, by the men he had alluded to, and in the manner he had described." *Loskiel. Part 3, Chap. 10.*

*Note 40.—Line 868.*

*"The Chehaw villages."*

The destruction of the Chehaw villages, was in the spring of 1818, by Gen. Jackson, when for the space of three days the country was ravaged, the houses burned, the provisions destroyed, the men slaughtered, and the women made captives.

## NOTES

TO

## CANTO FOURTH.

*Note 1.—Line 33.**“The mighty Mohawk.”*

Ever since the settlement of this country by the Europeans, the Mohawks have been noted for their fierceness, and the terror they inspired among the surrounding tribes. Their original territory was in the vicinity of Hudson's river, though they have now removed to the countries under the British jurisdiction. At the period of Capt. Smith's history, which was published in London in 1627, they are mentioned as “a great nation, and very populous.” Gookin's “Historical Collections of the Indians of New-England,” bearing date in 1692, contains the following testimony to the warlike and imposing character of this tribe. “These Mohawks, or Maquas, are given to rapine and spoil, and hostility with the neighbouring Indians. In truth, they were, in time of war, so great a terror to our Indians, even though ours were far more in number than they, that the appearance of four or five Mohawks in the woods would frighten them from their habitations and corn-fields, and reduce many of them to get together into forts, by which means they were brought to straits and poverty. For they were driven from their planting-fields through fear, and from their fishing and hunting places; yea, they durst not go into the woods to seek roots and nuts to sustain life. To sum up all concerning them, you may see that they are a stout and cruel people, much addicted to bloodshed and barbarity; and very prone to vex and spoil the peaceable Indians.”

*Note 2.—Line 33.**“—and fierce Delaware.”*

“The Delawares, or Leni Lenape Indians,” says the Rev. Mr. Heckewelder, “according to the traditions handed down to them by their ancestors, resided many hundred years ago, in a very distant country, in the western part of the American continent. They afterwards emigrated, and settled on the four great rivers, Delaware, Hudson, Susquehannah, and Potomac, making the Delaware, to which they gave the name of Lenapewihittuck (the river or stream of the Lenape) the centre of their possessions. The word *Hittuck*, in the language of the Delawares, means a “rapid stream.” “Sipo, or Sepu, is their word for river.” The Delawares, who were formerly very fierce and powerful, have greatly decreased in numbers, but still retain their ancient courage, and are considered an intelligent and respectable tribe.

*Note 3.—Line 59.**“Thine eye beheld**Its dawn, meek Eliot.”*

This excellent man, who is usually styled the Apostle of the Indians, felt his benevolence excited by their wretchedness, at a time when they were generally considered objects of contempt and of degradation. He was the minister of Roxbury, in Massachusetts, and added, in the year 1646, to his parochial duties, the office of spiritual teacher of the natives. In this he persevered both with firmness and delight, notwithstanding the features of enthusiasm, which his design assumed to a generation, not familiar, like our own, with the energies of missionary exertion. “In this work,” says Gookin, a cotemporary writer, “did this good man industriously travel for many years, without external encouragement from man, or the receiving of any salary or reward. The truth is, that Mr. Eliot engaged in this laborious work of preaching to the Indians, on a very pure and sincere account.” In answer to those who questioned him with expressions of surprize respecting his undertaking, he gives as reasons, his desire of making God known to those miserable heathen, his ardent affection for them and his wish to conform to the promise which New-England had made the king in return for

her Charter, "to communicate the gospel to the natives, as one principal end of determining to plant in their country." It is remarked by another historian, that after more intimate acquaintance with the original customs and traditions of the Indians, Eliot traced such frequent resemblances to the ancient Israelites, that he could not but indulge the supposition of their affinity, and he adds, "the fatigue of his labour went on the more cheerfully, or at least the more hopefully, because of such probabilities."

*Note 4.—Line 82.*

*"With sacred pen —"*

Mather, in his *Magnalia*, affirms, that Eliot completed the whole translation of the Bible into the language of the Indians, entirely with *one pen*, which he consecrated to that holy office. After his acquisition of this language, which was attended with many difficulties, he composed a grammar of it, and translated such a number of treatises on Practical Piety, that a small library was soon formed for those who had never before seen their barbarous articulations arrested or arranged. Through his instrumentality some of the most promising native youths were educated at Cambridge, where they became regular graduates. For their assistance in their preparatory studies, he translated some scientific essays, and works explaining more abstruse points in Theology. But what he had most at heart was an entire Indian bible. The New Testament, which was printed in 1661, with a dedication to King Charles II, was the first edition of the Scriptures ever published in America. A Society for aiding in the propagation of the Gospel among our aborigines, was about this period incorporated in London, and some letters are preserved from the venerable Eliot, to the Hon. Robert Boyle, its Governor, who had furnished some assistance in the expense of publishing the Old Testament. In one of them the faithful and meek Apostle, thus expresses his gratitude and his christian perseverance. "Your charity hath greatly revived and refreshed us. The great work that I now travail about is the printing of the Old Testament, that they may have the whole Bible. They are importunately desirous of it. I desire to see it done before I die, and I am already so deep in years, that I cannot expect to live long. Besides, we have but one man, the

Indian printer, who is able to compare the sheets, and correct the press, with understanding. As soon as I received the sum of near £ 40 for the bible work, I presently set it on foot, and am now in Leviticus. I have added some part of my salary, to keep up the work, and many more things I might mention, as reasons of my urgency in this matter."

*Note 5.—Line 87.*

*"The deep-drawn sigh  
Of thy departing soul."*

The venerable Eliot attained a great age, and his exertions and example were to the last consistent with ardent piety, and disinterested benevolence. Like Polycarp, he might have said, "eighty and six years have I served my Lord Jesus Christ." As his soul gently departed, his expiring lips uttered the request, "Lord! revive and prosper thy gospel among the Indians, and grant it to live when I am dead." How would his pious spirit have rejoiced, could it have looked through the mists of time, and traced the accomplishment of this fervent desire. Much had been performed by him, for the spiritual instruction of the natives, the correction of their vices; the establishment of family-prayer, and the foundation of regular societies for religious worship. The first Church ever gathered among the wanderers of the forest, was at Natick, in 1651. Connected with this, was a humble attempt, at civil government; for they were permitted to hold jurisdiction over slight offences. Mr. Eliot assisted them in appointing rulers over hundreds, fifties and tens, according to the model in the 18th of Exodus, which he explained to his approving auditors. He gave them also the following form, which may be considered as the first imitation of the ancient Theocracy of Israel.

"We are the sons of Adam, and with our forefathers have a long time been lost in our sins. But now the mercy of God beginneth to find us out. Therefore, the grace of Christ helping us, we do give ourselves and our children unto God to be his people. He shall rule all our affairs. The Lord is our Judge, the Lord is our Lawgiver, the Lord is our King, he will save us. The wisdom which God hath taught us in his book shall guide us. Oh! Jehovah, teach us wisdom. Send thy spirit into our hearts. Take us to be thy people, and let us take thee to be our God."



*Note 6.—Line 92.**“The Mayhews rose.”*

The name of Mayhew, is still embalmed with gratitude, by the remnant of aboriginal population on the island of Martha's Vineyard. The ministry of these benefactors of wretchedness commenced about the year 1648, in the person of the Rev. Thomas Mayhew, son to the governor of that island. Both father and son had acquired the language of the Indians, and upon the death of the latter in the ninth year of his missionary labours, the venerable parent assumed the falling mantle of the younger prophet, and until the advanced age of 93, continued his spiritual instructions, and benevolent deeds to a despised race. Such peculiar success attended their exertions, that 1500 natives were numbered as the fruits of their holy toil. Others of their descendants inherited the same disinterested and pious spirit, and condescended to seek in the wilderness those lost sheep who had never heard the call of the Shepherd, or the promise of a fold.

*Note 7.—Line 98.**“Dying Mitark.”*

One of the chief Sachems, or princes of Martha's Vineyard, by the name of Mitark, who had embraced christianity, died in the beginning of the year 1683. The day before his decease, Mr. John Mayhew, who attended him, inquired concerning his hope, and the dying chief answered, “I have hope in God, that when my soul departeth out of this body, he will send his angels to conduct it to himself, and to dwell with Jesus Christ.” Then with great earnestness he exclaimed,—“Where that everlasting glory is! As for my reasons: I have had many wrongs of enemies, of whom I have sought no revenge, neither retained evil in thought, word, or deed. Therefore expect I the same from God. But I proceed no further, for He is merciful. It is now seven nights since I was taken sick, and not yet have I asked of God to live longer in this world. Here are some benefits to be enjoyed, also many troubles to be endured: yet with respect to the hope I have in God, am I willing to die. Here am I in pain, there I shall be freed from all pain, and enjoy the rest that never endeth.” Pointing to his three daughters, he said

"and you my daughters, if you lose your father, mourn not for him. Rather mourn for yourselves, and for your sins. Mourn not for me, though you are unwilling to spare me, and I might be helpful to you by living longer in this world, yet to die, is far better for me."—*Magnalia Christi Americani*. Vol. ii.

*Note 8.—Line 108.*

"—the fount of penitence  
O'er rugged features pour'd a tearful tide."

It has been urged among the objections against sending the gospel to our aborigines, that their prejudices and hardness of heart must interpose insuperable obstacles to its progress. Yet the penitence and humility with which they received the religious instructions of their earlier teachers were remakable. It was observed of the venerable Eliot, that his heart was affected, "to see what floods of tears fell from the eyes of those degenerate savages, yea, from the worst of them all, at the first addresses which he made to them." A cotemporary divine, who had witnessed their mode of worship, states, "we saw and heard them perform their duties with such grave and sober countenances, such comely reverence in their gesture, and whole carriage, and with such plenty of tears trickling down the cheeks of many of them, as did argue that they felt the holy fear of God: and it much affected our hearts."

*Note 9.—Line 118.*

"His majestic form  
Veil'd in dim distance, drooping seems to pass  
'Neath the devouring wave."

The Rev. Thomas Mayhew, Jun. the first of that benevolent family who commenced preaching to the natives, undertook a voyage to England, in 1647, on business connected with his mission. But no intelligence of the vessel in which he embarked, was ever received. This affliction was deeply deplored by his family, by the church, and by the grateful Indians whose affections he had so strongly engaged, that for many years his name was seldom mentioned even by the younger and more thoughtless of them without tears. May we not apply to this excellent and lamented man, those beautiful lines in Milton's *Lycidas*?

“ Thus sinks the day-star in the Ocean-bed !  
 But then anon repairs his drooping head,  
 And tricks his beams, and with new-spangled ore  
 Flames in the forehead of the eastern sky.  
 Thus Lycidas sank low, but mounted high  
 Through the dear might of *Him* who walk'd the waves.”

*Note 10.—Line 129.*

*“ Brainerd woke in youth.”*

The labours of this distinguished missionary to the aborigines of our country, the hardships, the self-devotion, the depths of humility, the high aspirations of piety, which his short period of twenty nine years comprised, are familiar to every mind versed in the history of man's benevolence to man. His creed was founded on what the venerable Dr. Milner styles “the primitive tastes of christianity, to believe, to suffer, and to love.” Among the trophies of his victory, by which having past the gates of death, he “yet speaketh,” may we not number the event, that from the perusal of his life, sprang that emulation which “baptized by prayer,” dictated the choice, and sublimated the career of Henry Martyn ? The closing sentences of Sargent, his animated biographer, will express the merits of that distinguished man, whose memory is embalmed in the churches. “Martyn followed the steps of Zeigenbalg in the old world, and of Brainerd in the new ; and while he walks with them in white, for he is worthy, he speaks, by his example, to us who are still in our warfare and pilgrimage on earth. For surely as long as England shall be celebrated for that pure and apostolical Church, of which he was so great an ornament ; as long as India shall prize that which is more precious to her than all her gems and gold, the name of the subject of this memoir, as a translator of the Scriptures and of the Liturgy, will not wholly be forgotten : and while some shall delight to gaze upon the splendid sepulchre of Xavier, and others choose rather to ponder over the granite stone which covers all that is mortal of Swartz, there will not be wanting those who will think of the humble and unfrequented grave of Henry Martyn, and be led to imitate those works of mercy which have followed him into the world of light and love.”

## Note 11.—Line 149.

*“ Heckewelder toil’d,  
Girt with his Master’s patience.”*

The work entitled “An account of the history, manners and customs of the Indian Nations, who once inhabited Pennsylvania, and the neighbouring states,” by the Rev. John Heckewelder of Bethlehem, sufficiently proves the compassionate interest which had prompted the exertions, and directed the pen of the Author. “In what I have written,” he affirms, “concerning the character, customs, manners and usages of this people, I cannot have been deceived, since it is the result of personal knowledge, what I have myself seen, heard, and witnessed while residing among and near them, for more than thirty years.” Of the Lenni Lenapi, or Delaware tribe, he has collected a great number of interesting facts. These were the natives who first received the European settlers upon the island of New York, welcoming their arrival with an alacrity and reverence, which the gift of prescience would have changed into aversion and terror. Mr. Heckewelder, after describing the extent of territory and degree of prosperity which they then enjoyed, says, “On a sudden they are checked in their career, by a phenomenon they had till then never beheld; immense canoes arriving at their shores, filled with people of a different colour, language, dress and manners, from themselves. In their astonishment they call out to one another, ‘Behold! the Gods are come to visit us!’ They at first considered these wonderful beings, as messengers of peace, sent from the abode of the Great Spirit, and therefore employed their time in preparing and making sacrifices to that Great Being, who had so highly honoured them. Lost in amazement, fond of the enjoyment of this novel spectacle, and anxious to know the result, they were unmindful of those matters which hitherto had taken up their minds, and formed the object of their pursuits; they thought of nothing else but the wonders which now struck their eyes, and were constantly employed in endeavouring to divine this great mystery. Such is the manner in which they relate that event: the strong impression of which is not yet obliterated from their minds.”

*Note 12.—Line 184.**“ Whither goest thou ?**Son of the Ocean foam ! ”*

“ The Indians at first imagined that the white men originally sprang from the sea, and invaded their country, because they had none of their own. They sometimes called them in their songs, the “white foam of the Ocean,” and this name is still applied contemptuously by the aborigines of the North-West.”—*Prophet of Alleghany*,

*Note 13.—Line 244.**“ On that beloved city, which their step**Dar'd not approach. ”*

“ The remnant of the Jewish nation having again rebelled, Adrian completed the destruction of what Titus had left standing in ancient Jerusalem. On the ruins of the city of David, he erected another town, to which he gave the name of *Ælia Capitolinus* ; he forbade the Jews to enter it upon pain of death, and caused the figure of a hog, in sculpture, to be placed upon the gate leading to Bethlehem. St. Gregory Nazianzen nevertheless relates, that the Jews were permitted to enter *Ælia* once a year to give vent to their sorrows ; and St. Jerome adds that they were forced to purchase at an exorbitant price the right of shedding tears over the ashes of their country.”—*Chateaubriand's Travels, in Greece, Palestine, Egypt and Barbary*.

*Note 14.—Line 270.**“ Church nor council-house**Might hold the multitude. ”*

The assembly who were to hear this interesting question decided, met in a beautiful vale, about eight miles to the westward of the Seneca Lake, on the 12th of June 1802. The tribe of Senecas, or Senekas, originally belonged to that powerful confederation of Mohawks, Oneidas, Onondagas, and Cayugas, which existed at the first arrival of the Europeans. They now inhabit the territory on the banks of the Genesee river ; and the eastern shores of Lake Erie : and among their peculiar

customs which point to ancient Israel, is that of annually sacrificing a *white dog*, as if in rude imitation of the paschal lamb. The celebrated orator, Red Jacket, belongs to them; but his name in their language is far more appropriate than this vulgar appellation, being Tschuycathaw, or "the Man who keeps you awake."

# NOTES

## TO

### CANTO FIFTH.

#### *Note 1.—Line 23.*

*“ Beneath their chapel’s dedicated dome  
Oneida’s natives pay their vows to God.”*

The church here alluded to, is one of the Episcopal order, established in the Oneida tribe, where Mr. Eleazar Williams officiates as Catechist and Lay Reader. Interesting accounts of its prosperity, particularly of the devotion of the worshippers in their public service, the regularity of their responses, and the melody of their singing, are related by those who have visited them. This church belongs to the Diocess of the Right Rev. Bishop Hobart, and the following notice of its consecration is copied from the Christian Journal of October 1819.

“ On Tuesday last, the Chapel erected for the Oneida Indians, at Oneida Castle, was consecrated by the Bishop, receiving the name of St. Peter’s church. Fifty-six Indians who had previously been prepared for that purpose by their Instructor, Mr. E. Williams, received confirmation, and at the visit of Bishop Hobart last year, ninety-four were confirmed. Too much praise cannot be bestowed upon the exertions and pious zeal of Mr. Williams, in his successful efforts to bring into the Christian Church these infidel brethren ; for when he arrived among them, two or three years ago, more than half of the Oneidas were of that

character." Missionaries have been repeatedly employed among this tribe, and the late Rev. Mr. Kirkland, (father of the President of Harvard University, Cambridge,) who long discharged the duties of that vocation with zeal and ability, thus speaks of their religious belief, and that of the other nations with whom they were confederated. "The region of pure spirits, the Five Nations call Eskanane. According to their tradition there is a gloomy fathomless gulph, near the borders of the delightful mansions of Eskanane, over which all good and brave spirits pass with safety, under the conduct of a faithful and skilfull guide appointed for the purpose, but when those of other characters approach the gulph, the conductor who possesses a most penetrating eye, instantly discovers their spiritual features, and denies them his aid, assigning his reasons. They will however attempt to cross upon a small pole, which before they reach the middle trembles and shakes, till presently down they fall, with horrid shrieks. In this dreary gulph they suppose resides a great dog or dragon, perpetually restless and spiteful. Sometimes the guilty inhabitants of these miserable regions approach so near the happy fields of Eskanane, as to hear the songs and dances of their former companions; but this only serves to increase their torments, as they can discern no light, or discover any passage by which they can gain access to them."

The Tuscaroras have affinity with the Oneidas, and resemble them in most of their traditions and customs. Missionaries have been occasionally sent to them, and the exercises of a Sabbath, as conducted in the church under the instruction of the Rev. Mr. Crane, is thus described by a literary and liberal minded English gentleman, who has travelled extensively in the United States. "On my visit to the cataract of Niagara, in 1821, I passed with great pleasure a Sunday, with the Tuscaroras in the vicinity. With their devotion during the services I was particularly impressed. Some of them who approached the church during a heavy rain, observing it to be the time of prayer, remained without, unsheltered, till prayers were finished. Their minister by the aid of an interpreter, gave them a sermon of such impressive simplicity, that the whole of it remained upon my memory. But when the tunes of Old Hundred and Plymouth burst forth in strains of perfect melody, I could scarcely restrain my feelings. Afterwards, a grey-headed chief,



leaning upon his staff, addressed our Father in Heaven. In his supplication he asked that the stranger who had come from over the great waters, might be preserved on his return to his home, and be blessed for feeling an interest in poor Indians. The deportment of these sons of the forest, and the influence of the whole scene, was so forcibly affecting, that I found it impossible to refrain from tears."

*Note 2.—Line 80.*

*"Wisdom's hand*

*Heweth out pillars, when she rears the house*

*Whose arch is for the skies."*

"Wisdom hath builded her house, she hath hewn out her seven pillars."—*Proverbs ix, 1.* This inspired metaphor of the royal teacher, may among other sources of instruction, permit an application to our present subject. If in the most sublime truths of christianity, may be traced an adaptation to our grosser frame, a recognition at once of our infirmities, and our needs; does it not become us in our erection of a spiritual temple among the heathen, to imitate the "wisdom that is from above," and to suffer its foundation to rest upon the earth, since its service is for the benefit of those who are "from the earth, earthy?" Perhaps the failure of most of our early attempts to convert the aborigines may be traced to inattention in connecting the advantages of civilization with the blessings of christianity. Their success in many instances was conspicuous, but the adjunct was wanting, which could impress on the character of a roving people, the feature of permanence. Individuals were made solemn, purified, and, we trust, gathered to the family of the redeemed; but the multitude required from christianity, a visible pledge that she was divine. Like the Jews, they "sought after a sign, yet not even the sign of the prophet Jonas" was given them, who after immersion in the deep for a time, was raised to liberty and light. The arts of civilized society, would have convinced their reasoning powers that the tree which bore good fruits was good; and to the wretched numbers who have perished for want of sustenance would have been as "life from the dead."

"We are hungry and naked," say the Chippeways in their speech to Governor Cass, "we are thirsty and needy. We hope you will relieve

us. The President of the United States is like a lofty pine upon the mountain's top. You are also a great man. The Americans are a great people. Can it be possible they will allow us to suffer?" Schoolcraft, who traces his personal observations among our natives, with the pen of a master, remarks, that "the savage mind, habituated to sloth, is not easily roused into a state of moral activity, nor at once capable of embracing and understanding the sublime truths and doctrines of the evangelical law. It is necessary that letters, arts, and religion, should go hand in hand." The younger President Edwards, whose knowledge of the customs and language of our aborigines, particularly of the Stockbridge tribe, is well known to have been extensive, points out as the only method of securing their loyalty to government, "the prosecution of the design of thoroughly instructing them in the true religion, and of educating their children to useful knowledge." The process of turning them from hunting and fishing to husbandry, must of necessity be slow; yet it seems that it would not be impossible to lead from the beauty and comforts of harvest, up to the Giver of Good. those souls which had been accustomed even through darkness and ignorance, to "see God in clouds, or hear him in the wind." Yet those roving minds require to be arrested by the certainty of present good, before they will renounce vicious gratifications for the hope of futurity. A religion which recommends itself by teaching them to guard against the famine, the storm, and the "pestilence walking in darkness," furnishes their conviction with a strong proof, that it is able to provide a shelter in the day of wrath, and a refuge when all earthly habitations are dissolved. To vanquish their doubts of the excellency of doctrines, it is necessary to ameliorate their condition, and to remove their ignorance. To the force of the first argument, the child, and the Chieftain of hoary hairs, are alike accessible: the last, must appeal chiefly to the rising generation whose intellect, unshackled by long habit, is docile to the voice of instruction. Wisely, therefore, have our recent missionaries applied themselves to the education of children: and wisely are they permitting their system to embrace agriculture, with the domestic and mechanic arts. Thus, they open a new era in the history of that divine compassion, which during the lapse of two centuries, has often awakened to toil for our aborigines, yet as often wept

that her toil has been in vain. Thus are they taking the most effectual method to arrest the fugitives in their rapid progress to the grave, by causing not only the dark forest to resound with the praises of Jehovah, but also the "wilderness and the solitary place to blossom as the rose."

*Note 3.—Line 106.*

*"—they with grateful joy were hail'd*

*By the sad stranger's moaning on the wild."*

If any claim to religious instruction can be founded on strong solicitude to receive it, the aborigines upon our borders have instituted that claim, and confirmed it by ardent gratitude for that measure of the gift which has been imparted. In this respect they exhibit a strong contrast to most of the Asiatic heathen, to whom the gospel has been sent. The reluctance of the Hindoos to listen to, or submit their children to a system which would sap the foundation of preconceived idolatry, is feelingly described by Henry Martyn. In the course of only a few pages, the following passages occur, and others of the same nature might easily be selected. "Wherever I walked, the women fled at the sight of me. The children ran away in great terror. I left books with some of the people, and went away, amid the sneers and laughter of the common soldiers. A party of boatmen I talked with, and begged them to take a tract, but could not prevail. A Mussulman who had received one of the Hindostanee tracts, and found what it was, was greatly alarmed and returned it. I am much discouraged at the rebuffs and suspicions I meet with. As I was entering a boat, I happened to touch, with my stick, a brass pot of one of the Hindoos, in which rice was boiling. So defiled are we in their sight, that the pollution past from my hand, through the stick and brass to the food. He rose and threw it all away. Walked in the evening to a poor village, where I only produced terror."

If the zeal which "counts all losses light," would reproach itself as weak to be moved by these afflictions, or selfish to be influenced by them, in the choice of a theatre of action; yet minds of a more calculating class, who feel that life is short; and those who love the luxury of doing good, would be inclined to choose that station, where probabilities are greatest of performing the most in a limited time. Still the missionary in his most

eligible situation has enough of trial, enough of privation, to remind him that he is a herald of that Prince, whose "kingdom is not of this world." The tribes upon our borders to whom religious teachers have been sent, so far from testifying like the oriental heathen, strong reluctance or aversion, have entrusted their children to them with tears of gratitude, and in many instances aided in the expenses incidental to their education. The Cherokees who have probably shared the most largely in these benefits, have made the greatest progress in civilization. The culture of the earth has become an object of increased attention. Many of their females understand the use of the distaff and loom, and the agency of the needle in promoting domestic comfort. An intelligent traveller in that region, about four years since, writes "the Cherokee women almost universally dress after the manner of the whites, in gowns manufactured by themselves, from cotton which they have raised on their own little plantations. Rapidly are they coming into habits of industry. In the Choctaw nation, 2000 spinning wheels, and several hundred looms have been made and distributed."

The Cherokee council has recently promised a set of tools to those young men who would become acquainted with some mechanic art; and has also divided the territory of the tribe into districts, and appointed judges in each for the regular distribution of justice. The children, who have become members of the Schools, make respectable, and often rapid progress in the branches assigned them. The circumstance of imparting to them our language, instead of being forced to acquire theirs, furnishes our missionaries with an important facility which is denied to their eastern brethren. Time and mental labour are thus rescued for other purposes; and the pupils after obtaining the English tongue, which they have hitherto done with great ease, enjoy in our books the advantage of an unbounded store of knowledge. The delay occasioned by acquiring the Hindostanee or Sanscrit sufficiently well to converse with and preach to the natives, assumes the aspect of an obstacle, which severity of application alone can conquer. A Missionary, eminently distinguished by his translations in the Asiatic dialects, remarks "the idiom, and just collocation of the words in Hindostanee are very difficult. Every few miles, the language changes, so that a book in the dialect of one district would be unintelligible in another."

Among the facilities afforded for the instruction of our western heathen, and which seem almost to amount to a preparation for truth, may be numbered the circumstance, that their minds are not fettered by an idolatry like that of Juggernaut, at once abject, imposing, and barbarous. Their belief in the Great Spirit, and the "land of souls," is not so adverse to the "simplicity which is in Christ," as the mysteries of Vishnoo, and of Brumma. Roger Williams in his work, entitled, "A Key to the Language of the Indians of New-England," which bears date in 1643, and is now very scarce, has the following passage. "He who questions whether God made the world, the Indians will teach him. I must acknowledge that I have in my conversations with them, received many confirmations of those two great truths, that *God is*, and that he is a rewarder of them who diligently seek him. If they receive any good in hunting, fishing, or harvest, they acknowledge God in it. Yea, if they meet with but an ordinary accident, such as a fall, &c. they say God was angry, and permitted it."

This habitual sense of the agency of a Divine Being in all the affairs of life, might serve both as an example and reproof to some inhabitants of a christian land; and seems to prove that a path is already broken up, for the footsteps of knowledge and piety. The latter assertion is however applied principally to those upon our frontiers, who suffer from poverty and degradation. The natives, whose territory is farther to the west, maintain comparative independence; and finding their own mode of life sufficient for their wants, are less disposed to receive a better. But "our brother within our gates," hath not rejected our benevolence, hath not put from him the word of life." Do we "adjudge him unworthy of eternal life, that we turn from him to other Gentiles?"—that we prefer invading the jurisdiction of foreign governments, to discharging the debts which our own has incurred? For the Indian hath a claim upon our *justice*, which sophistry cannot cancel. It is vain to say that their land was obtained by purchase. *What a purchase!* When whole townships were obtained for a single intoxicating draught; and provinces, like the vineyard of Naboth, wrested without payment, save the life of the owner. In many of the original purchases of land from the Indians, payment was rendered with the sword, silencing the lip that complained of injustice, and stilling the bosom that throbbed at tyranny.

Have we ever wrested from the Hindoo his rice-field?—from the Cin-galese his aromatic groves?—from the South-Sea Islander his liberty? Have we introduced among them new and mortal diseases, destructive weapons before unknown, and vices more fatal to the soul, than the pestilence to the body? Heaven forbid that a christian, who holdeth in his hand the light of life, should be unwilling to cast its beam upon any land lying in darkness, or even indifferent whether any nation under heaven should continue to “sit under the shadow of death.” But ought he not *first* to relume those tapers which his ancestors aided in extinguishing? *first* to guide those wanderers whom he has contributed to plunge deeper in the labyrinth of woe? Ask the man of integrity, if he ought not *first* to discharge his debts, ere he indulge in the luxury of benevolence? But *what* shall we render to those whom we have bereft of territory, of liberty, and of happiness? What *can* we offer, but the hope of Heaven! Life to them is as a sealed book, and Death an abyss of horror; but we can teach them to read from one the lesson of resignation, and to behold the darkness of the other kindle with the glories of the resurrection.

It is a remarkable fact that every nation which has established permanent colonies in America, has assumed as a first principle, the conversion of the natives; and that every one has been either forgetful of the promise, or unfortunate in its execution. Spain bore upon her blood-stained banners, the peaceful semblance of the cross. But so ill did her charitable pretensions comport with her execrable barbarities, that the miserable natives, after a full explanation of the doctrines of her church, were accustomed to say, that they “had rather endure the sufferings of hell, than to enter the abodes of heaven, if they must dwell there with Spaniards.” A Prince, whom they offered a mansion in a better world, after having deprived him of every comfort in this, inquired, “Is this heaven of which you speak, the place where you Spaniards go after death?” On their replying in the affirmative, he answered in the strong language of nature, “Then let me go to another place.”

France, with the ostensible design of promulgating Christianity, commenced her settlements in the New-World. Yet Champlain, who came thither under her auspices, in the year 1603, seemed to think that this design might best be promoted by a war among the savages! Ac-

cordingly he provoked sanguinary conflicts, between the aborigines and Hurons, and the powerful confederacy of Iroquois. Fields were watered with blood, yet the "peaceable fruits of righteousness sprang not." The next year, Henry IV of France, gave the Sieur de Monts, grants of land in Acadia, now Nova Scotia, and he bound himself to propagate the doctrines of the cross among the aborigines. Charlevoix asserts that his monarch would not again have received Canada, when it was restored to him by Charles First of England, (who after taking it found its expenses too greatly overbalancing its profits,) had it not been for the design of converting the natives. But how did the conduct of France comport with her professions? A few Romish priests and Jesuits, disseminated the peculiar tenets of their belief, but did they ameliorate the condition of the savage, by mingling his simple adoration of the Great Spirit, with the worship of gods innumerable? or illuminate his mental darkness by teaching him to bow down to "images made like unto corruptible things?" Yet France has not been tinged like Spain with the deepest dyes of cruelty. Candour requires the acknowledgment that some of her holy men have evinced a strong interest in the religious instruction of the natives, mingled with that national urbanity which has powerfully gained the affections of many of the sons of the forest. "On the walls of the Chapel of the Ursulines at Quebec," says Sanson, "is still delineated an elegant picture, representing the Genius of France, just landed upon the shores of America, from an European vessel which is seen moored to the rocks. She is pointing to the standard of the cross, at the mast-head, and with the other hand offering to a female savage the benefits of religious instruction, which she kneels to receive." The Charter given by England to her first colonists, also recognized as an essential object, the religious instruction of the aborigines. But how did their conduct in many instances fulfil this sacred injunction? The natives of the forest were seen fading before their footsteps, like the morning mist over the mountain, as if their presence, so far from imparting spiritual life, destroyed even the principle of animal existence. The example of many of the traders, who by frequent intercourse with them gave the strongest representation of what they supposed christianity was, almost universally contradicted a religion which forbids fraud, and tyranny. Yet even then, such was their expectation of seeing some

practical influence flowing from it, that the first settlers, who witnessed the emotions of their surprize, were accustomed to hear them say, with a solemn countenance, "You know God! will you tell falsehoods, Englishman?" When the doctrines of a pure religion, have been forcibly explained to them, how often has their effect been destroyed by examples of vice and barbarity. How miserably has a system of holiness been undermined by the sins of those who professed to establish it. A zealous Missionary, once reasoning with the natives, on the importance of moral virtues, when derived from rectified principles, was interrupted by a Chief, who rising, said with great earnestness, "Hold your tongue! Go home, and teach your own people not to lie, get drunk, and cheat poor Indians: then come and preach to us, and we will believe you." "They have always been ready to retort upon us," says Gen. Lincoln, in his observations on the Indians, "where are the good effects of your religion? We, of the same tribe, have no contentions among ourselves respecting property: and no man envies the enjoyment and happiness of his neighbour! But they have very different opinions respecting us. These impressions ought to be removed: has it ever been attempted?"

Several Seneca Chiefs, who in the year 1818, were much noticed in England, where they excited great curiosity, express themselves in the following manner, in an address to some benevolent people of the Society of Friends at Leeds.

"The great injuries we have received from white men, the wickedness we saw constantly practised among them, greatly strengthened our minds against their ways, and their religion; thinking it impossible that any good could come out of a people, where so much wickedness dwelt. In this bondage have we and our fathers been held for more than two hundred years, retiring and wasting away before the white men, our means of subsistence diminishing, corrupting ourselves with their sins, hardening ourselves in our afflictions, destruction before us, and no arm to deliver."

While we urge that the just claims which our aborigines have on us for religious instruction should no longer be slighted, can it be thought of inferior importance, that those christians who have intercourse with them, should strive to exemplify the moral virtues which their faith.



enjoins?—that those who preach the law, should neither make void the law, nor through the errors of their brethren “find the gospel made of none effect.”

*Note 4.—Line 123.*

*“Thus Renatus spake.”*

This passage is a close paraphrase of the speech of Charles Renatus Hicks, to the messenger who first proposed to him on the part of our government, to extend the benefits of instruction to the children of his tribe. This interesting individual received the name of Renatus at his baptism, by the Rev. Mr. Gambould, the Moravian missionary; and has continued by his sincerity, zeal, and christian example, to fulfil the high hopes which the dawn of his piety excited in the breast of his spiritual father. His influence in his nation, which is considerable, is faithfully devoted to the aid of the missionaries and the promotion of their sacred cause. The following extract from a letter of this excellent chief to a friend in New-England, dated 1818, furnishes a pleasing specimen of his sentiments, and his style. “Go on, and inflame the light to greater brightness in the souls of your believers in the religion of Jesus Christ, that they may suffer the red man to come with them to the fountain-head, which burst forth in healing streams upon Mount Calvary, giving all the human family to be as one in Christ. This shall warm the cold-hearted white man to encourage the red man to come and taste the heavenly manna. Then shall the red man acknowledge that his elder brother was kind to him in distress, and gave him clothes when naked, and drink when thirsty. Then shall both enjoy His love, who is the first and the last, and liveth forevermore; and never more quarrel about our covering the Mother-Earth, though the Red Man once lorded over her deserted waste.”

*No. 5.—Line 145.*

*“Methinks the bounds*

*Of distance fleet! and bright, prevailing rays*

*Reveal the scene.”*

Brainerd, in the Cherokee nation, was the first institution among our aborigines, upon a plan combining christianity with civilization. There,

the experiment was first made, whether Indians would resign their children to foreign teachers, and whether those children were capable of the application, the proficiency, the subordination of those, whose infancy had passed amid higher privileges. Success has crowned an attempt which commenced amid the fears of many, and the humble hopes of a few. The children of the forest have cheerfully adopted a system of methodical study and labour, more strict than we find established among ourselves. Their progress has been almost universally rapid, and their minds are considered by their teachers of an excellent order. That learning which the child of indulgence views with aversion, and for the partial acquisition of which he fancies himself entitled to reward, they consider as recreations. Food and raiment, which he receives without thanks, they esteem as favours, exciting gratitude. Among them also, are some happy students of the "wisdom that cometh from above;" and the important influence acquired by the Missionaries over the minds of the parents, by attention to the welfare of their children, is a channel through which much good may enter.

The experiment first tried among the Cherokees has been repeated among the Choctaws and Great Osages, so that already, at a variety of stations, several hundred native children are listening to the voice of Instruction.

Whether the Indians ever *can* be civilized, still remains a question with many cautious minds. If they *ever can*, now is the time: when famine and misery have forced them to seek a refuge, and when that refuge is provided for them in the arms of humanity. But reason assures us, that the process must be slow. National character is not modified, much less renovated, in a moment. By the time that the whole of the present generation has past away, the point may be decided. Yet if in civilized countries, where education exerts its sway with fewer obstacles, the children even of virtuous parents sometimes prove faithless both to the example of the one, and the impression of the other; much ought to be expected of a roving and untutored race, to counteract the purposes of instruction, and repress the enthusiasm of hope.

*Note 6.—Line 157.**"Almost thy fervent pray'r**Bursts on my ear, blest Kingsbury."*

At a time when missions to the East almost monopolized the exertions of christians, the Rev. Cyrus Kingsbury was revolving amid the solitude of the student's cell, the design of devoting himself to our western aborigines. With firmness worthy of his cause, he penetrated the lonely forest, and established the first permanent institution in which the children of our natives had ever been taught to blend the arts of civilized life with the hopes of an immortal existence. When the first obstacles to an institution have been surmounted, he has left it to form others in the wilderness; choosing not to "rest in his labours, but to bear the burden, and heat of the day." Only a few years have elapsed, since his solitary tent was pitched among the wilds of Chickamaugah; now, many christians have entered the same path, to water the seed in the desert, and to forget their toil amid the joy of harvest. This self-devoted band may be considered as adopting the plan which filled the discriminating mind of Eliot, the first Indian apostle, who in his early intercourse with them, declared, that in order to succeed in their conversion to christianity, it was necessary that "they should be taken off from their wild way of living, and brought into some kind of civil society."

*Note 7.—Line 188.**"Catharine, hail!**Our sister in the faith."*

This particular notice of an individual, when many of the native pupils have distinguished themselves by proficiency in study and cheerful acquiescence in the rules of their new institutions, may be explained by the circumstance that she was the first among that number, who embraced christianity. A short time after she became a member of the school at Brainerd, which then bore the original name of Chickamaugah, Catharine Brown, at that time about the age of 16 years, was remarked for her rapid progress in the various branches of education, and for the influence of pure religion upon her heart and deportment. A variety of

ornaments with which she was furnished by her parents, had been worn with some haughtiness, as valuable aids to a comely appearance. These were of her own accord laid aside, and offered to assist in defraying the expenses of the mission. On the minds of those of her companions who seemed less sensible than herself of the advantages extended to them, she strove to impress the magnitude of their privileges. Soon after the establishment of the school, one of the instructors writes, "Catharine takes great pains to make those little Cherokees, who are inclined to be inconsiderate, understand the privilege they enjoy in attending school here. Often has she been heard interceding for them with her Father in Heaven. Every night she reads the Scriptures, and prays with those little girls, who lodge in the same apartment: and every day she gives increasing evidence that the love of God is shed abroad in her heart." Since that period she has become more extensively known throughout the christian community, as an interesting example of the power of that holy principle which at once renovates, fortifies, and exalts our nature. She has become a faithful Instructress in a school recently established among her tribe: and her brother, a promising young man, who has also embraced our religion, is receiving in the excellent institution at Cornwall (Connecticut) an education to fit him for a missionary to his people. "Oh how great would be the blessing," he exclaims in the glowing, unrestrained language of nature, "could we see many young heathen become heralds of salvation to their dear benighted countrymen, see them hail the little flock of Christ at the Cherokee nation, and overthrow the dominion of darkness there, and make the banks of Chickamaugah tremble, and fly on the wings of heavenly love over the lofty Lookout, and visit the slumbering inhabitants there; and reach the plains of Creek-Path, and turn that path towards heaven, that it may be travelled by Cherokees also; and thus go on until Spring-Place, Taloney, Tsatuga. and all the people, acknowledge God as their Saviour."

The Lookout is a majestic mountain, whose base is washed by the Tennessee River, and the places alluded to, in this sentence, are villages of the Cherokee territory, some of them within the vicinity of the former abode of the writer.

*Note 8.—Line 198.**“And thou too, Warrior brave!**Undaunted Charles —”*

Among the first converts to christianity, from our American wilds, by the recent exertions of benevolence, was an intrepid Cherokee warrior, by the name of Charles Reece. In our last war with Great Britain he distinguished himself at the battle of the Horse-shoe, by swimming across the river in the face, and under the fire of the enemy, and bringing off the boats in triumph. As a testimony of valour, he received from government a musket, richly ornamented with silver. This bold warrior was so much affected by the religious instructions of the Rev. Mr. Cornelius, when a traveller in that country, that he sank at his feet, as if utterly deprived of strength, and desiring to become as a little child, that he might learn in humility, the words of his Saviour. The day after, he came several miles to find the missionaries at Brainerd, inquiring of them, with the deepest solemnity, “Can you tell me what God wants me to do?” and in conformity to their instructions, resigned his imperfect theory, for the knowledge and practice of a consistent religion.

*Note 9.—Line 212.**“His ardent tone, as through the wilds he bent**His solitary way —”*

The Rev. Mr. Cornelius, now of Salem (Massachusetts,) was appointed in 1817, to travel through the United States, in order to excite the benevolence of the people in favour of the mission to our aborigines, which had been patronized by government; and likewise to visit several of the tribes upon our borders, and discover with what dispositions they would meet the designs of mercy. These important offices were discharged with such a happy combination of zeal and ability, that many hearts ascribe their first deep sympathy for this miserable race, to his eloquent description of the woes “of our brother, perishing within our gates.”

*Note 10.—Line 321.**“Thou mild Moravian Sister.”*

Mrs. Gambold, the wife of the Rev. John Gambold, aided in bearing the burdens, and performing the duties of a missionary, with distinguished zeal and ability, for a period of sixteen years. Her exertions were devoted to the Cherokees, and her residence was at Spring-place in Tennessee. She was admired in early life, for her amiable and refined manners, and for the possession of those accomplishments which are highly valued in polished society. For fourteen years she was an Instructress in the Female Seminary at Bethlehem (Pennsylvania), beloved by those who were under her care, and happy in an employment which at once gave her independence, esteem, and the consciousness of an useful life. “Yet there,” she says, “my equally favourite object was to throw my humble mite into the depressed scale of our poor aborigines. Strongly did I feel for their situation; and whoever spoke or acted in their favour was my friend. My heart bled at the view of their accumulated wrongs.” Moved by this tender and ardent zeal, she decided to renounce the comforts of her situation, the allurements of refined society, and to endure perils in the wilderness. With unabating firmness, with the most tender sentiments of piety, she discharged the duties, and sustained the privations of her station. To the wandering natives, she exemplified the Apostle’s precept, that “God is love: and that he who dwelleth in love, dwelleth in God.” With the most endearing condescension, she poured instruction into the minds of their ignorant children, waiting patiently for the harvest. “Our institution for the young,” she writes in 1819, “is at present small. But how good is our Saviour! Some of those dearly beloved pupils hath he already brought into the ark of safety.” The promising Cherokee youth, who received the name of Elias Boudinot, and is now pursuing his studies in the institution at Cornwall (Connecticut,) acquired the rudiments of learning and piety from this excellent woman. She exerted herself in forming a Sunday school for the blacks, who, she observes, used “formerly to profane our most holy festivals, the Lord’s day, Christmas, and Easter; nor were our repeated remonstrances of any avail.” A native woman, by the name of Margaret-Ann Crutchfield,

who with her husband was interested in teaching the African school, is affectionately styled by Mrs. Gambold, "the first fruits of the nation, which it had pleased our dear Lord to give us." She was a niece of Charles Renatus Hicks, and her piety, like his, proved to be both sincere and lasting. Her ardent feelings were often strongly excited by the oppressions, and spiritual darkness of her people. Having been taught to read and write by her benefactress, she thus expresses herself in a letter to a friend in New-England, bearing date in the winter of 1819. "I feel great concern for my poor nation. The white people drive some of them from their houses, and from settlements upon their own lands. One old man, who was driven out in this manner, moved to some distance, where he lives in a camp. Then this old man begged the white people, who took possession of his place, for a boat, that he and his family might go to the Arkansas. But they answered him that he might make a canoe, and get to that country, as he could. If such things are allowed, we know not what will become of us. I think our good Father, the President, is ignorant of the proceedings of the white people here. I believe that he is our friend, and wishes to do right for the Indians. There are a good many of us, who wish to remain in our own country. We have just begun to see good days, by having the gospel preached to us. My dear brother and sister Gambold, have been labouring in this country for thirteen years. It is very painful to them, after labouring so long, to see the Indians driven away. My uncle Charles R. Hicks has gone on to the President at Washington, to plead our cause. I trust our Saviour will support him, and make all end well. If he should not succeed, I know that we are gone. But one thing we know, that our dear Saviour will never forsake us." The death of this interesting convert took place in October 1820, and was attended with peaceful, even triumphant hopes. Mrs. Gambold, in her account of the scene, adds a little circumstance expressive of the reverence which the natives entertain for true piety, even before they have been led to renounce their own debasing superstition. The evening after the funeral, a large meteor was observed, emitting vivid streams of light, and attended with an explosion like thunder. "This," said one of them, with their characteristic gravity, "this is a warning to us. It signifieth that a good woman hath died."

At the institution of the recent missions among the Cherokees, the faithful Moravian labourers, forgetting that narrow division of sect which too often causes coldness and contention in the family of Christ, received the new occupants at Brainerd, with the most ardent affection. Mrs. Gambold mentions in a letter, "How great was our joy, after many years hoping and wishing with tearful eyes, for more labourers in the field of our dear Lord, which is truly large, and requires many sowers, when our beloved brother Kingsbury entered our little abode with a cheerful countenance, ready, through divine assistance, to do his utmost in cultivating the long neglected soil, and in preparing a harvest for that dear Redeemer, who shed his precious blood not only for us, but for the Indians also."

In a public notice of her death, her friendship, and even maternal kindness to the Missionaries of another persuasion is gratefully recorded. "By the variety of her useful acquirements, she commanded the respect of all who knew her; and by the amiableness of her deportment, and the disinterestedness of her services, conciliated the affections of an untutored people. But she looked above human approbation, her heart was fixed upon her Saviour, and beyond a doubt, her services in his cause will not pass unrewarded." To these remarks upon this excellent woman, may be added an extract from the London Missionary Register, conferring on the religious denomination to which she belonged, a tribute of praise, honourable both to the merit that deserves, and the liberality that bestows it. "It is but justice to the United Brethren to say, that they make the best missionaries in the world: for to a persevering, temperate zeal that never tires, they join habits of personal industry which enables them to subsist at a very small expense to their employers. The expense of their establishment at Gnadenthal, amounting to £600 per annum, is defrayed by the Missionaries themselves, with a deficiency of only £19. They have completely won the affections of the Hottentots, have prevailed on them to shake off their habits of sloth, and are rapidly bringing them to a state of civilization."



*Note 11.—Line 336.*

*"Soft glows the turf  
O'er the young Osage Orphan,—"*

For a particular account of this interesting child, see a work recently published by the Rev. E. Cornelius, of Salem (Massachusetts), entitled "*The little Osage Captive.*"

*Note 12.—Line 494.*

*"They urge their lingering kindred, 'Haste with us,  
And we will do thee good.'—"*

Numbers x, 29. This will be recognized as the invitation of the Jewish Lawgiver to his brother, when Israel was about to remove to the promised land. Its spirit seems still to be infused into the minds of those who are engaged in the formation of benevolent societies; and among the young, the sympathy arising from it, is almost irresistible. The age in which we live, has been called the age of charity; and it is peculiarly distinguished by the charities of childhood. Innumerable associations for the most disinterested purposes, of bands just entering into life, adorn our country. Apart from the aid which has thus been rendered to poverty, and to the heathen, the effect is important upon the unformed minds of the actors. For when industry or self-denial are made the basis of their charity, energies are awakened, and habits cherished, which look beyond the happiness of this life, and affect the destinies of Eternity. The great designs of the present century, in the accomplishment of which, both Infancy and Age unite, are thus beautifully illustrated by the poet Montgomery.

"In the Bible Society, all names and distinctions of sects are blended, till they are lost, like the prismatic colours, in a ray of pure and perfect light. In the Missionary work, though divided, they are not discordant; but like the same colours displayed and harmonized in the rainbow, they form an arch of glory, ascending on the one hand from earth to heaven, and on the other, descending from heaven to earth, a bow of promise, a covenant of peace, a sign that the storm is passing away, and the 'Sun of Righteousness, with healing on his wings,' breaking forth over all nations."

*Note 13.—Line 570.**“—thou whose heart**Gathering the groans of our rejected tribes**Compassionate devis'd their good.”*

His excellency James Monroe, the present Chief Magistrate of the United States, has distinguished himself by a kind regard to the interests of our aborigines. He has awakened their gratitude and confidence; and they are accustomed to speak of him as a Father, who is solicitous for their welfare, and to view him as a Philanthropist, listening to “the sighing of the prisoner.” The recent missions are indebted much to his patronage, for the degree of success which has given strength to their infancy. In his tour through the western states in 1819, he visited Brainerd, gave particular directions for the erection of a building, intended for the instruction of female pupils, and expressed the most friendly interest in the whole establishment. This benevolent regard to the miserable, which will long render his name respected and beloved, seems now to be pervading the higher ranks of society, promising to overcome that stern indifference which has too long been entertained towards the sons of the forest, by a nation which covered their glory. In the language of Scripture “the set time to favour them has come.” No stronger proof of this assertion need be adduced, than the constitution of a Society recently organized at the seat of government, under the appellation of “The American Society for promoting the civilization and general improvement of the Indian tribes within the United States:” and which comprizes a great proportion of those illustrious characters, whose virtues dignify their opinions, and whose opinions must influence multitudes in our great community.

# ERRATA.

|      |      |      |       |     |                   |      |                                |
|------|------|------|-------|-----|-------------------|------|--------------------------------|
| Page | 13,  | line | 236,  | for | "Chymistry,"      | read | Chemistry.                     |
| "    | 18,  | "    | 338,  | "   | "Tariessin,"      | "    | Taliesin.                      |
| "    | 25,  | "    | 503,  | "   | "Hugonot,"        | "    | Huguenot.                      |
| "    | 43,  | "    | 273,  | "   | "strom,"          | "    | storm.                         |
| "    | 56,  | "    | 591,  | "   | "swept by winds," | "    | swept by the winds.            |
| "    | 76,  | "    | 1037, | "   | "Mackbeth,"       | "    | Macbeth.                       |
| "    | 86,  | "    | 1280, | "   | "twin'd,"         | "    | turn'd.                        |
| "    | 94,  | "    | 110,  | "   | "Burby."          | "    | Burley.                        |
| "    | 96,  | "    | 172,  | "   | "blest,"          | "    | blessed.                       |
| "    | 102, | "    | 299,  | "   | "her,"            | "    | it's.                          |
| "    | 103, | "    | 321,  | "   | "pavillion's,"    | "    | pavillions.                    |
| "    | 128, | "    | 890,  | "   | "fury,"           | "    | fiery.                         |
| "    | 156, | "    | 65,   | "   | "love,"           | "    | lore.                          |
| "    | 164, | "    | 232,  | "   | "annals,"         | "    | annal.                         |
| "    | 176, | "    | 522,  | "   | "unodorous,"      | "    | inodorous.                     |
| "    | 184, | "    | 16,   | "   | "Hascala,"        | "    | Tlascala.                      |
| "    | 184, | "    | 24,   | "   | "Hascalans,"      | "    | Tlascalans.                    |
| "    | 187, | "    | 30,   | "   | "Tehewah,"        | "    | Yohewah.                       |
| "    | 190, | "    | 2,    | "   | "deposit,"        | "    | deposite.                      |
| "    | 198, | "    | 26,   | "   | "the best six,"   | "    | there is one for the best six. |
| "    | 206, | "    | 16,   | "   | "pertæsi,"        | "    | pertæsa.                       |
| "    | "    | "    | 25,   | "   | "tendentes,"      | "    | tondentes.                     |
| "    | "    | "    | 26,   | "   | "magnanima,"      | "    | magnanimæ.                     |
| "    | "    | "    | 33,   | "   | "Expletus,"       | "    | Expletos.                      |
| "    | 207, | "    | 2,    | "   | "Dizos,"          | "    | Diros.                         |
| "    | 210, | "    | 14,   | "   | "1759,"           | "    | 1559.                          |
| "    | 220, | "    | 1,    | "   | "Grosnold,"       | "    | Gosnold.                       |
| "    | 222, | "    | 32,   | "   | "falling,"        | "    | fatting.                       |
| "    | 233, | "    | 26,   | "   | "1623,"           | "    | 1603.                          |
| "    | 235, | "    | 2,    | "   | "supercede,"      | "    | supersede.                     |
| "    | 241, | "    | 14,   | "   | "Scammony,"       | "    | Scammony.                      |
| "    | 242, | "    | 16,   | "   | "Friosteum,"      | "    | Triosteum.                     |
| "    | 252, | "    | 4,    | "   | "carnelian,"      | "    | carnelion.                     |
| "    | 263, | "    | 15,   | "   | "Capitolinus,"    | "    | Capitolina.                    |
| "    | 268, | "    | 27,   | "   | "ameliorate,"     | "    | meliorate.                     |
| "    | 273, | "    | 1,    | "   | "and,"            | "    | the                            |
| "    | 273, | "    | 13,   | "   | "ameliorate,"     | "    | meliorate.                     |
| "    | 276, | "    | 12,   | "   | "recreations,"    | "    | recreation.                    |

A very few minor errata are still unnoticed.